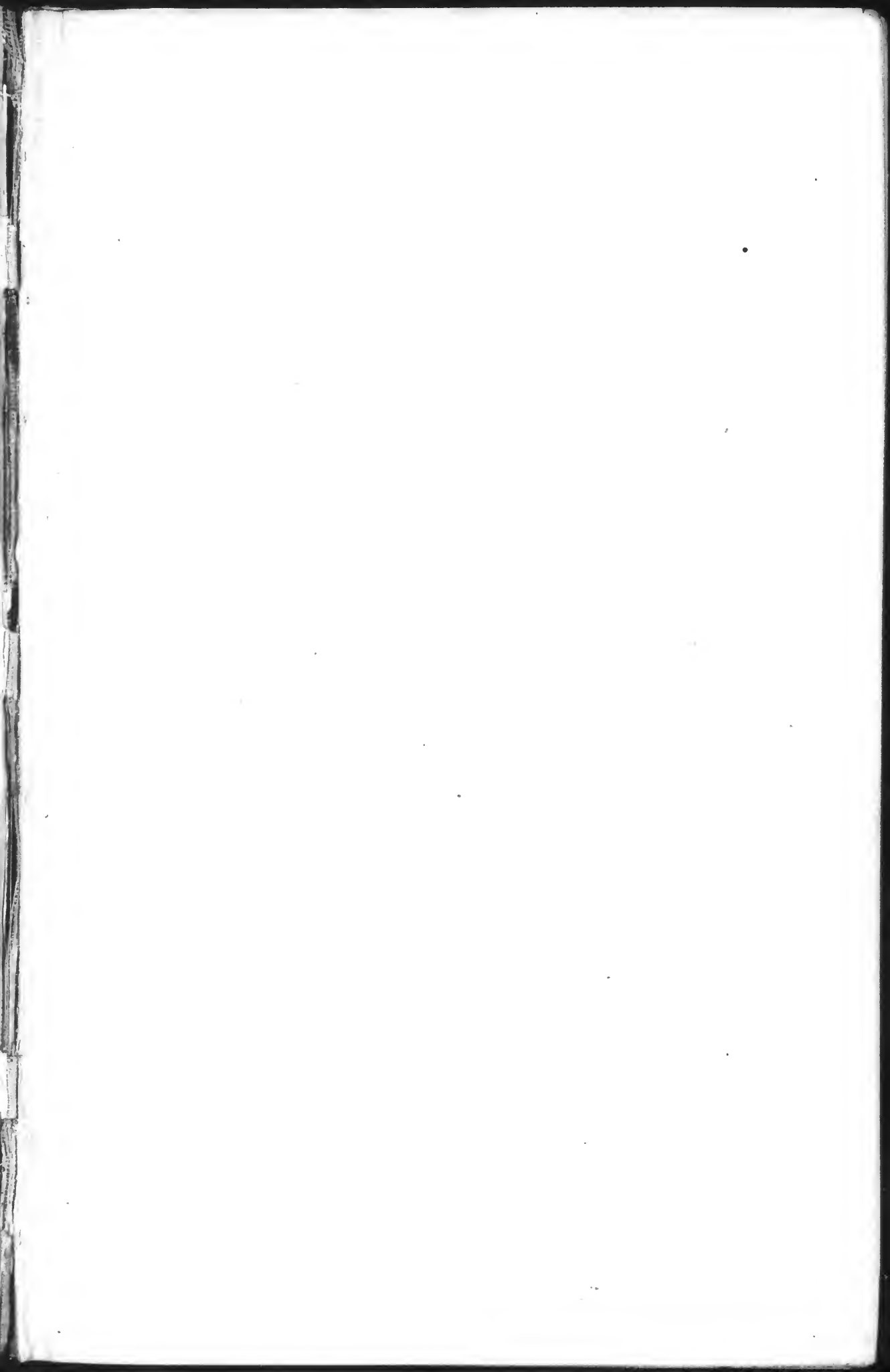


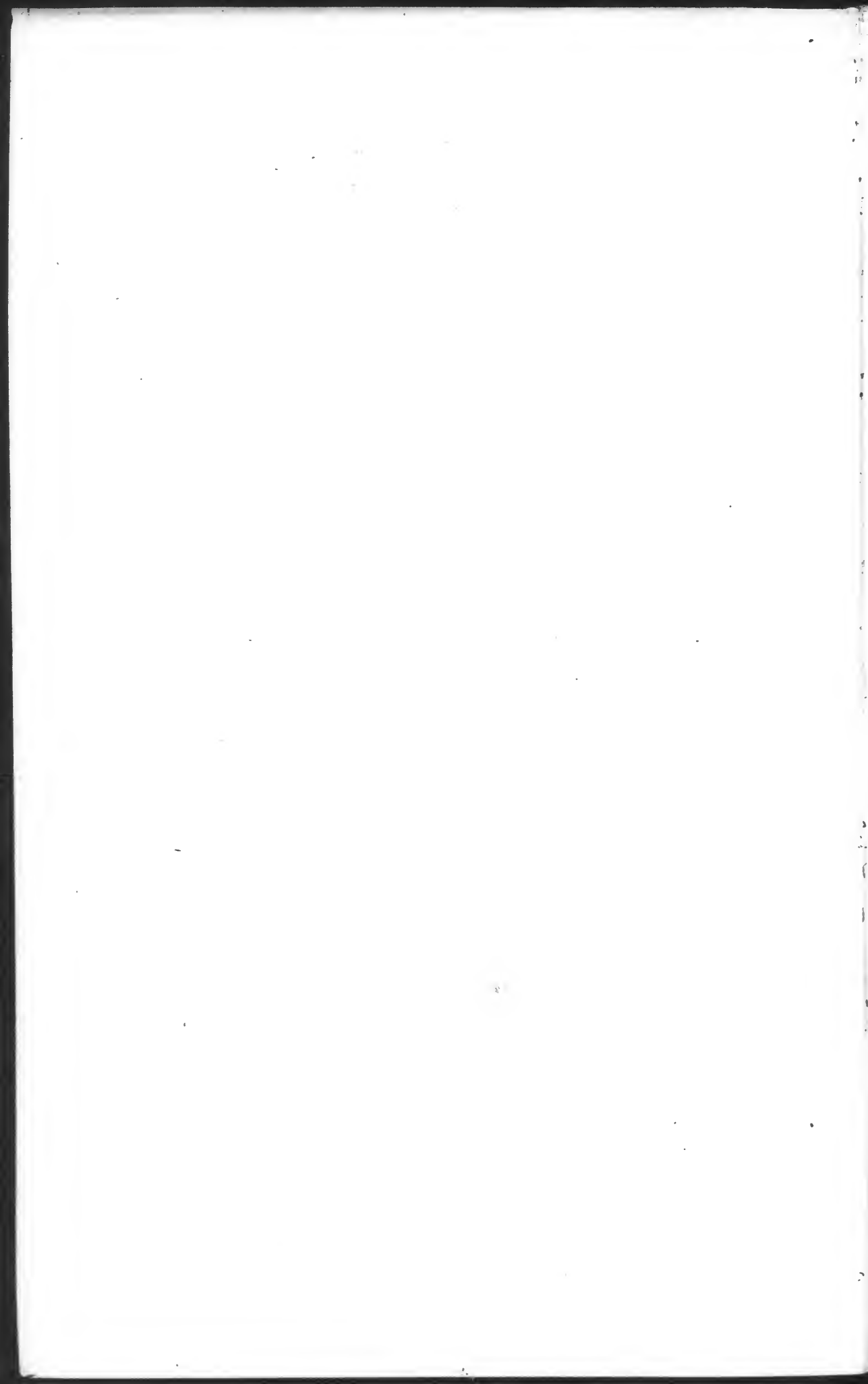
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Wes. 1722







THE  
PSALMS AND HYMNS

OF THE  
REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

WITH  
COPIOUS INDEXES, TABLES OF CONTENTS,  
AND  
MANY ADDITIONAL HYMNS,  
SELECTED FROM THE DOCTOR'S WORKS.

*A New Edition,*  
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## EXTRACT

FROM THE

### AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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*To have given the Doctor's whole Preface, would have been unnecessary: yet the following Extract from it, as it contains the plan he pursued in his view of the Psalms, may be found useful.*

**I** COME therefore to the third thing I proposed; and that is, to explain my own design, which in short is this, namely, to accommodate the Book of Psalms to Christian Worship. And in order to this, it is necessary to divest David and Asaph, &c. of every other character but that of a Psalmist and a Saint, and to make them always speak the common sense of a Christian.

Attempting the work with this view, I have entirely omitted some whole Psalms, and large pieces of many others: and have chosen out of all of them such parts only as might easily and naturally be accommodated to the various occasions of the Christian life. These I have copied and explained in the general style of the gospel; nor have I confined my expressions to any particular party or opinion; that in words prepared for public worship, and for the lips of multitudes, there might not be a syllable offensive to sincere Christians, whose judgments may differ in the lesser matters of religion.

Where the Psalmist uses sharp invectives against his personal enemies, I have endeavoured to turn the edge of them against our spiritual adversaries, sin, satan, and temptation. Where the flights of his faith and love are sublime, I have often sunk the expressions within the reach of an ordinary Christian: where the words imply some peculiar wants or distresses, joys or blessings, I have used words of greater latitude and comprehension, suited to the general circumstances of men.

Where the original runs in the form of prophecy concerning Christ and his salvation, I have given an historical turn to the sense : there is no necessity that we should always sing in the obscure and doubtful style of prediction, when the things foretold are brought into open light by a full accomplishment. Where the writers of the New Testament have cited or alluded to any part of the Psalms, I have often indulged the liberty of paraphrase, according to the words of Christ or his apostles. And surely this may be esteemed the word of God still, though borrowed from several parts of the holy scripture. Where the Psalmist describes religion by the fear of God, I have often joined faith and love to it: Where he speaks of the pardon of sin, through the mercies of God, I have added the blood or merits of a Saviour: Where he talks of sacrificing goats or bullocks, I rather choose to mention the sacrifice of Christ, the Lamb of God: When he attends the ark with shouting into Zion, I sing the ascension of my Saviour into heaven, or his presence in his church on earth: Where he promises abundance of wealth, honour, and long life, I have changed some of these typical blessings for grace, glory, and life eternal, which are brought to light by the gospel, and promised in the New Testament. And I am fully satisfied, that more honour is done to our blessed Saviour, by speaking his name, his graces, and actions, in his own language, according to the brighter discoveries he hath now made, than by going back again to the Jewish forms of worship, and the language of types and figures.

All men will confess this is just and necessary in preaching and praying; and I cannot find a reason why we should not sing praises also in a manner agreeable to the present and more glorious dispensation.

Now since it appears so plain, that the Hebrew Psalter is very improper to be the precise matter and style of our songs in a Christian church; and since there is very good reason to believe that it is left us, not only as a most valuable part of the word of God, for our faith and practice, but as an admirable and divine pattern of spiritual songs and hymns under the gospel; I have chosen rather to imitate than to translate; and thus to compose a Psalm Book for Christians after the manner of the Jewish Psalter.

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If I could be persuaded that nothing ought to be sung in worship, but what was of immediate inspiration from God, surely I would recommend anthems only ; namely, the Psalms themselves, as we read them in the Bible, set to music as they are sung by choristers in our cathedral churches; for these are nearest to the words of inspiration, and we must depart far from those words, if we turn them into rhyme and metre of any sort. And upon the foot of this argument, even the Scotch version, which has been so much commended for its approach to the original, would be unlawful, as well as others. But since I believe that any divine sentence, or Christian verse, agreeable to scripture, may be sung, though it be composed by men uninspired; I have not been so curious and exact in striving every where to express the ancient sense and meaning of David; but have rather expressed myself, as I may suppose David would have done, had he lived in the days of Christianity. And by this means, perhaps, I have sometimes hit upon the true intent of the Spirit of God in those verses, farther and clearer than David himself could ever discover, as St. Peter encourages me to hope, 1 Pet. i. 11, 12. where he acknowledges that the ancient prophets, who foretold of the grace that should come to us, were in some measure ignorant of this great salvation; for though they testified of the sufferings of Christ and his glory, yet they were forced to search and inquire after the meaning of what they spake or wrote. In several other places I hope my reader will find a natural exposition of many a dark and doubtful text, and some new beauties and connections of thought discovered in the Jewish poet, though not in the language of a Jew. In all places I have kept my grand design in view, and that is, to teach my author to speak like a Christian.

Though I have aimed to provide for a variety of affairs in the Christian life, by the different metres, paraphrases, and divisions of the Psalms, yet, after all, there are a great many circumstances that attend common Christians, which cannot be agreeably expressed by any paraphrase on the words of David; and for these I have endeavoured to provide in my **BOOK of HYMNS**, that Christians might have something to sing in divine worship, answerable to most or all their occasions. In the Preface to that Book I have shewn the insufficiency of the common versions of the Psalms, and given further reasons for my present attempt.

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The chief design of this work was to improve Psalmody, or religious singing, and to encourage the frequent practice of it in public assemblies and private families with more honour and delight; yet the author hopes the *reading* of it may also entertain the parlour and the closet with devout pleasure and holy meditations. Therefore he would request his readers, at proper seasons, to peruse it through; and among three hundred and forty sacred hymns they may find out several that suit their own case and temper, or the circumstances of their families and friends; they may teach their children such as are proper for their age, and by treasuring them in their memory, they may be furnished for pious retirement, or may entertain their friends with holy melody.

The perusal of the whole Book will acquaint every reader with the author's method, and by consulting the INDEX, or TABLE of CONTENTS, he may find Hymns very proper for many occasions of the Christian life and worship, though no copy of David's Psalter can provide for all. Or if he remember the first line of any Psalm (or Hymn), the TABLE of the FIRST LINES will direct where to find it.

If the Psalm (or Hymn) be too long for the time or custom of singing, there are pauses in many of them, at which you may properly rest; or you may leave out those Verses which are included in Crotchets [ ] without disturbing the sense; or in some places you may begin to sing at a pause.

Do not always confine yourselves to six stanzas, but sing seven or eight, rather than confound the sense and abuse the Psalm in solemn worship.

Dec. 1, 1718.



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THE  
PSALMS OF DAVID,

IMITATED

*In the Language of the New Testament,*

AND APPLIED TO THE

*CHRISTIAN STATE AND WORSHIP.*



LUKE xxiv. 44. All things must be fulfilled which were written in the Psalms concerning me.

HEB. xi. 32. David, Samuel, and the Prophets,---verse 40. that they without us should not be made perfect.



PSALM 1. (C. M.)

*The Way and End of the Righteous and Wicked.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man who shuns the place  
Where sinners love to meet ;  
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,  
And hates the scoffer's seat.
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord  
Has plac'd his chief delight ;  
By day he reads or hears the word,  
And meditates by night.
- 3 [He, like a plant of gen'rous kind,  
By living waters set,  
Safe from the storms and blasting wind  
Enjoys a peaceful state.]
- 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair  
Shall his profession shine ;  
While fruits of holiness appear  
Like clusters on the vine.

- 
- 5 Not so the impious and unjust :  
     What vain designs they form !  
 Their hopes are blown away like dust,  
     Or chaff before the storm.
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand  
     Amongst the sons of grace,  
 When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand  
     Appoints his saints a place.
- 7 His eye beholds the path they tread,  
     His heart approves it well ;  
 But crooked ways of sinners lead  
     Down to the gates of hell.

## PSALM I. (S. M.)

*The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.*

- 1 **T**HE man is ever bless'd  
     Who shuns the sinner's ways,  
 Among their counsels never stands,  
     Nor takes the scorner's place ;
- 2 But makes the law of God  
     His study and delight,  
 Amidst the labours of the day,  
     And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,  
     With waters near the root ;  
 Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,  
     His works are heav'nly fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race,  
     They no such blessings find ;  
 Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff  
     Before the driving wind.
- 5 How will they bear to stand  
     Before that judgment-seat,  
 Where all the saints at Christ's right hand  
     In full assembly meet ?

- 6 He knows and he approves  
The way the righteous go ;  
But sinners and their works shall meet  
A dreadful overthrow.

## PSALM 1. (L. M.)

*The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.*

- 1 **H**APPY the man whose cautious feet  
Shun the broad way that sinners go,  
Who hates the place where atheists meet.  
And fears to talk as scoffers do.
- 2 He loves t' employ his morning light  
Amongst the statutes of the Lord ;  
And spends the wakeful hours of night  
With pleasure pond'ring o'er the word.
- 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,  
Shall flourish in immortal green ;  
And heav'n will shine with kindest beams  
On ev'ry work his hands begin.
- 4 But sinners find their counsels cross'd,  
As chaff before the tempest flies,  
So shall their hopes be blown and lost  
When the last trumpet shakes the skies,
- 5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand  
In judgment with the pious race ;  
The dreadful Judge with stern command  
Divides him to a diff'rent place.
- 6 " Strait is the way my saints have trod,  
" I bless'd the path, and drew it plain ;  
" But you would choose the crooked road,  
" And down it leads to endless pain."

## PSALM 2. (S. M.)

*Christ dying, rising, interceding, &c.*

- 1 **[M]**AKER and sov'reign Lord  
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas,  
Thy providence confirms thy word,  
And answers thy decrees.

- 2 The things so long foretold  
By David are fulfill'd,  
When Jews and Gentiles join'd to slay  
Jesus, thine holy child.]
- 3 Why did the Gentiles rage,  
And Jews with one accord  
Bend all their counsels to destroy  
Th' Anointed of the Lord?
- 4 Rulers and kings agree  
To form a vain design ;  
Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,  
Against his Christ they join.
- 5 The Lord derides their rage,  
And will support his throne ;  
He that hath rais'd him from the dead  
Hath own'd him for his Son.

## PAUSE.

- 6 Now he's ascended high,  
And asks to rule the earth ;  
The merit of his blood he pleads,  
And pleads his heav'nly birth.
- 7 He asks, and God bestows  
A large inheritance ;  
Far as the world's remotest end  
His kingdom shall advance.
- 8 The nations that rebel  
Must feel his iron rod ;  
He'll vindicate those honours well  
Which he receiv'd from God.
- 9 [Be wise, ye rulers, now,  
And worship at his throne ;  
With trembling joy, ye people, bow  
To God's exalted Son.
- 10 If once his wrath arise,  
Ye perish on the place ;

Then blessed is the soul that flies  
For refuge to his grace.]

PSALM 2. *The same.* (C. M.)

- 1 **W**HY did the nations join to slay  
The Lord's anointed Son?  
Why did they cast his laws away,  
And tread his gospel down?
- 2 The Lord that sits above the skies  
Derides their rage below,  
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,  
And strikes their spirits through.
- 3 "I call him my eternal Son,  
"And raise him from the dead:  
"I make my holy hill his throne.  
"And wide his kingdom spread.
- 4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy  
"The utmost heathen lands:  
"Thy rod of iron shall destroy  
"The rebel that withstands."
- 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,  
Obey th' anointed Lord;  
Adore the King of heav'nly birth,  
And tremble at his word.
- 6 With humble love address his throne,  
For if he frown ye die;  
Those are secure, and those alone,  
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM 2. (L. M.)

*Christ's Death, Resurrection, &c.*

- 1 **W**HY did the Jews proclaim their rage?  
The Romans, why their swords employ?  
Against the Lord their pow'rs engage  
His dear Anointed to destroy?
- 2 "Come, let us break his bands," they say,  
"This man shall never give us laws;"

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| Who shall the Lord's elect .    | 330  | Zion rejoice, and Judah sing    | 519      |

THE  
PSALMS OF DAVID,

IMITATED

*In the Language of the New Testament,*

AND APPLIED TO THE

*CHRISTIAN STATE AND WORSHIP.*



LUKE xxiv. 44. All things must be fulfilled which were written in the Psalms concerning me.

HEB. xi. 32. David, Samuel, and the Prophets,---verse 40. that they without us should not be made perfect.



PSALM I. (C. M.)

*The Way and End of the Righteous and Wicked.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man who shuns the place  
Where sinners love to meet ;  
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,  
And hates the scoffer's seat.
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord  
Has plac'd his chief delight ;  
By day he reads or hears the word,  
And meditates by night.
- 3 [He, like a plant of gen'rous kind,  
By living waters set,  
Safe from the storms and blasting wind  
Enjoys a peaceful state.]
- 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair  
Shall his profession shine ;  
While fruits of holiness appear  
Like clusters on the vine.

- 
- 5 Not so the impious and unjust :  
     What vain designs they form !  
 Their hopes are blown away like dust,  
     Or chaff before the storm.
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand  
     Amongst the sons of grace,  
 When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand  
     Appoints his saints a place.
- 7 His eye beholds the path they tread,  
     His heart approves it well ;  
 But crooked ways of sinners lead  
     Down to the gates of hell.

## PSALM I. (S. M.)

*The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.*

- 1 **T**HE man is ever bless'd  
     Who shuns the sinner's ways,  
 Among their counsels never stands,  
     Nor takes the scorner's place ;
- 2 But makes the law of God  
     His study and delight,  
 Amidst the labours of the day,  
     And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,  
     With waters near the root ;  
 Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,  
     His works are heav'nly fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race,  
     They no such blessings find ;  
 Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff  
     Before the driving wind.
- 5 How will they bear to stand  
     Before that judgment-seat,  
 Where all the saints at Christ's right hand  
     In full assembly meet ?



- 6 He knows and he approves  
The way the righteous go ;  
But sinners and their works shall meet  
A dreadful overthrow.

## PSALM 1. (L. M.)

*The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.*

- 1 **H**APPY the man whose cautious feet  
Shun the broad way that sinners go,  
Who hates the place where atheists meet.  
And fears to talk as scoffers do.
- 2 He loves t' employ his morning light  
Amongst the statutes of the Lord ;  
And spends the wakeful hours of night  
With pleasure pond'ring o'er the word.
- 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,  
Shall flourish in immortal green ;  
And heav'n will shine with kindest beams  
On ev'ry work his hands begin.
- 4 But sinners find their counsels cross'd,  
As chaff before the tempest flies,  
So shall their hopes be blown and lost  
When the last trumpet shakes the skies,
- 5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand  
In judgment with the pious race ;  
The dreadful Judge with stern command  
Divides him to a diff'rent place.
- 6 " Strait is the way my saints have trod,  
" I bless'd the path, and drew it plain ;  
" But you would choose the crooked road,  
" And down it leads to endless pain."

## PSALM 2. (S. M.)

*Christ dying, rising, interceding, &c.*

- 1 **[M]**AKER and sov'reign Lord  
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas,  
Thy providence confirms thy word,  
And answers thy decrees.

- 2    The things so long foretold  
      By David are fulfill'd,  
      When Jews and Gentiles join'd to slay  
      Jesus, thine holy child.]
- 3    Why did the Gentiles rage,  
      And Jews with one accord  
      Bend all their counsels to destroy  
      Th' Anointed of the Lord?
- 4    Rulers and kings agree  
      To form a vain design ;  
      Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,  
      Against his Christ they join.
- 5    The Lord derides their rage,  
      And will support his throne ;  
      He that hath rais'd him from the dead  
      Hath own'd him for his Son.

## PAUSE.

- 6    Now he's ascended high,  
      And asks to rule the earth ;  
      The merit of his blood he pleads,  
      And pleads his heav'nly birth.
- 7    He asks, and God bestows  
      A large inheritance ;  
      Far as the world's remotest end  
      His kingdom shall advance.
- 8    The nations that rebel  
      Must feel his iron rod ;  
      He'll vindicate those honours well  
      Which he receiv'd from God.
- 9    [Be wise, ye rulers, now,  
      And worship at his throne ;  
      With trembling joy, ye people, bow  
      To God's exalted Son.
- 10   If once his wrath arise,  
      Ye perish on the place ;

Then blessed is the soul that flies  
For refuge to his grace.]

PSALM 2. *The same.* (C. M.)

- 1 **W**HY did the nations join to slay  
The Lord's anointed Son?  
Why did they cast his laws away,  
And tread his gospel down?
- 2 The Lord that sits above the skies  
Derides their rage below,  
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,  
And strikes their spirits through.
- 3 "I call him my eternal Son,  
"And raise him from the dead:  
"I make my holy hill his throne.  
"And wide his kingdom spread.
- 4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy  
"The utmost heathen lands:  
"Thy rod of iron shall destroy  
"The rebel that withstands."
- 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,  
Obey th' anointed Lord;  
Adore the King of heav'nly birth,  
And tremble at his word.
- 6 With humble love address his throne,  
For if he frown ye die;  
Those are secure, and those alone,  
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM 2. (L. M.)

*Christ's Death, Resurrection, &c.*

- 1 **W**HY did the Jews proclaim their rage?  
The Romans, why their swords employ?  
Against the Lord their pow'rs engage  
His dear Anointed to destroy?
- 2 "Come, let us break his bands," they say,  
"This man shall never give us laws;"

- And thus they cast his yoke away,  
And nail'd the Monarch to the cross.
- 3 But God, who high in glory reigns,  
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls :  
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,  
And speak in thunder to their souls.
- 4 " I will maintain the King I made  
" On Zion's everlasting hill,  
" My hand shall bring him from the dead,  
" And he shall stand your Sov'reign still."
- 5 [His wondrous rising from the earth  
Makes his eternal Godhead known ;  
The Lord declares his heav'nly birth ;  
This day have I begot my Son.
- 6 " Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,  
" There thou shalt ask, and I bestow  
" The utmost bounds of heathen land ,  
" To thee the northren isles shall bow." ]
- 7 But nations that resist his grace  
Shall fall beneath his iron stroke ;  
His rod shall crush his foes with ease,  
As potters' earthen work is broke.

## PAUSE.

- 8 Now, ye that sit on earthly thrones,  
Be wise and serve the Lord, the Lamb ;  
Now at his feet submit your crowns,  
Rejoice and tremble at his name.
- 9 With humble love address the Son,  
Lest he grow angry, and ye die ;  
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,  
If ye provoke his jealousy.
- 10 His storms shall drive you quick to hell,  
He is a God, and ye but dust :  
Happy the souls that know him well,  
And make his grace their only trust.

## PSALM 3. (C. M.)

*Doubts and Fears suppressed.*

- 1 **M**Y God, how many are my fears!  
How fast my foes increase;  
Conspiring my eternal death,  
They break my present peace.
- 2 The lying tempter would persuade  
There's no relief in heav'n;  
And all my swelling sins appear  
Too big to be forgiv'n.
- 3 But thou, my glory and my strength,  
Shalt on the tempter tread,  
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,  
And raise my drooping head.
- 4 [I cry'd, and from his holy hill  
He bow'd a list'ning ear;  
I call'd my Father and my God,  
And he subdued my fear.
- 5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,  
In spite of all my foes;  
I woke, and wonder'd at the grace  
That guarded my repose.]
- 6 What tho' the hosts of death and hell  
All arm'd against me stood,  
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;  
My refuge is my God.
- 7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,  
While I thy glory sing:  
My God hath broke the serpent's teeth,  
And Death has lost his sting.
- 8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,  
His arm alone can save:  
Blessings attend thy people here,  
And reach beyond the grave.

## PSALM 3. ver. 1---5, 8. (L. M.)

*A Morning Psalm.*

- 1 **O** LORD, how many are my foes,  
In this weak state of flesh and blood ;  
My peace they daily discompose ;  
But my defence and hope is God.
- 2 Tir'd with the burthens of the day,  
To thee I rais'd my evening cry ;  
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,  
And thine Almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid,  
I laid me down and slept secure ;  
Not death shall make my heart afraid,  
Tho' I should wake and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustain'd me all the night ;  
Salvation doth to God belong :  
He rais'd my head to see the light,  
And make his praise my morning song.

## PSALM 4. ver. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. (L. M.)

*God our Portion and Christ our Hope.*

- 1 **O** GOD of grace and righteousness,  
Hear and attend when I complain ;  
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,  
Bow down a gracious ear again.
- 2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try  
To turn my glory into shame ;  
How long will scoffers love to lie,  
And dare reproach my Saviour's name ?
- 3 Know that the Lord divides his saints  
From all the tribes of men besides ;  
He hears the cry of penitents  
For the dear sake of Christ that dy'd.
- 4 When our obedient hands have done  
A thousand works of righteousness,

- We put our trust in God alone,  
And glory in his pard'ning grace.
- 5 Let the unthinking many say,  
" Who will bestow some earthly good?"  
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;  
Our souls desire this heav'nly food.
- 6 Then shall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice,  
At grace and favour so divine;  
Nor will I change my happy choice  
For all their corn, and all their wine.

## PSALM 4. ver. 3, 4, 5, 8. (C. M.)

*An Evening Psalm.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,  
I am for ever thine;  
I fear before thee all the day,  
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head  
From care and bus'ness free,  
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed  
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice;  
And when 'my work is done,  
Great God, my faith and hope relies  
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,  
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;  
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
And will my slumbers keep.

## PSALM 5. (C. M.)

*For the Lord's Day Morning.*

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high:  
To thee will I direct my pray'r,  
To thee lift up mine eye;

- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
To plead for all the saints,  
Presenting at his Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand ;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there ;  
I will frequent thine holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness !  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

- 6 My watchful enemies combine  
To tempt my feet astray ;  
They flatter with a base design,  
To make my soul their prey.
- 7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,  
And all his plots destroy ;  
While those that in thy mercy trust,  
For ever shout for joy.
- 8 The men that love and fear thy name  
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd :  
The mighty God will compass them  
With favour as a shield.

PSALM 6. (C. M.)

*Complaint in Sickness.*

- 1 **I**N anger, Lord, rebuke me not,  
Withdraw the dreadful storm ;  
Nor let thy fury grow so hot  
Against a feeble worm.



- 
- 2 My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,  
My flesh with pain oppress'd ;  
My couch is witness to my tears,  
My tears forbid my rest.
- 3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days ;  
I waste the night with cries,  
Counting the minutes as they pass,  
'Till the slow morning rise.
- 4 Shall I be still tormented more ?  
Mine eye consum'd with grief ?  
How long, my God, how long, before  
Thy hand afford relief ?
- 5 He hears when dust and ashes speak,  
He pities all our groans,  
He saves us for his mercy's sake,  
And heals our broken bones.
- 6 The virtue of his sov'reign word  
Restores our fainting breath ;  
For silent graves praise not the Lord,  
Nor is he known in death.

## PSALM 6. (L. M.)

*Temptations in Sickness overcome.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,  
When thou with kindness dost chastise ;  
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,  
O let it not against me rise !
- 2 Pity my languishing estate,  
And ease the sorrows that I feel ;  
The wounds thy heavy hand hath made,  
O let thy gentler touches heal !
- 3 See how I pass my weary days  
In sighs and groans ; and when 'tis night,  
My bed is water'd with my tears ;  
My grief consumes and dims my sight.

- 4 Look how the pow'rs of nature mourn!  
 How long, Almighty God, how long?  
 When shall thine hour of grace return?  
 When shall I make thy grace my song?
- 5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,  
 My thoughts are tempted to despair;  
 But graves can never praise the Lord,  
 For all is dust and silence there.
- 6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul;  
 And all despairing thoughts depart;  
 My God, who hears my humble moan,  
 Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

## PSALM 7. (C. M.)

*God's Care of his People, and Punishment of Persecutors.*

- 1 **M**Y trust is in my heav'nly Friend,  
 My hope in thee, my God;  
 Rise, and my helpless life defend  
 From those that seek my blood.
- 2 With insolence and fury they  
 My soul in pieces tear,  
 As hungry lions rend the prey,  
 When no deliv'rer's near.
- 3 If I had e'er provok'd them first,  
 Or once abus'd my foe,  
 Then let him tread my life to dust,  
 And lay mine honour low.
- 4 If there be malice hid in me,  
 I know thy piercing eyes;  
 I should not dare appeal to thee,  
 Nor ask my God to rise.
- 5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,  
 Their pride and pow'r controul;  
 Awake to judgment, and command  
 Deliv'rance for my soul.

PAUSE.

- 6 [Let sinners and their wicked rage  
Be humbled to the dust ;  
Shall not the God of truth engage  
To vindicate the just ?
- 7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,  
He will defend th' upright ;  
His sharpest arrows he ordains  
Against the sons of spite.
- 8 For me their malice digg'd a pit,  
But there themselves are cast ;  
My God makes all their mischief light  
On their own heads at last.]
- 9 That cruel persecuting race  
Must feel his dreadful sword ,  
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace  
And justice of the Lord.

PSALM 8. (S. M.)

*God's Sovereignty and Goodness, &c.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our heav'nly King,  
Thy name is all divine ;  
Thy glories round the earth are spread,  
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.
- 2 When to thy works on high  
I raise my wond'ring eyes,  
And see the moon, complete in light,  
Adorn the darksome skies :
- 3 When I survey the stars,  
And all their shining forms,  
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,  
Akin to dust and worms ?
- 4 Lord, what is worthless man,  
That thou should'st love him so ?  
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,  
And Lord of all below.

- 
- 5 Thine honours crown his head,  
     While beasts like slaves obey,  
     And birds that cut the air with wings,  
     And fish that cleave the sea.
- 6 How rich thy bounties are !  
     And wondrous are thy ways !  
     Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame  
     A monument of praise.
- 7 [Out of the mouths of babes  
     And sucklings thou canst draw  
     Surprising honours to thy name,  
     And strike the world with awe.
- 8 O Lord, our heav'nly King,  
     Thy name is all divine ;  
     Thy glories round the earth are spread,  
     And o'er the heav'ns they shine.]

## PSALM 8. (C. M.)

*Christ's Condescension and Glorification.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great  
     Is thine exalted name !  
     The glories of thy heav'nly state  
     Let men and babes proclaim.
- 2 When I behold thy works on high,  
     The moon that rules the night,  
     And stars that well adorn the sky,  
     Those moving worlds of light ;
- 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,  
     Who dwells so far below,  
     That thou should'st visit him with grace,  
     And love his nature so ;
- 4 That thine eternal Son should bear  
     To take a mortal form,  
     Made lower than his angels are,  
     To save a dying worm !

- 
- 5 [Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,  
And man would not adore,  
Th' obedient seas and fishes own  
His Godhead and his pow'r.
- 6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet;  
And fish at his command  
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,  
Bring tribute to his hand.
- 7 These lesser glories of the Son  
Shone through the fleshy cloud;  
Now we behold him on his throne,  
And men confess him God.]
- 8 Let him be crown'd with majesty,  
Who bow'd his head to death;  
And be his honours sounded high,  
By all things that have breath.
- 9 Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great  
Is thine exalted name!  
The glories of thy heav'nly state  
Let the whole earth proclaim.

## PSALM 8. ver. 1, 2. Paraphrased.

First Part. (L. M.)

*The Hosanna of the Children.*

- 1 **A**Lmighty Ruler of the skies,  
Through the wide earth thy name is spread,  
And thine eternal glories rise  
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.
- 2 To thee the voices of the young  
A monument of honour raise;  
And babes with uninstructed tongue,  
Declare the wonders of thy praise.
- 3 Thy pow'r assists their tender age  
To bring proud rebels to the ground,  
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,  
And all their policies confound.

- 4 Children amidst thy temple throng  
To see their great Redeemer's face ;  
The Son of David is their song,  
And young hosannas fill the place.
- 5 The frowning scribes and angry priests  
In vain their impious cavils bring ;  
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,  
While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

## PSALM 8. ver. 3, &amp;c. Paraphrased.

Second Part. (L. M.)

*Adam and Christ, Lords of the Old and the New Creation.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what was man, when made at first,  
Adam the offspring of the dust,  
'That thou shouldst set him and his race  
But just below an angel's place ?
- 2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,  
And make him Lord of all below ;  
Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,  
And lay the fishes at his feet.
- 3 But, O ! what brighter glories wait  
To crown the second Adam's state !  
What honours shall thy Son adorn,  
Who condescended to be born !
- 4 See him below his angels made ;  
See him in dust amongst the dead,  
To save a ruin'd world from sin !  
But he shall reign with pow'r divine.
- 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all  
The mis'ries that attend the fall,  
New made, and glorious, shall submit  
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

## PSALM 9. First Part. (C. M.)

*Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment-Seat.*

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,  
Thy wonders I'll proclaim ;  
Thou sov'reign Judge of right and wrong,  
Wilt put my foes to shame.
- 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace ;  
My God prepares his throne  
To judge the world in righteousness,  
And make his vengeance known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove  
For all the poor oppress'd,  
To save the people of his love,  
And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men that know thy name will trust  
In thy abundant grace ;  
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,  
Who humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,  
Who dwells on Zion's hill.  
Who executes his threat'ning word,  
And doth his grace fulfil.

## PSALM 9. ver. 12. Second Part. (C. M.)

*The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.*

- 1 **W**HEN the great Judge, supreme and just,  
Shall once inquire for blood,  
The humble souls that mourn in dust  
Shall find a faithful God.
- 2 He from the dreadful gates of death  
Does his own children raise ;  
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,  
They sing their Father's praise.

- 3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet  
 Into the pit they made ;  
 And sinners perish in the net  
 'That their own hands had spread.
- 4 Thus, by thy judgments, mighty God,  
 Are thy deep counsels known ;  
 When men of mischief are destroy'd  
 The snare must be their own.

## PAUSE.

- 5 The wicked shall sink down to hell ;  
 Thy wrath devour the lands  
 That dare forget thee, or rebel  
 Against thy known commands.
- 6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,  
 And wait and long complain,  
 Their cries shall not be still forgot,  
 Nor shall their hopes be vain.
- 7 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,  
 To judge and save the poor ;  
 Let nations tremble at thy feet,  
 And man prevail no more.
- 8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,  
 And put their hearts to pain,  
 Make them confess that thou art God,  
 And they but feeble men.

## PSALM 10. (C. M.)

*Prayer heard, and Saints saved.*

- 1 **W**HY doth the Lord stand off so far,  
 And why conceal his face,  
 When great calamities appear,  
 And times of deep distress ?
- 2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride  
 Thy justice and thy pow'r ?  
 Shall they advance their heads in pride,  
 And still thy saints devour ?



3 They put thy judgments from their sight,  
And then insult the poor ;  
They boast in their exalted height,  
That they shall fall no more.

4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,  
Attend our humble cry ;  
No enemy shall dare to stand  
When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

5 Why do the men of malice rage,  
And say with foolish pride,  
“ The God of heav’n will ne’er engage  
“ To fight on Zion’s side ?”

6 But thou for ever art our Lord,  
And pow’rful is thine hand,  
As when the heathens felt thy sword,  
And perish’d from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,  
And cause thine ear to hear ;  
He hearkens what his children say,  
And puts the world in fear.

8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,  
No more despise the just ;  
And mighty sinners shall confess  
They are but earth and dust.

PSALM 11. (L. M.)

*God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.*

1 **M**Y refuge is the God of love,  
Why do my foes insult and cry,  
“ Fly like a tim’rous trembling dove,  
“ To distant woods or mountains fly ?”

- 2 If government be all destroyed,  
(That firm foundation of our peace,)  
And violence make justice void,  
Where shall the righteous seek redress?
- 3 The Lord in heav'n has fix'd his throne,  
His eyes survey the world below ;  
To him all mortal things are known,  
His eyelids search our spirits through.
- 4 If he afflict his saints so far,  
To prove their love and try their grace,  
What may the bold transgressors fear?  
His very soul abhors their ways.
- 5 On impious wretches he shall rain  
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death,  
Such as he kindled on the plain  
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.
- 6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,  
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere ;  
And with a gracious eye beholds  
The men that his own image bear.

## PSALM 12. (L. M.)

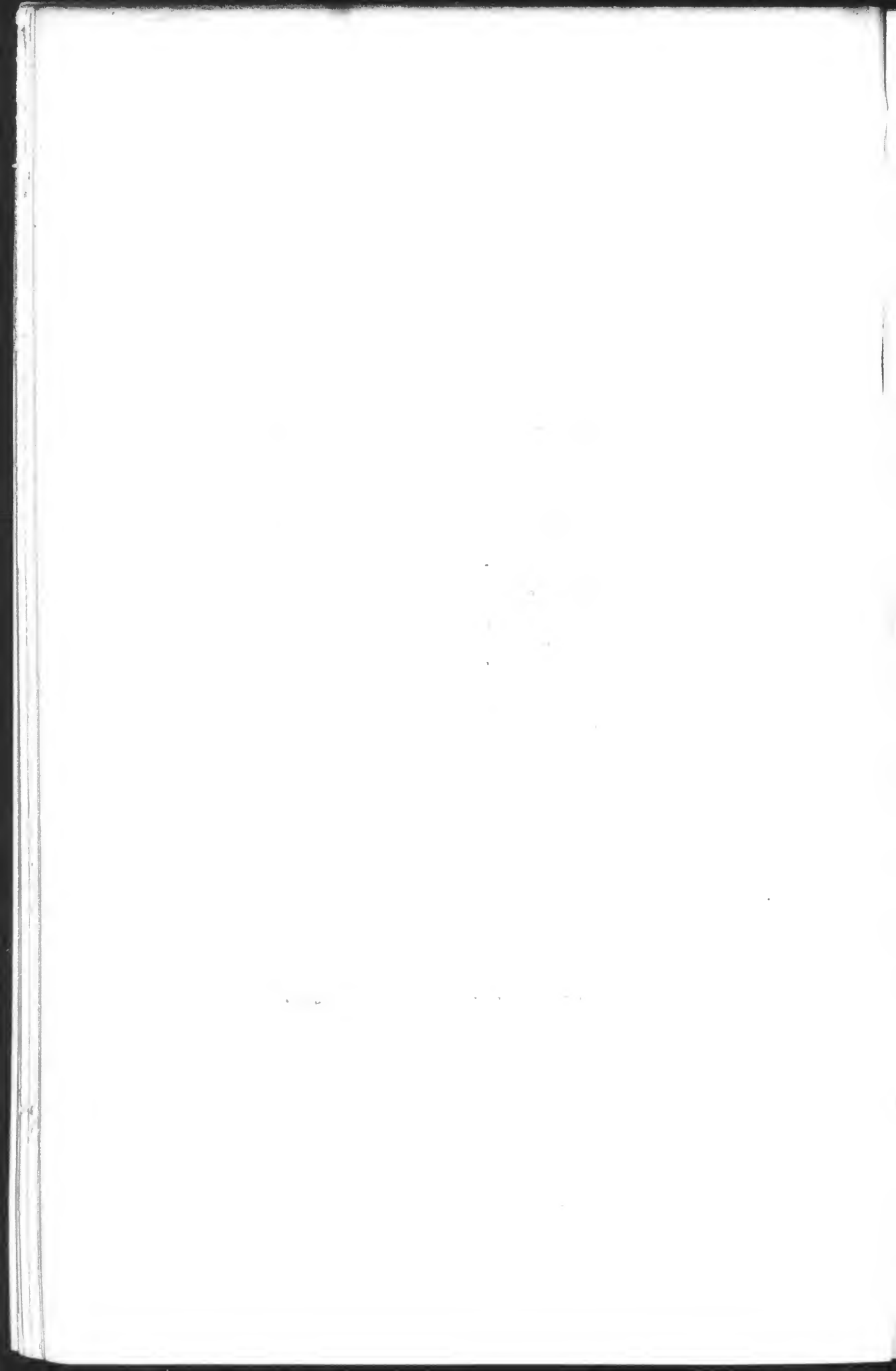
*The Saint's Safety and Hope in evil Times.*

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou dost not soon appear,  
Virtue and truth will flee away ;  
A faithful man amongst us here  
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.
- 2 The whole discourse, when neighbours meet,  
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain ;  
Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,  
And their proud language is profane.
- 3 But lips that with deceit abound  
Shall not maintain their triumph long ;  
The God of vengeance will confound  
The flatt'ring and blaspheming tongue.



DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

P. 34.



- 
- 4 “ Yet shall our words be free,” they cry,  
 “ Our tongues shall be control’d by none ;  
 “ Where is the Lord will ask us why ?  
 “ Or say, our lips are not our own ?”
- 5 The Lord, who sees the poor oppress’d,  
 And hears th’ oppressor’s haughty strain,  
 Will rise to give his children rest,  
 Nor shall they trust his word in vain.
- 6 Thy word, O Lord, though often try’d,  
 Void of deceit shall still appear ;  
 Not silver seven times purified  
 From dross and mixture, shines so clear.
- 7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour  
 Defend the holy soul from harm ;  
 Though when the vilest men have pow’r,  
 On ev’ry side will sinners swarm.

## PSALM 12. (C. M.)

*Complaint of a general Corruption of Manners.*

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,  
 Religion loses ground ;  
 The sons of violence prevail,  
 And treacheries abound.
- 2 Their oaths and promises they break,  
 Yet act the flatt’rer’s part ;  
 With fair deceitful lips they speak,  
 And with a double heart.
- 3 If we reprove some hateful lie,  
 How is their fury stirr’d !  
 “ Are not our lips our own,” they cry,  
 “ And who shall be our lord ?”
- 4 Scoffers appear on every side,  
 Where a vile race of men  
 Is rais’d to seats of pow’r and pride,  
 And bears the sword in vain.

## PAUSE.

- 5 Lord, when iniquities abound,  
And blasphemy grows bold,  
When faith is hardly to be found,  
And love is waxing cold,
- 6 Is not thy chariot hast'ning on?  
Hast thou not giv'n this sign?  
May we not trust and live upon  
A promise so divine?
- 7 "Yes," saith the Lord," now will I rise  
"And make oppressors flee :  
"I shall appear to their surprise,  
"And set my servants free."
- 8 Thy word, like silver seven times try'd,  
Through ages shall endure ;  
The men that in thy truth confide  
Shall find the promise sure.

## PSALM XIII. (L. M.)

*Pleading with God under Desertion.*

- 1 **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I complain  
Like one that seeks his God in vain.  
Canst thou thy face for ever hide?  
And I still pray, and be denied?
- 2 Shall I for ever be forgot  
As one whom thou regardest not?  
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn,  
And still despair of thy return?
- 3 How long shall my poor troubled breast  
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd?  
And Satan, my malicious foe,  
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?
- 4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,  
Before my death conclude my grief;  
If thou withhold thy heav'nly light,  
I sleep in everlasting night.

- 
- 5 How will the powers of darkness boast,  
If but one praying soul be lost!  
But I have trusted in thy grace,  
And shall again behold thy face.
- 6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,  
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;  
My heart shal feel thy love, and raise  
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

## PSALM 13. (C. M.)

*Complaint under Temptations of the Devil.*

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face?  
My God, how long delay?  
When shall I feel those heav'nly rays  
That chase my fears away?
- 2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul  
Wrestle and toil in vain?  
Thy word can all my foes control,  
And ease my raging pain.
- 3 See how the prince of darkness tries  
All his malicious arts,  
He spreads a mist around my eyes,  
And throws his fiery darts.
- 4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,  
My soul in safety keep ;  
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd  
In death's eternal sleep.
- 5 How would the tempter boast aloud  
If I become his prey!  
Behold, the sons of hell grow proud  
At thy so long delay.
- 6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,  
And Satan hide his head ;  
He knows the terrors of thy look,  
And hears thy voice with dread.

- 7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace,  
Where all my hopes have hung;  
I shall employ my lips in praise,  
And vict'ry shall be sung.

PSALM 14. First Part. (C. M.)

*By Nature all Men are Sinners.*

- 1 **F**OOLS in their heart believe and say,  
"That all religion's vain,  
"There is no God that reigns on high,  
"Or minds th' affairs of men."
- 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane  
Corrupt discourse proceeds;  
And in their impious hands are found  
Abominable deeds.
- 3 The Lord from his celestial throne  
Look'd down on things below,  
To find the man that sought his grace,  
Or did his justice know.
- 4 By nature all are gone astray,  
Their practice all the same;  
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,  
There's none that loves his name.
- 5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,  
Their slanders never cease;  
How swift to mischief are their feet,  
Nor know the paths of peace!
- 6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)  
In ev'ry heart are found;  
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,  
Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM 14. Second Part. (C. M.)

*The Folly of Persecutors.*

- 1 **A**RE sinners now so senesless grown  
That they the saints devour?  
And never worship at thy throne,  
Nor fear thine awful pow'r?



- 
- 2 Great God, appear to their surprise,  
     Reveal thy dreadful name ;  
 Let them no more thy wrath despise,  
     Nor turn our hope to shame.
- 3 Dost thou not dwell among the just ?  
     And yet our foes deride  
 That we should make thy name our trust ?  
     Great God ! confound their pride.
- 4 O that the joyful day were come  
     To finish our distress !  
 When God shall bring his children home,  
     Our songs shall never cease.

PSALM XV. (C. M.)

*Characters of a Saint.*

- 1 **W**HO shall inhabit in thy hill,  
     O God of holiness ?  
 Whom will the Lord admit to dwell  
     So near his throne of grace ?
- 2 The man that walks in pious ways,  
     And works with righteous hands ;  
 That trusts his Maker's promises,  
     And follows his commands.
- 3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,  
     Nor slanders with his tongue :  
 Will scarce believe an ill report,  
     Nor do his neighbour wrong.
- 4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,  
     Loves all that fear the Lord ;  
 And though to his own hurt he swears,  
     Still he performs his word.
- 5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,  
     And never gripe the poor ;  
 This man shall dwell with God on earth,  
     And find his heav'n secure.

## PSALM 15. (L. M.)

*Religion and Justice, Goodness and Truth.*

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,  
Great God, and dwell before thy face?  
The man that minds religion now,  
And humbly walks with God below :
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean :  
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean :  
No slanders dwell upon his tongue ;  
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.
- 3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,  
Nor vents it to his neighbour's hurt ;  
Sinners of state he can despise,  
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]
- 4 [Firm to his word he ever stood,  
And always makes his promise good ;  
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,  
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]
- 5 [He never deals in bribing gold,  
And mourns that justice should be sold ;  
While others gripe and grind the poor,  
Sweet charity attends his door.]
- 6 He loves his enemies, and prays  
For those that curse him to his face ;  
And doth to all men still the same,  
That he would hope or wish from them.
- 7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,  
His soul depends on grace alone,  
This is the man thy face shall see,  
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

## PSALM XVI. First Part. (L. M.)

*Confession of our Poverty.*

- 1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, in time of need ;  
For succour to thy throne I flee,  
But have no merits there to plead ;  
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd,  
How empty and how poor I am ;  
My praise can never make thee bless'd,  
Nor add new glories to thy name.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap  
Some profit by the good we do ;  
These are the company I keep,  
These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,  
To give a relish to their wine ;  
I love the men of heav'nly birth,  
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

## PSALM 16. Second Part. (L. M.)

*Christ's All-sufficiency.*

- 1 **H**OW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,  
Who haste to meet some idol god !  
I will not taste their sacrifice,  
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.
- 2 My God provides a richer cup,  
And nobler food to live upon :  
He, for my life, has offer'd up  
Jesus, his best-beloved Son.
- 3 His love is my perpetual feast ;  
By day his counsels guide me right ;  
And be his name for ever blest,  
Who gives me sweet advice by night.
- 4 I set him still before mine eyes ;  
At my right hand he stands prepar'd  
To keep my soul from all surprise,  
And be my everlasting guard.

## PSALM 16. Third Part. (L. M.)

*Courage in Death—Hope of Resurrection.*

- 1 **W**HEN God is nigh, my faith is strong ;  
His arm is my almighty prop ;  
Be glad my heart ; rejoice, my tongue ;  
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

- 
- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,  
 Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave  
 My soul for ever with the dead,  
 Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,  
 Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;  
 Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way  
 Up to thy throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow ;  
 And full discov'ries of thy grace  
 (Which we but tasted here below)  
 Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

PSALM 16. ver. 1---8. First Part. (c. m.)

*Support from God without Merit.*

- 1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, from ev'ry foe ;  
 In thee my trust I place,  
 Though all the good that I can do  
 Can ne'er deserve thy grace.
- 2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,  
 The saints may profit by't ;  
 The saints, the glory of the earth,  
 The men of my delight.
- 3 Let heathens to their idols haste,  
 And worship wood or stone ;  
 But my delightful lot is cast  
 Where the true God is known.
- 4 His hand provides my constant food,  
 He fills my daily cup ;  
 Much am I pleas'd with present good,  
 But more rejoice in hope.
- 5 God is my portion and my joy,  
 His counsels are my light :  
 He gives we sweet advice by day,  
 And gentle hints by night.

- 6 My soul would all her thoughts approve  
 To his all-seeing eye ;  
 Not death, nor hell, my hope shall move,  
 While such a friend is nigh.

## PSALM 16. Second Part. (c. m.)

*The Death and Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 “ **I** SET the Lord before my face,  
 “ He bears my courage up ;  
 “ My heart and tongue their joys express,  
 “ My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 “ My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave  
 “ Where souls departed are ;  
 “ Nor quit my body to the grave  
 “ To see corruption there.
- 3 “ Thou wilt reveal the path of life,  
 “ And raise me to thy throne ;  
 “ Thy courts immortal pleasure give,  
 “ Thy presence joys unknown.”
- 4 [Thus, in the name of Christ the Lord,  
 The holy David sung,  
 And Providence fulfils the word  
 Of his prophetic tongue.
- 5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,  
 Was crucified and slain ;  
 Behold the tomb its prey restores,  
 Behold he lives again !
- 6 When shall my feet arise and stand  
 On heav’n’s eternal hills ?  
 There sits the Son at God’s right hand,  
 And there the Father smiles.]

## PSALM 17. ver. 13, &amp;c. (s. m.)

*Portion of Saints and Sinners.*

- 1 **A**RISE, my gracious God,  
 And make the wicked flee ;  
 They are but thy chastising rod,  
 To drive thy saints to thee.

- 2 Behold the sinner dies,  
His haughty words are vain ;  
Here in this life his pleasure lies,  
And all beyond is pain.
- 3 Then let his pride advance,  
And boast of all his store,  
The Lord is my inheritance,  
My soul can wish no more.
- 4 I shall behold the face  
Of my forgiving God,  
And stand complete in righteousness,  
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.
- 5 There's a new heav'n begun,  
When I awake from death,  
Dress'd in the likeness of thy Son,  
And draw immortal breath.

## PSALM 17. (L. M.)

*Portion of Saints and Sinners ; or, Hope and Despair in Death.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove  
My faith, my patience, and my love ;  
When men of spite against me join,  
They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lies below :  
'Tis all the happiness they know ;  
'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares,  
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value, I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world to which I go,  
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
When shall I wake, and find me there ?

- 
- 5 O glorious hour! O bless'd abode!  
I shall be near and like my God!  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM 18. ver. 1---6. 15---8. First Part. (L.M.)

*Deliverance from Despair.*

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,  
My rock, my tow'r, my high defence;  
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,  
For I have found salvation thence.
- 2 Death and the terrors of the grave  
Stood round me with their dismal shade;  
While floods of high temptations rose,  
And made my sinking soul afraid.
- 3 I saw the op'ning gates of hell,  
With endless pains and sorrows there,  
Which none but they that feel can tell,  
While I was hurried to despair.
- 4 In my distress I call'd "my God!"  
When I could scarce believe him mine;  
He bow'd his ear to my complaint,  
Then did his grace appear divine.
- 5 [With speed he flew to my relief,  
As on a cherub's wing he rode;  
Awful and bright as lightning shone  
The face of my deliv'rer God.
- 6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,  
The blast of his almighty breath;  
He sent salvation from on high,  
And drew me from the deeps of death.]

- 7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,  
 Much was their strength, and more their rage;  
 But Christ my Lord, is conq'ror still  
 In all the wars that devils wage.
- 8 My song for ever shall record  
 That terrible, that joyful hour;  
 And give the glory to the Lord,  
 Due to his mercy and his pow'r.

PSALM 18. ver. 20---26. Second Part. (L. M.)

*Sincerity proved and rewarded.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,  
 Hast made thy truth and love appear;  
 Before mine eyes I set thy laws,  
 And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.
- 2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,  
 I've walk'd upright before thy face!  
 Or if my feet did e'er depart,  
 'Twas never with a wicked heart.
- 3 What sore temptations broke my rest!  
 What wars and strugglings in my breast!  
 But through thy grace that reigns within  
 I guard against my darling sin:
- 4 That sin that close besets me still,  
 That works and strives against my will;  
 When shall thy Spirit's sov'reign pow'r  
 Destroy it, that it rise no more?
- 5 [With an impartial hand the Lord  
 Deals out to mortals their reward;  
 The kind and faithful souls shall find  
 A God as faithful and as kind.
- 6 The just and pure shall ever say,  
 Thou art more pure, more just than they:  
 And men that love revenge shall know  
 God hath an arm of vengeance too.]



PS. 18. ver, 30, 35, 46, &c. Third Part. (L. M.)

*Rejoicing in God; or, Salvation and Triumph.*

- 1 **J**UST are thy ways, and true thy word,  
Great Rock of my secure abode!  
Who is a God beside the Lord?  
Or where's a refuge like our God?
- 2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,  
Gives me his holy sword to wield;  
And while with sin and hell I fight,  
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
- 3 He lives, (and blessed be my rock!)  
The God of my salvation lives,  
The dark designs of hell are broke;  
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.
- 4 Before the scoffers of the age  
I will exalt my Father's name,  
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,  
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.
- 5 To David and his royal seed  
Thy grace for ever shall extend;  
Thy love to saints in Christ their Head  
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM 18. First Part (C. M.)

*Victory and Triumph over temporal Enemies.*

- 1 **W**E love thee, Lord, and we adore,  
Now is thine arm reveal'd!  
Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tow'r,  
Our bulwark, and our shield.
- 2 We fly to our eternal Rock,  
And find a sure defence;  
His holy name our lips invoke,  
And draw salvation thence.
- 3 When God, our leader, shines in arms,  
What mortal heart can bear  
The thunder of his loud alarms?  
The lightning of his spear?

- 4 He rides upon the winged wind,  
And angels in array  
In millions wait to know his mind,  
And swift as flames obey.
- 5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke  
Whole armies are dismay'd ;  
His voice, his frown, his angry look,  
Strikes all their courage dead.
- 6 He forms our gen'als for the field,  
With all their dreadful skill ;  
Gives them his awful sword to wield,  
And makes their hearts of steel.
- 7 [He arms our captains to the fight,  
(Though there his name's forgot ;)   
He girded Cyrus with his might,  
But Cyrus knew him not.
- 8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest  
For his own church's sake ;  
The pow'rs that gave his people rest,  
Shall of his care partake.]

## PSALM 18. Second Part. (C. M.)

*The Conqueror's Song.*

- 1 **T**O thine almighty arm we owe  
The triumphs of the day ;  
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,  
And melt their strength away.
- 2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,  
And break united pow'rs,  
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale  
The proudest of their tow'rs.
- 3 How have we chas'd them through the field,  
And trod them to the ground,  
While thy salvation was our shield,  
But they no shelter found.

- 
- 4 In vain to idol-saints they cry,  
 And perish in their blood ;  
 Where is a rock so great, so high,  
 So pow'rful as our God ?
- 5 'The rock of Israel ever lives,  
 His name be ever blest ;  
 'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,  
 And gives his people rest.
- 6 On kings that reign as David did,  
 He pours his blessings down ;  
 Secures their honours to their seed,  
 And well supports their crown.

## PSALM 19. First Part. (S. M.)

*Book of Nature and Scripture.*

For a Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lofty sky  
 Declares its maker God,  
 And all his starry works on high  
 Proclaim his pow'r abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light,  
 Still keep their course the same ;  
 While night to day, and day to night,  
 Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In ev'ry diff'rent land,  
 Their gen'ral voice is known ;  
 They show the wonders of his hand,  
 And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye British lands, rejoice,  
 Here he reveals his word ;  
 We are not left to nature's voice,  
 To bid us know the Lord.
- 5 His statutes and commands  
 Are set before our eyes,  
 He puts his gospel in our hands,  
 Where our salvation lies.

- 6 His laws are just and pure,  
His truth without deceit,  
His promises for ever sure,  
And his rewards are great.
- 7 [Not honey to the taste  
Affords so much delight,  
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd,  
So much allures the sight.
- 8 While of thy works I sing,  
Thy glory to proclaim,  
Accept the praise, my God, my King,  
In my Redeemer's name.]

## PSALM 19. Second Part. (S. M.)

*God's Word most excellent.*

For a Lord's day Morning.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun  
Begins his glorious way ;  
His beams through all the nations run,  
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,  
It spreads diviner light,  
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !  
And all thy judgments just !  
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,  
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain  
Are thy directions giv'n !  
O ! may I never read in vain,  
But find the path to heav'n !

PAUSE.

- 5 I hear thy word with love,  
And I would fain obey ;  
Send thy good Spirit from above  
To guide me, lest I stray.

- 
- 6 O who can ever find  
The errors of his ways?  
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind,  
I would not dare transgress.
- 7 Warn me of ev'ry sin,  
Forgive my secret faults,  
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,  
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.
- 8 While with my heart and tongue  
I spread thy praise abroad,  
Accept the worship and the song,  
My Saviour and my God.

## PSALM 19. (L. M.)

*The Book of Nature and of Scripture.*

- 1 **T**HE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,  
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines;  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days, thy pow'r confess  
But the blest volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand:  
So, when thy truth begun its race,  
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run;  
Till Christ has all the nations blest  
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view  
 In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n ;  
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
 And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

## PSALM 19. 6. 8's.

*The Book of Nature and Scripture.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, the heav'n's well-order'd frame  
 Declares the glories of thy name :  
 There thy rich works of wonder shine ;  
 A thousand starry beauties there,  
 A thousand radiant marks appear  
 Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,  
 The dawning and the dying light  
 Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read ;  
 With silent eloquence they raise  
 Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,  
 And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run  
 Far as the journies of the sun,  
 And ev'ry nation knows their voice ;  
 The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,  
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,  
 Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad  
 He smiles, and speaks his maker God ;  
 All nature joins to show thy praise ;  
 Thus God in ev'ry creature shines ;  
 Fair are the book of nature's lines,  
 But fairer is thy book of grace.

PAUSE.

- 5 I love the volumes of thy word ;  
 What light and joy those leaves afford  
 To souls benighted and distress'd ;  
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,  
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,  
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

- 
- 6 From the discov'ries of the law,  
 The perfect rules of life I draw,  
 These are my study and delight ;  
 Not honey so invites the taste,  
 Nor gold that hath the furnace pass'd,  
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 7 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,  
 And warn me where my danger lies ;  
 But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,  
 That makes my guilty conscience clean,  
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,  
 And gives a free but large reward.
- 8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?  
 My God, forgive my secret faults,  
 And from presumptuous sins restrain ;  
 Accept my poor attempts at praise,  
 That I have read thy book of grace,  
 And book of nature, not in vain.

PSALM 20. (L. M.)

*For a Day of Prayer in Time of War.*

- 1 **N**OW may the God of pow'r and grace  
 Attend his people's humble cry !  
 Jehovah hears when Israel prays,  
 And brings deliv'rance from on high.
- 2 The name of Jacob's God defends  
 Better than shields or brazen walls ;  
 He, from his sanctuary, sends  
 Succour and strength when Zion calls.
- 3 Well he remembers all our sighs,  
 His love exceeds our best deserts ;  
 His love accepts the sacrifice  
 Of humble groans and broken hearts.
- 4 In his salvation is our hope,  
 And in the name of Israel's God,  
 Our troops shall lift their banners up,  
 Our navies spread their flags abroad.

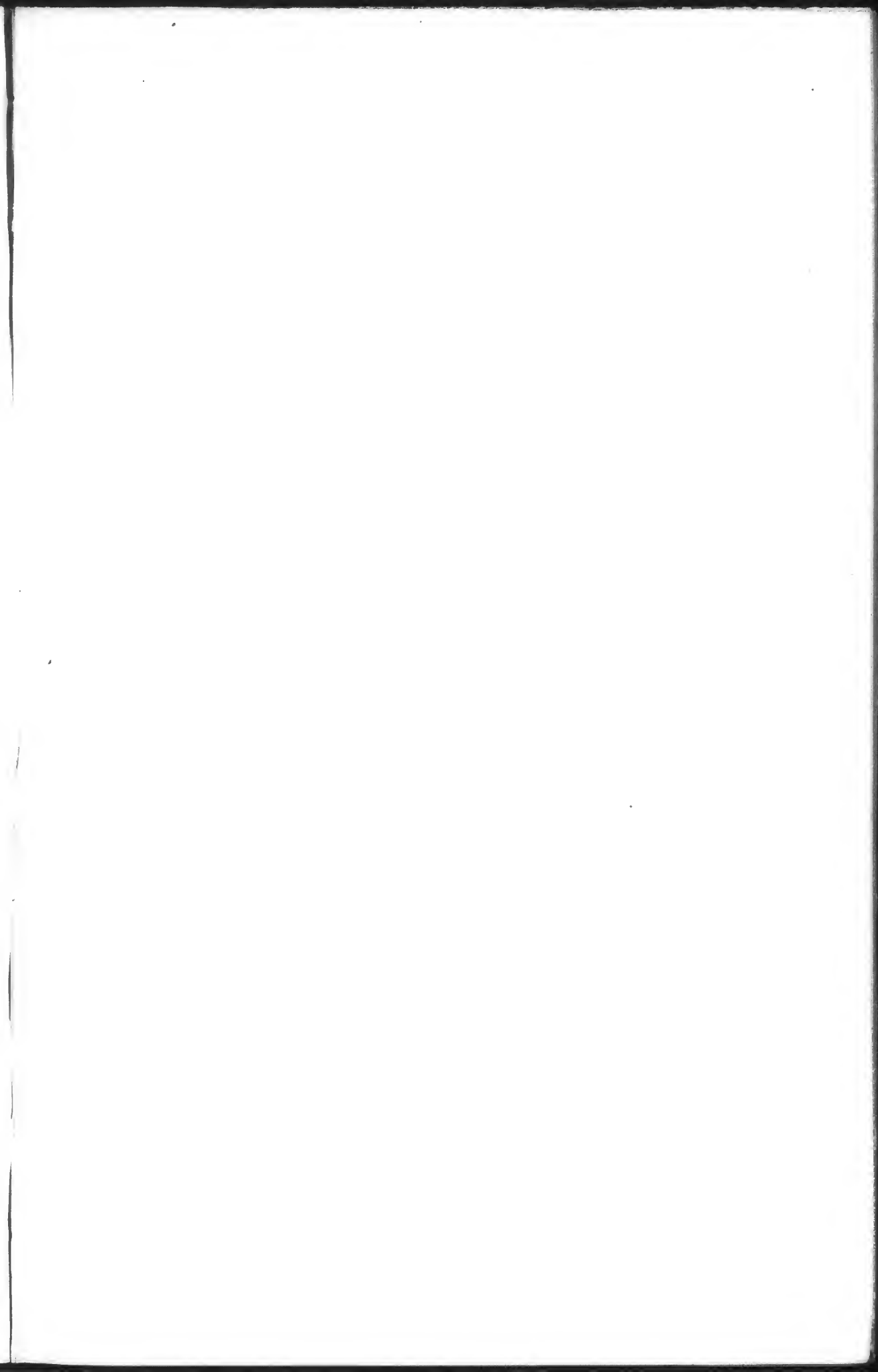
- 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,  
And some of chariots make their boasts ;  
Our surest expectations are  
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.
- 6 [O may the mem'ry of thy name  
Inspire our armies for the fight !  
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,  
Or quit the field with shameful flight.]
- 7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear ;  
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,  
Till the salvation shall appear,  
And joy and triumph raise the song.

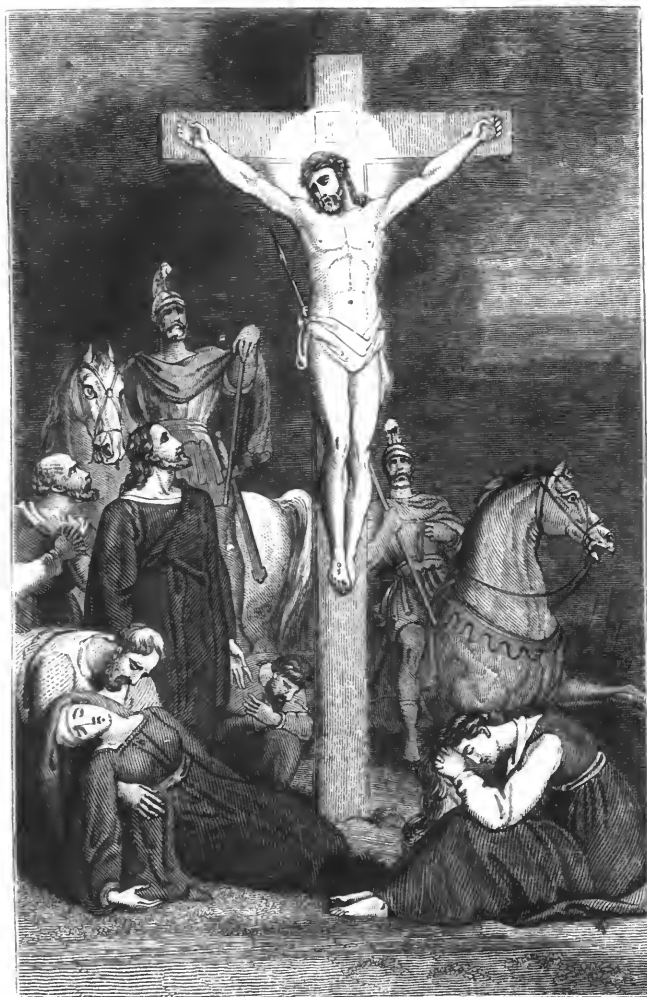
## PSALM 21. (C. M.)

*Our King is the Care of Heaven.*

- 1 **T**HE king, O Lord, with songs of praise,  
Shall in thy strength rejoice ;  
And, bless'd with thy salvation, raise  
To heav'n his cheerful voice.
- 2 Thy sure defence, through nations round,  
Has spread his glorious name ;  
And his successful actions crown'd  
With majesty and fame.
- 3 Then let the king on God alone  
For timely aid rely ;  
His mercy shall support the throne,  
And all our wants supply.
- 4 But, righteous Lord, his stubborn foes  
Shall feel thy dreadful hand ;  
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those  
That hate his mild command.
- 5 When thou against them dost engage,  
Thy just but dreadful doom  
Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,  
Their hopes and them consume.







THE CRUCIFIXION.

- 6 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous pow'r declare,  
 And thus exalt thy fame ;  
 Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare  
 For thine almighty name.

## PSALM 21. ver. 1---9. (L. M.)

*Christ exalted to the Kingdom.*

- 1 **D**AVID rejoic'd in God his strength,  
 Rais'd to the throne by special grace ;  
 But Christ, the Son, appears at length,  
 Fulfils the triumph and the praise.
- 2 How great is the Messiah's joy  
 In the salvation of thy hand !  
 Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,  
 And giv'n the world to his command.
- 3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,  
 Nor doth the least request withhold ;  
 Blessings of love prevent him still,  
 And crowns of glory, not of gold.
- 4 Honour and majesty divine  
 Around his sacred temples shine ;  
 Blest with the favours of thy face,  
 And length of everlasting days.
- 5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes ;  
 And as a fiery oven glows  
 With raging heat and living coals,  
 So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

## PSALM 22. ver. 1---16. First Part. (C. M.)

*The Sufferings and Death of Christ.*

- 1 **W**HY has my God my soul forsook,  
 Nor will a smile afford ?  
 (Thus David once, in anguish spoke,  
 And thus our dying Lord.)
- 2 Though 'tis my chief delight to dwell  
 Among thy praising saints,  
 Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,  
 And pity our complaints.

- 3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,  
And great deliv'rance found ;  
But I'm a worm, despis'd of men,  
And trodden to the ground.
- 4 Shaking the head they pass me by,  
And laugh my soul to scorn ;  
" In vain he trusts in God," they cry,  
" Neglected and forlorn."
- 5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh  
By thine almighty word,  
And since I hung upon the breast,  
My hope is in the Lord .
- 6 Why will my Father hide his face,  
When foes stand threat'ning round,  
In the dark hour of deep distress,  
And not an helper found ?

## PAUSE.

- 7 Behold thy darling left among  
The cruel and the proud ;  
As Bulls of Bashan fierce and strong,  
As lions roaring loud.
- 8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet  
To multiply the smart ?  
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,  
And try to vex my heart.
- 9 Yet if thy sov'reign hand let loose  
The rage of earth and hell,  
Why will my heav'nly Father bruise  
The Son he loves so well ?
- 10 My God, if possible it be,  
Withhold this bitter cup ;  
But I resign my will to thee,  
And drink the sorrows up.

- 
- 11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,  
     In groans I waste my breath :  
 Thy heavy hand hath brought me down,  
     Low as the dust of death.
- 12 Father, I give my spirit up,  
     And trust it in thy hand ;  
 My dying flesh shall rest in hope,  
     And rise at thy command.

## PSALM 22. ver. 20, 27---31. Second Part. (c. m.)

*Christ's Sufferings and Kingdom.*

- 1 “ **N**OW from the roaring lion's rage,  
     “ O Lord, protect thy Son ;  
 “ Nor leave thy darling to engage  
     “ The pow'rs of hell alone.”
- 2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,  
     With mighty cries and tears ;  
 God heard him in that dreadful day,  
     And chas'd away his fears.
- 3 Great was the vict'ry of his death,  
     His throne exalted high ;  
 And all the kindreds of the earth  
     Shall worship or shall die.
- 4 A num'rous offspring must arise  
     From his expiring groans ;  
 They shall be reckon'd, in his eyes,  
     For daughters and for sons.
- 5 The meek and humble souls shall see  
     His table richly spread ;  
 And all that seek the Lord shall be  
     With joys immortal fed.
- 6 The isles shall know the righteousness  
     Of our incarnate God ;  
 And nations yet unborn profess  
     Salvation in his blood.

## PSALM 22. (L. M.)

*Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.*

- 1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record  
The dying sorrows of our Lord,  
When he complain'd in tears and blood,  
As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,  
And shook their heads, and laugh'd in scorn ;  
" He rescu'd others from the grave ;  
" Now let him try himself to save.
- 3 " This is the man did once pretend  
" God was his father and his friend ;  
" If God the blessed lov'd him so,  
" Why doth he fail to help him now ?"
- 4 Barbarous people ! cruel priests !  
How they stood round like savage beasts !  
Like lions gaping to devour,  
When God hath left him in their pow'r.
- 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,  
Till streams of blood each other meet ;  
By lot his garments they divide,  
And mock the pangs in which he died.
- 6 But God, his Father, heard his cry ;  
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high ;  
The nations learn his righteousness,  
And humble sinners taste his grace.

## PSALM 23. (L. M.)

*God our Shepherd.*

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living Lord ;  
Now shall my wants be well supplied ;  
His providence and holy word  
Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows  
He makes me feed, he makes me rest ;  
There living water gently flows,  
And all the food's divinely bless'd.

- 
- 3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,  
But he restores my soul to peace,  
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale  
Where death and all its terrors are,  
My heart and hope shall never fail,  
For God my shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps  
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay ;  
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,  
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.
- 6 The sons of earth and sons of hell  
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine  
To see my table spread so well,  
With living bread and cheerful wine.
- 7 [How I rejoice, when on my head  
Thy Spirit condescends to rest !  
'Tis a divine anointing, shed  
Like oil of gladness at a feast.
- 8 Surely the mercies of the Lord  
Attend his household all their days ;  
There will I dwell to hear his word,  
To seek his face, and sing his praise.]

PSALM 23. (C. M.)

*God, our Shepherd.*

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd will supply my need,  
Jehovah is his name ;  
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,  
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,  
When I forsake his ways ;  
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
In paths of truth and grace.

- 
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,  
 Thy presence is my stay ;  
 A word of thy supporting breath  
 Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,  
 Doth still my table spread ;  
 My cup with blessings overflows,  
 Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God  
 Attend me all my days,  
 O may thy house be mine abode,  
 And all my work be praise.
- 6 There would I find a settled rest,  
 (While others go and come)  
 No more a stranger or a guest,  
 But like a child at home.

## PSALM 23. (S. M.)

*God our Shepherd.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord my shepherd is,  
 I shall be well supplied !  
 Since he is mine and I am his,  
 What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place  
 Where heav'nly pasture grows,  
 Where living waters gently pass,  
 And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
 He doth my soul reclaim,  
 And guides me in his own right way,  
 For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,  
 I cannot yield to fear :  
 Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,  
 My Shepherd's with me there.



- 5 In spite of all my foes,  
Thou dost my table spread ;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love,  
Shall crown my foll'wing days ;  
Nor from thy house will I remove  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

## PSALM 24. (C. M.)

*Dwelling with God.*

- 1 **T**HE earth for ever is the Lord's  
With Adam's num'rous race,  
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,  
And built it on the seas.
- 2 But who among the sons of men,  
May visit thine abode ?  
He that has hands from mischief clean,  
Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 This is the man may rise and take  
The blessings of his grace ;  
This is the lot of those that seek  
The God of Jacob's face.
- 4 Now let our soul's immortal pow'rs,  
To meet the Lord prepare,  
Lift up their everlasting doors,  
The King of glory's near.
- 5 The King of glory ! who can tell  
The wonders of his might ?  
He rules the nations ; but to dwell  
With saints is his delight.

## PSALM 24. (L. M.)

*Saints dwell in Heaven ; or, Christ's Ascension,*

- 1 **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,  
And men and worms, and beasts and birds ;  
He rais'd the building on the seas,  
And gave it for their dwelling-place.

- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,  
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky ;  
Who shall ascend that blest abode,  
And dwell so near his Maker, God ?
- 3 He that abhors and fears to sin,  
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean ;  
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,  
And clothe his soul with righteousness.
- 4 These are the men, the pious race  
That seek the God of Jacob's face ;  
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,  
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

- 5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high ;  
Behold the King of glory nigh !  
Who can this King of glory be ?  
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
- 6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,  
To make the Lord the Saviour way :  
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,  
The Conq'ror comes with God to dwell.
- 7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,  
He opens heav'n's eternal door,  
To give his saints a blest abode  
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM 25. ver. 1---11. First Part. (s. m.)

*Waiting for Pardon and Direction.*

- 1 **I** LIFT my soul to God,  
My trust is in his name ;  
Let not my foes that seek my blood  
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 Sin and the pow'rs of hell  
Persuade me to despair ;  
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well  
That I may scape the snare.

- 3 From the first dawning light,  
Till the dark ev'ning rise,  
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait  
With ever-longing eyes.
- 4 Remember all thy grace,  
And lead me in thy truth ;  
Forgive the sins of riper days,  
And follies of my youth.
- 5 The Lord is just and kind,  
The meek shall learn his ways,  
And ev'ry humble sinner find  
The methods of his grace.
- 6 For his own goodness' sake  
He saves my soul from shame ;  
He pardons (though my guilt be great)  
Through my Redeemer's name.

PS. 25. ver. 12, 14, 10, 13. Second Part. (S. M.)

*Divine Instruction.*

- 1 **W**HERE shall the man be found  
That fears t' offend his God ;  
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,  
And trembles at the rod ?
- 2 The Lord shall make him know  
The secrets of his heart,  
The wonders of his cov'nant shew,  
And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his hand  
Are truth and mercy still,  
With such as to his cov'nant stand,  
And love to do his will.
- 4 Their souls shall dwell at ease  
Before their Maker's face ;  
Their seed shall taste the promises  
In their extensive grace.

## PSALM 25. ver. 15---22. Third Part. (s. m.)

*Distress of Soul.*

- 1 **M**INE eyes and my desire  
Are ever to the Lord ;  
I love to plead his promises,  
And rest upon his word.
- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,  
Bring thy salvation near :  
When will thy hand release my feet  
Out of the deadly snare ?
- 3 When shall the sov'reign grace  
Of my forgiving God  
Restore me from those dang'rous ways  
My wand'ring feet have trod ?
- 4 The tumult of my thoughts  
Doth but enlarge my woe ;  
My spirit languishes my heart  
Is desolate and low.
- 5 With ev'ry morning light  
My sorrow new begins ;  
Look on my anguish and my pain,  
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

- 6 Behold the hosts of hell,  
How cruel is their hate  
Against my life they rise, and join  
Their fury with deceit.
- 7 O keep my soul from death,  
Nor put my hope to shame,  
For I have plac'd my only trust  
In my Redeemer's name.
- 8 With humble faith I wait  
To see thy face again ;  
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,  
He sought the Lord in vain.

PSALM XXVI. (L. M.)

*Self-Examination.*

- 1 **J**UDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,  
And try my reins, and try my heart ;  
My faith upon thy promise stays,  
Nor from thy law my feet depart.
- 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit,  
With men of vanity and lies ;  
The scoffer and the hypocrite  
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.
- 3 Amongst thy saints will I appear,  
With hands well wash'd in innocence ;  
But when I stand before thy bar,  
The blood of Christ is my defence.
- 4 I love thy habitation, Lord,  
The temple where thine honours dwell ;  
There shall I hear thine holy word.  
And there thy works of wonder tell.
- 5 Let not my soul be join'd at last  
With men of treachery and blood,  
Since I my days on earth have pass'd  
Among the saints and near my God.

PSALM 27. ver. 1---6. First Part. (C. M.)

*The Church our Delight and Safety.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,  
And my salvation too ;  
God is my strength, nor will I fear  
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires ;  
O grant me an abode  
Among the churches of thy saints,  
The temples of my God !
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,  
And see thy beauty still,  
Shall hear thy messages of love,  
And there inquire thy will.

- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,  
 'There may his children hide ;  
 God has a strong pavilion, where  
 He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high  
 Above my foes around,  
 And songs of joy and victory  
 Within thy temple sound.

PSALM 27. ver. 8, 9, 13, 14. Second Part. (c. m.)

*Prayer and Hope.*

- 1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say,  
 " Ye children, seek my grace ;"  
 My heart replied without delay,  
 " I'll seek my Father's face."
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,  
 Nor frown my soul away ;  
 God of my life, I fly to thee  
 In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred near and dear  
 Leave me to want, or die ;  
 My God would make my life his care,  
 And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,  
 Had not my soul believ'd  
 To see thy grace provide relief,  
 Nor was my hope deceiv'd.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,  
 And keep your courage up ;  
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,  
 And far exceed your hope.

PSALM 29. (L. M.)

*Storm and Thunder.*

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
 Give to the Lord renown and pow'r,  
 Ascribe due honours to his name,  
 And his eternal might adore.

- 
- 2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud,  
Over the ocean and the land ;  
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,  
And lightnings blaze at his command
- 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind,  
Lay the wide forests bare around ;  
The fearful hart, and frightened hind,  
Leap at the terror of the sound.
- 4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,  
And, lo ! the stately cedars break ;  
The mountains tremble at the noise,  
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits sov'reign on the flood,  
The thund'rer reigns for ever king ;  
But makes his church his blest abode,  
Where we his awful glories sing.
- 6 In gentler language there the Lord  
The counsels of his grace imparts ;  
Amidst the raging storm his word  
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM 30. First Part. (L. M.)

*Sickness healed, and Sorrow removed.*

- 1 **I** WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,  
At thy command diseases fly ;  
Who but a God can speak and save  
From the dark borders of the grave ?
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,  
And tell how large his goodness is ;  
Let all your pow'rs rejoice and bless,  
While you record his holiness.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays ;  
His love is life and length of days ;  
Though grief and tears the night employ,  
The morning-star restores the joy.

## PSALM 30. ver. 6. Second Part. (L. M.)

*Health, Sickness, and Recovery.*

- 1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,  
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night;  
Fondly I said within my heart,  
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,  
Which made my mountain stand so long;  
Soon as thy face began to hide,  
My health was gone, my comforts died.
- 3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,  
"What canst thou profit by my blood?  
"Deep in the dust can I declare  
"Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?"
- 4 "Hear me, O God of grace!" I said,  
"And bring me from among the dead;"  
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,  
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
- 5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,  
Are turn'd to joy and praises now;  
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,  
And ease and gladness gird me round.
- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,  
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;  
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heav'n,  
For sickness heal'd and sins forgiv'n.

## PSALM 31. ver. 5, 13---19, 22, 23.

First Part. (C. M.)

*Deliverance from Death.*

- 1 **I**NTO thine hand, O God of truth,  
My spirit I commit;  
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,  
And sav'd me from the pit.



- 2 The passions of my hope and fear  
 Maintain'd a doubtful strife,  
 While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd  
 To take away my life.
- 3 "My times are in thine hand," I cried,  
 "Though I draw near the dust ;"  
 Thou art the refuge where I hide,  
 The God in whom I trust.
- 4 O make thy reconciled face  
 Upon thy servant shine,  
 And save me for thy mercy's sake,  
 For I'm entirely thine.
- PAUSE.
- 5 ['Twas in my haste, my spirit said,  
 "I must despair and die ;  
 "I am cut off before thine eyes,"  
 But thou hast heard my cry.]
- 6 Thy goodness, how divinely free !  
 How wondrous is thy grace,  
 To those that fear thy majesty,  
 And trust thy promises !
- 7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,  
 And sing his praises loud ;  
 He'll bend his ear to your complaints  
 And recompense the proud.

## PSALM 31. ver. 7---13, 18---21.

Second Part. (C. M.)

*Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.*

- 1 **M**Y heart rejoices in thy name,  
 My God, my help, my trust ;  
 Thou hast preserved my face from shame  
 Mine honour from the dust.
- 2 "My life is spent with grief," I cried,  
 "My years consum'd in groans,  
 "My strength decays, mine eyes are dried,  
 "And sorrow wastes my bones."

- 3 Among mine enemies, my name  
Was a mere proverb grown,  
While to my neighbours I became  
Forgotten and unknown.
- 4 Slander and fear, on ev'ry side,  
Seiz'd and beset me round ;  
I to the throne of grace applied,  
And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

- 5 How great deliv'rance thou hast wrought  
Before the sons of men !  
The lying lips to silence brought,  
And made their boastings vain !
- 6 Thy children from the strife of tongues  
Shall thy pavilion hide,  
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,  
And crush the sons of pride.
- 7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,  
Let me for ever dwell ;  
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,  
Secures a saint so well.

PSALM 32. (S. M.)

*Forgiveness of Sins, upon Confession.*

- 1 **O** BLESSED souls are they  
Whose sins are cover'd o'er ;  
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord  
Imputes their guilt no more !
- 2 They mourn their follies past,  
And keep their hearts with care ;  
Their lips and lives, without deceit,  
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,  
I felt the fest'ring wound,  
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,  
And ready pardon found.

- 4 Let sinners learn to pray ;  
 Let saints keep near the throne ;  
 Our help in times of deep distress,  
 Is found in God alone.

PSALM 32. (C. M.)

*Free Pardon and sincere Obedience ; or, Confession and Forgiveness.*

- 1 **H**APPY the man to whom his God  
 No more imputes his sin ;  
 But wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,  
 Hath made his garments clean !
- 2 Happy beyond expression he,  
 Whose debts are thus discharg'd ;  
 And, from the guilty bondage free,  
 He feels his soul enlarg'd.
- 3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,  
 His words are all sincere ;  
 He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,  
 To keep his conscience clear.
- 4 While I my inward guilt suppress'd,  
 No quiet could I find ;  
 Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,  
 And rack'd my tortur'd mind.
- 5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,  
 My secret sins reveal'd ;  
 Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,  
 Thy grace my pardon seal'd.
- 6 This shall invite thy saints to pray ;  
 When, like a raging flood,  
 Temptations rise, our strength and stay  
 Is a forgiving God.

PSALM 32. First Part. (L. M.)

*Repentance and Free Pardon.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, for ever blest,  
 Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,  
 Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd  
 And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

- 2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord  
Imputes not his iniquities,  
He pleads no merit of reward,  
And not on works but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free,  
His humble joy, his holy fear,  
With deep repentance well agree,  
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness  
That hides and cancels all his sins!  
While a bright evidence of grace  
Through his whole life appears and shines.

## PSALM 32. Second Part. (L. M.)

*A guilty Conscience eased by Confession.*

- 1 **W**HILE I keep silence, and conceal  
My heavy guilt within my heart,  
What torments doth my conscience feel!  
What agonies of inward smart!
- 2 I spread my sins before the Lord,  
And all my secret faults confess;  
Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,  
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.
- 3 For this shall ev'ry humble soul  
Make swift addresses to thy seat;  
When floods of huge temptations roll,  
There shall they find a blest retreat.
- 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,  
When days grow dark, and storms appear!  
And when I walk, thy watchful eye  
Shall guide me safe from ev'ry snare.

## PSALM 33. First Part. (C. M.)

*Works of Creation and Providence.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,  
This work belongs to you;  
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,  
How holy, just, and true!

- 
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness  
Let heav'n and earth proclaim ;  
His works of nature and of grace  
Reveal his wondrous name.
- 3 His wisdom and almighty word  
The heav'nly arches spread ;  
And by the Spirit of the Lord  
Their shining hosts were made.
- 4 He bid the liquid waters flow  
To their appointed deep ;  
The flowing seas their limits know,  
And their own station keep.
- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,  
With fear before him stand ;  
He spake, and nature took its birth,  
And rests on his command.
- 6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,  
And breaks their vain designs ;  
His counsels stand through ev'ry age,  
And in full glory shines.

## PSALM 33. Second Part. (C. M.)

*Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the nation where the Lord  
Hath fix'd his gracious throne  
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,  
And calls their tribes his own.
- 2 His eye, with infinite survey,  
Does the whole world behold ;  
He form'd us all of equal clay,  
And knows our feeble mould.
- 3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force  
Of armies from the grave ;  
Nor speed nor courage of an horse  
Can the bold rider save.

- 4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,  
To hope for safety thence ;  
But holy souls from God obtain  
A strong and sure defence.
- 5 God is their fear, and God their trust ;  
When plagues or famine spread,  
His watchful eye secures the just  
Amongst ten thousand dead.
- 6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,  
And bless us from thy throne ;  
For we have made thy word our choice,  
And trust thy grace alone.

## PSALM 33. As the 113th Psalm.

## First Part.

*Works of Creation and Providence.*

- 1 **Y**E holy souls, in God rejoice,  
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice ;  
Great is your theme, your songs be new ;  
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,  
His works of nature and of grace,  
How wise and holy, just and true !
- 2 Justice and truth he ever loves,  
And the whole earth his goodness proves,  
His word the heav'nly arches spread ;  
How wide they shine from north to south,  
And by the Spirit of his mouth  
Were all the starry armies made.
- 3 He gathers the wide-flowing seas  
(Those wat'ry treasures know their place,)  
In the vast storehouse of the deep ;  
He spake, and gave all nature birth ;  
And fires, and seas, and heav'n and earth,  
His everlasting orders keep.

- 
- 4 Let mortals tremble, and adore  
A God of such resistless pow'r,  
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage ;  
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,  
But his eternal counsel stands,  
And rules the world from age.

## PSALM 33. As the 113th Psalm.

## Second Part.

*Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.*

- 1 **O** HAPPY nation, where the Lord  
Reveals the treasure of his word,  
And builds his church, his earthly throne !  
His eye the heathen world surveys,  
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways ;  
But God their Maker is unknown.
- 2 Let kings rely upon their host,  
And of his strength the champion boast ;  
In vain they boast, in vain rely ;  
In vain we trust the brutal force,  
Or speed or courage of a horse,  
To guard his rider, or to fly.
- 3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,  
Doth more secure defence afford,  
When deaths or dangers threat'ning stand ;  
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,  
Who make thy name their fear and trust,  
When wars or famine waste the land.
- 4 In sickness or the bloody field,  
Thou our physician, thou our shield,  
Send us salvation from thy throne ;  
We wait to see thy goodness shine ;  
Let us rejoice in help divine,  
For all our hope is God alone.

## PSALM XXXIV. First Part. (L. M.)

*God's Care of the Saints.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I will bless thee all my days,  
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;  
My soul shall glory in thy grace,  
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,  
Come, let us all exalt his name;  
I sought th' eternal God, and he  
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my secret grief,  
My secret groaning reach'd his ears;  
He gave my inward pains relief,  
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,  
Their faces feel the heav'nly shine;  
A beam of mercy from the skies  
Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents  
Around the men that serve the Lord;  
O fear and love him all his saints,  
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.
- 6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain  
And hunger, roar through all the wood;  
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,  
Nor want supplies of real good.

## PSALM 34. ver. 11---22. Second Part. (L. M.)

*Religious Education.*

- 1 **C**HILDREN, in years and knowledge young,  
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,  
Attend the counsels of my tongue,  
Let pious thoughts your mind employ.
- 2 If you desire a length of days,  
And peace to crown your mortal state,  
Restrain your feet from impious ways,  
Your lips from slander and deceit.



- 
- 3 The eyes of God regard his saints,  
His ears are open to their cries ;  
He sets his frowning face against  
The sons of violence and lies.
  - 4 To humble souls and broken hearts  
God with his grace is ever nigh ;  
Pardon and hope his love imparts,  
When men in deep contrition lie.
  - 5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,  
His Son redeems their souls from death ;  
His Spirit heals their broken bones,  
They in his praise employ their breath.

PSALM 34. ver. 1---10. First Part. (C. M.)

*Prayer and Praise for eminent Deliverance.*

- 1 **I**'LL bless the Lord from day :  
How good are all his ways !  
Ye humble souls that use to pray,  
Come help my lips to praise.
  - 2 Sing to the honour of his name,  
How a poor suff'rer cried,  
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,  
Nor was his suit denied.
  - 3 When threat'ning sorrows round me stood,  
And endless fears arose,  
Like the loud billows of a flood,  
Redoubling all my woes ;
  - 4 I told the Lord my sore distress  
With heavy groans and tears,  
He gave my sharpest torments ease,  
And silenc'd all my fears.
- PAUSE.
- 5 [O sinners ! come and taste his love,  
Come learn his pleasant ways,  
And let your own experience prove  
The sweetness of his grace.

- 6 He bids his angels pitch their tents  
Round where his children dwell ;  
What ill's their heav'nly care prevents,  
No earthly tongue can tell.]
- 7 [O love the Lord, ye saints of his ;  
His eye regards the just ;  
How richly bless'd their portion is  
Who make the Lord their trust !
- 8 Young lions pinch'd with hunger roar,  
And famish in the wood ;  
But God supplies his holy poor  
With every needful good.]

PSALM 34. ver. 11---22. Second Part. (c. m.)

*Exhortations to Peace and Holiness.*

- 1 **C**OME, children, learn to fear the Lord ;  
And, that your days be long,  
Let not a false or spiteful word  
Be found upon your tongue.
- 2 Depart from mischief, practise love,  
Pursue the works of peace ;  
So shall the Lord your ways approve,  
And set your souls at ease.
- 3 His eyes awake to guard the just,  
His ears attend their cry ;  
When broken spirits dwell in dust,  
The God of grace is nigh.
- 4 What though the sorrows here they taste  
Are sharp and tedious too,  
The Lord, who saves them all at last,  
Is their supporter now.
- 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead ;  
But God secures his own,  
Prevents the mischief when they slide,  
Or heals the broken bone.

- 6 When desolation like a flood  
O'er the proud sinner rolls,  
Saints find a refuge in their God,  
For he redeem'd their souls,

PSALM 35. ver. 1---9. First Part. (C. M.)

*Prayer and Faith of persecuted Saints.*

- 1 **N**OW plead my cause, Almighty God,  
With all the sons of strife ;  
And fight against the men of blood,  
Who fight against my life.
- 2 Draw out thy spear and stop their way,  
Lift thine avenging rod ;  
But to my soul in mercy say,  
" I am thy Saviour God."
- 3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,  
And nets of mischief spread ;  
Plunge the destroyers in the pit  
That their own hands have made.
- 4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,  
And slipp'ry be their ground ;  
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,  
And all their rage confound.
- 5 They fly like chaff before the wind,  
Before thine angry breath ;  
The angel of the Lord behind  
Pursues them down to death.
- 6 They love the road that leads to hell ;  
Then let the rebels die,  
Whose malice is implacable,  
Against the Lord on high.
- 7 But if thou hast a chosen few,  
Amongst that impious race,  
Divide them from the bloody crew,  
By thy surprising grace.

- 8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice,  
 To make thy wonders known ;  
 In their salvation I'll rejoice,  
 And bless thee for my own.

PSALM 35. ver. 12, 13, 14. Second Part. (C. M.)

*Love to Enemies.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,  
 That holy David shews ;  
 Hark, how his sounding bowels move  
 To his afflicted foes :
- 2 When they are sick, his soul complains,  
 And seems to feel the smart ;  
 The spirit of the gospel reigns,  
 And melts his pious heart.
- 3 How did his flowing tears condole,  
 As for a brother dead !  
 And fasting mortified his soul,  
 While for their life he pray'd.
- 4 They groan'd and curs'd him on their bed,  
 Yet still he pleads and mourns ;  
 And double blessings on his head  
 The righteous God returns.
- 5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace !  
 Thus Christ the Lord appears ;  
 While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,  
 And pities them with tears.
- 6 He, the true David, Israel's King,  
 Blest and belov'd of God,  
 To save us rebels, dead in sin,  
 Paid his own dearest blood.

PSALM 36. ver. 5---9. (L. M.)

*The Perfections and Providence of God.*

- 1 **H**IGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,  
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
 Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud  
 That veils and darkens thy designs.

- 
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep ;  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,  
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;  
The whole creation is thy charge,  
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God ! how excellent thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs ;  
The sons of Adam in distress  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house  
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;  
There mercy like a river flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of the Lord ;  
And in thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM 36. ver. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. (C. M.)

*Practical Atheism exposed.*

- 1 **W**HILE men grow bold in wicked ways,  
And yet a God they own,  
My heart within me often says,  
“ Their thoughts believe there's none.”
- 2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,  
(Whate'er their lips profess,)  
God hath no wrath for them to fear,  
Nor will they seek his grace.
- 3 What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes !  
But there's a hast'ning hour,  
When they shall see with sore surprise  
The terrors of thy pow'r.

- 4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne.  
 Though mountains melt away ;  
 Thy judgments are a world unknown,  
 A deep unfathom'd sea.
- 5 Above the heav'n's created rounds  
 Thy mercies, Lord, extend ;  
 Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds  
 Where time and nature end.
- 6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,  
 Nor overlooks the beast ;  
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings  
 Thy children choose to rest.
- 7 [From thee, when creature-streams run low  
 And mortal comforts die,  
 Perpetual springs of life shall flow,  
 And raise our pleasures high.
- 8 Though all created light decay,  
 And death close up our eyes,  
 Thy presence makes eternal day  
 Where clouds can never rise.]

## PSALM 36. ver. 1---7. (s. m.)

*Wickedness of Man, and Majesty of God.*

- 1 **W**HEN man grows bold in sin,  
 My heart within me cries,  
 " He hath no faith of God within,  
 " Nor fear before his eyes."
- 2 [He walks awhile conceal'd  
 In a self-flattering dream,  
 Till his dark crimes at once reveal'd,  
 Expose his hateful name.]
- 3 His heart is false and foul,  
 His words are smooth and fair ;  
 Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,  
 And leaves no goodness there.

- 
- 4 He plots upon his bed  
New mischiefs to fulfil;  
He sets his heart, and hand, and head,  
To practise all that's ill.
- 5 But there's a dreadful God,  
Though man renounce his fear;  
His justice hid behind the cloud  
Shall one great day appear.
- 6 His truth transcends the sky;  
In heav'n his mercies dwell;  
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,  
His anger burns to hell.
- 7 How excellent his love,  
Whence all our safety springs!  
O never let my soul remove  
From underneath his wings!

## PSALM 37. ver. 1---15. First Part. (c. m.)

*The Cure of Envy.*

- 1 **W**HY should I vex my soul and fret  
To see the wicked rise?  
Or envy sinners waxing great  
By violence and lies?
- 2 As flow'ry grass cut down at noon,  
Before the ev'ning fades,  
So shall their glories vanish soon  
In everlasting shades.
- 3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,  
And practise all that's good;  
So shall I dwell amongst the just,  
And he'll provide me food.
- 4 I to my God my ways commit,  
And cheerful wait his will;  
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,  
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,  
And make thy judgments known,  
Fair as the light of dawning day,  
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,  
And are the heirs of heav'n ;  
True riches, with abundant peace,  
To humble souls are giv'n.

PAUSE.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,  
Nor let your anger rise,  
Though providence should long delay  
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,  
And plot, and rage, and foam ;  
The Lord derides them, for he sees  
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,  
Have bent the murd'rous bow,  
To slay the men that fear the Lord,  
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break their bows, and burn  
Their persecuting darts,  
Shall their own swords against them turn,  
And pain surprise their hearts.

PS. 37. ver 16, 21, 26---31. Second Part. (c. m.)

*Charity to the Poor.*

1 **W**HY do the wealthy wicked boast,  
And grow profanely bold ?  
The meanest portion of the just  
Excels the sinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,  
But ne'er designs to pay ;  
The saint is merciful and lends,  
Nor turns the poor away.



- 
- 3 His alms with lib'ral heart he gives  
Amongst the sons of need ;  
His mem'ry to long ages lives,  
And blessed is his seed.
  - 4 His lips abhor to talk profane,  
To slander or defraud ;  
His ready tongue declares to men  
What he has learn'd of God.
  - 5 The law and gospel of the Lord  
Deep in his heart abide ;  
Led by the Spirit and the word,  
His feet shall never slide.
  - 6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,  
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare ;  
They shall possess the promis'd land,  
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM 37. ver. 23---37. Third Part. (c. m.)

*The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.*

- 1 **M**Y God, the steps of pious men  
Are order'd by thy will ;  
Though they shall fall, they rise again,  
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,  
Their virtue he approves ;  
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,  
Nor leave the men he loves.
- 3 The heav'nly heritage is their's,  
Their portion and their home ;  
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs  
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,  
Nor fear when tyrants frown ;  
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,  
When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

- 5 The haughty sinner have I seen,  
Nor fearing man nor God,  
Like a tall bay-tree fair and green,  
Spreading his arms abroad.
- 6 And, lo, he vanish'd from the ground,  
Destroy'd by hands unseen ;  
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,  
Where all that pride had been.
- 7 But mark the man of righteousness,  
His sev'ral steps attend ;  
True pleasure runs through all his ways,  
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM 38. (C. M.)

*Guilt of Conscience, and Relief.*

- 1 **A** MIDST thy wrath remember love,  
Restore thy servant, Lord ;  
Nor let a father's chast'ning prove  
Like an avenger's sword.
- 2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,  
My flesh is sorely press'd ;  
Between the sorrow and the smart  
My spirit finds no rest.
- 3 My sins a heavy load appear,  
And o'er my head are gone ;  
Too heavy they for me to bear,  
Too hard for me t' atone.
- 4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,  
My head still bending down ;  
And I go mourning all the day  
Beneath my Father's frown.
- 5 Lord, I am weak and broken sore,  
None of my pow'rs are whole ;  
The inward anguish makes me roar  
The anguish of my soul.

- 
- 6 All my desire to thee is known,  
 Thine eye counts ev'ry tear,  
 And ev'ry sigh and ev'ry groan,  
 Is notic'd by thine ear
- 7 Thou art my God, my only hope ;  
 My God will hear my cry,  
 My God will bear my spirit up  
 When Satan bids me die.
- 8 [My foot is ever apt to slide,  
 My foes rejoice to see't ;  
 They raise their pleasure and their pride,  
 When they supplant my feet.
- 9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,  
 And grieve for all my sin ;  
 I'll mourn how weak my graces be,  
 And beg support divine.
- 10 My God, forgive my follies past,  
 And be for ever nigh ;  
 O Lord of my salvation, haste,  
 Before thy servant die.]

## PSALM 39. ver. 1, 2, 3. First Part. (C. M.)

*Watchfulness over the Tongue.*

- 1 **T**HUS I resolv'd before the Lord,  
 " Now will I watch my tongue,  
 " Lest I let slip one sinful word,  
 Or do my neighbour wrong."
- 2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay  
 With men of lives profane,  
 I'll set a double guard that day,  
 Nor let my talk be vain.
- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak  
 The pious thoughts I feel,  
 Lest scoffers should th' occasion take  
 To mock my holy zeal.

- 4 Yet if some proper hour appear,  
 I'll not be over-aw'd,  
 But let the scoffing sinners hear  
 That I can speak for God.

PSALM 39. ver. 4---7. Second Part. (C. M.)  
*The Vanity of Man as mortal.*

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,  
 Thou Maker of my frame ;  
 I would survey life's narrow space  
 And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,  
 An inch or two of time ;  
 Man is but vanity and dust  
 In all his flow'r and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move  
 Like shadows o'er the plain,  
 They rage and strive, desire and love,  
 But all the noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,  
 Some dig for golden ore,  
 They toil for heirs they know not who,  
 And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then,  
 From creatures, earth, and dust !  
 They make our expectations vain,  
 And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
 My fond desires recall ;  
 I give my mortal int'rest up,  
 And make my God my all.

PSALM 39. ver. 9---13. Third Part. (C. M.)  
*Sick-bed Devotion ; or, Pleading without Repining.*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,  
 Behold the pains I feel ;  
 But I am dumb before thy throne,  
 Nor dare dispute thy will.

- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,  
 They come at thy command ;  
 I'll not attempt a murm'ring word  
 Against thy chast'ning hand.
- 3 Yet may I plead with humble cries,  
 " Remove thy sharp rebukes ;"  
 My strength consumes, my spirit dies,  
 Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,  
 We moulder to the dust ;  
 Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,  
 And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 [This mortal life decays apace,  
 How soon the bubble's broke !  
 Adam and all his num'rous race  
 Are vanity and smoke.]
- 6 I'm but a sojourner below,  
 As all my father's were ;  
 May I be well prepar'd to go,  
 When I the summons hear ;
- 7 But if my life be spar'd awhile,  
 Before my last remove,  
 Thy praise shall be my bus'ness still,  
 And I'll declare thy love.

## PSALM 40. ver. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. First Part. (c. m.)

*A Song of Deliverance from great Distress.*

- 1 **I** WAITED patient for the Lord,  
 He bow'd to hear my cry ;  
 He saw me resting on his word,  
 And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,  
 Where mourning long I lay,  
 And from my bonds releas'd my feet,  
 Deep bonds of miry clay.

- 
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,  
And taught my cheerful tongue  
To praise the wonders of his hand,  
In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad ;  
The saints with joy shall hear,  
And sinners learn to make my God  
Their only hope and fear.
- 5 How many are thy thoughts of love !  
Thy mercies, Lord, how great !  
We have not words nor hours enough  
Their numbers to repeat.
- 6 When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,  
And light and peace depart,  
My God beholds my heavy woe,  
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM 40. ver. 6---9. Second Part. (C. M.)

*The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,  
" Give your burnt-off'rings o'er,  
" In dying goats and bullocks slain  
" My soul delights no more."
- 2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,  
" My God, to do thy will ;  
" Whate'er thy sacred books declare,  
" Thy servant thall fulfill.
- 3 " Thy law is ever in my sight,  
" I keep it near my heart,  
" Mine ears are open'd with delight  
" To what thy lips impart."
- 4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,  
Th' eternal Son appears,  
And at th' appointed time assumes  
The body God prepares.

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,  
And much his truth he show'd,  
And preach'd the way of righteousness,  
Where great assemblies stood.

6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart.  
He pitied sinners' cries,  
And to fulfil a Saviour's part,  
Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

7 No blood of beasts on altars shed  
Could wash the conscience clean ;  
But the rich sacrifice he paid  
Atones for all our sin

8 Then was the great salvation spread,  
And Satan's kingdom shook ;  
Thus by the woman's promis'd seed  
The serpent's head was broke.

PSALM 40. ver. 5---10. (L. M.)

*Christ our Sacrifice.*

1 **T**HE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,  
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought ;  
Should I attempt the long detail,  
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts, on altars spilt,  
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt ;  
But thou hast set before our eyes  
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3 Lo ! thine eternal Son appears,  
To thy design he bows his ears,  
Assumes a body well prepar'd,  
And well performs a work so hard.

4 " Behold I come," the Saviour cries,  
With love and duty in his eyes,  
" I come to bear the heavy load  
" Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

- 5 " 'Tis written in thy great decree,  
 " 'Tis in thy book foretold of me,  
 " I must fulfil the Saviour's part,  
 " And, lo! thy law is in my heart.
- 6 " I'll magnify thy holy law,  
 " And rebels to obedience draw,  
 " When on my cross I'm lifted high,  
 " Or to my crown above the sky.
- 7 " The Spirit shall descend and show  
 " What thou hast done, and what I do ;  
 " The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,  
 " Thy wisdom and thy righteousness."

PSALM 41. ver. 1, 2, 3. (L. M.)

*Charity to the Poor ; or, Pity to the Afflicted.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man whose bowels move,  
 And melt with pity to the poor,  
 Whose soul by sympathizing love,  
 Feels what his fellow-saints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief,  
 More good than his own hands can do ;  
 He, in the time of gen'ral grief,  
 Shall find the Lord has bowels too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,  
 With secret blessings on his head,  
 When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,  
 Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or, if he languish on his couch,  
 God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,  
 Will save him with a healing touch,  
 Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

PSALM 42. ver. 1---5. First Part. (C M.)

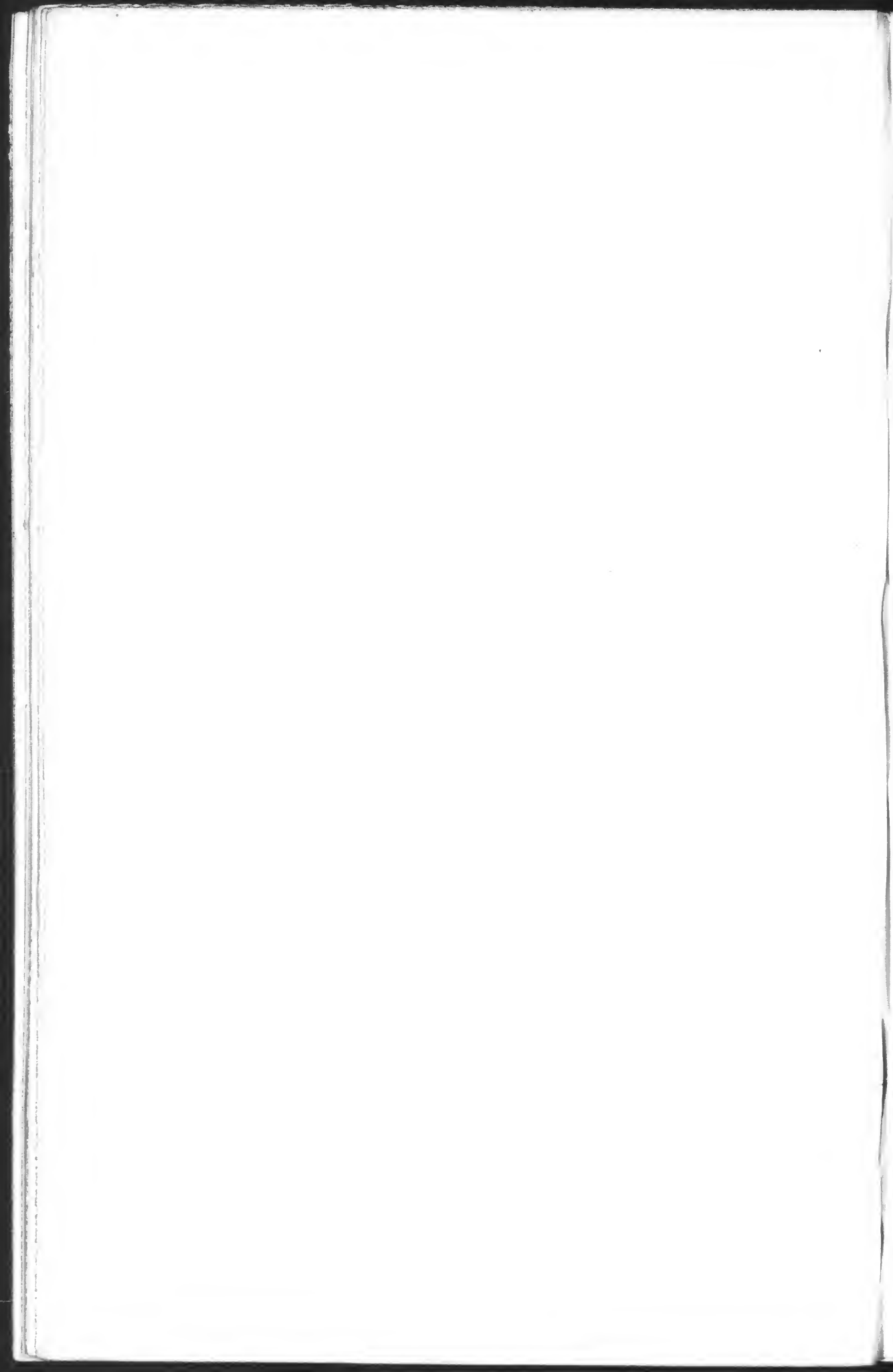
*Complaint of Absence from public Worship.*

- 1 **W**ITH earnest longings of the mind,  
 My God, to thee I look ;  
 So pants the hunted hart to find  
 And taste the cooling brook.





CHARITY TO THE POOR.



- 
- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,  
And meet my God again ?  
So long an absence from thy face  
My heart endures with pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,  
And tears are my repast ;  
The foe insults without control,  
“ And where’s your God at last ?”
- 4 ’Tis with a mournful pleasure now  
I think on ancient days ;  
Then to thy house did numbers go,  
And all our work was praise.
- 5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far  
Beneath this heavy load ?  
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,  
And sin against my God ?
- 6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand  
Can all thy woes remove ;  
For I shall yet before him stand,  
And sing restoring love.

## PSALM 42. ver. 6---11. Second Part. (L. M )

*Melancholy Thoughts reprov’d.*

- 1 **M**Y spirit sinks within me, Lord,  
But I will call thy name to mind,  
And times of past distress record,  
When I have found my God was kind.
- 2 Huge troubles with tumultuous noise,  
Swell like a sea, and round me spread :  
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,  
And rising waves roll o’er my head.
- 3 Yet will the Lord command his love,  
When I address his throne by day,  
Nor in the night his grace remove ;  
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

- 
- 4 Ill cast myself before his feet,  
 And say, " My God, my heav'nly rock,  
 " Why doth thy love so long forget  
 " The soul that groans beneath thy stroke ?"
- 5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low :  
 Why should my soul indulge her grief ?  
 Hope in the Lord, and praise him too ;  
 He is my rest, my sure relief.
- 6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,  
 Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,  
 And lead me to thy heav'nly hill,  
 My God, my most exceeding joy.

PSALM 44. ver. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15---26. (C. M.)

*The Church's Complaint in Persecution.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we have heard thy works of old,  
 Thy works of pow'r and grace,  
 When to our ears our Fathers told  
 The wonders of their days :
- 2 How thou didst build thy churches here,  
 And make thy gospel known ;  
 Amongst them did thine arm appear,  
 Thy light and glory shone.
- 3 In God they boasted all the day,  
 And in a cheerful throng  
 Did thousands meet to praise and pray,  
 And grace was all their song.
- 4 But now our souls are seized with shame,  
 Confusion fills our face,  
 To hear the enemy blaspheme,  
 And fools reproach thy grace.
- 5 Yet have we not forgot our God,  
 Nor falsely dealt with heav'n ;  
 Nor have our steps declin'd the road  
 Of duty thou hast giv'n.

- 6 Though dragons all around us roar  
 With their destructive breath,  
 And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore,  
 Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

- 7 We are expos'd all day to die  
 As martyrs for thy cause,  
 As sheep for slaughter bound we lie  
 By sharp and bloody laws.
- 8 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord,  
 Why sleeps thy wonted grace?  
 Why should we look like men abhorr'd  
 Or banish'd from thy face?
- 9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,  
 And still neglect our cries?  
 For ever hide thy heav'nly love  
 From our afflicted eyes?
- 10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,  
 And dies upon the ground;  
 Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,  
 And all their pow'rs confound.
- 11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,  
 Our Saviour and our God;  
 We plead the honours of thy name,  
 The merits of thy blood.

PSALM 45. (S. M.)

*Glory of Christ, and Success of the Gospel.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour and my King,  
 Thy beauties are divine;  
 Thy lips with blessings overflow,  
 And ev'ry grace is thine.
- 2 Now make thy glory known,  
 Gird on thy dreadful sword,  
 And ride in majesty to spread  
 The conquests of thy word.

- 3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,  
Or melt their hearts t' obey,  
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,  
Attend thy glorious way.
- 4 Thy laws, O God, are right ;  
Thy throne shall ever stand ;  
And thy victorious gospel proves  
A sceptre in thy hand.
- 5 [Thy Father and thy God  
Hath without measure shed,  
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,  
T' anoint thy sacred head.]
- 6 [Behold, at thy right hand  
The Gentile church is seen,  
Like a fair bride in rich attire,  
And princes guard the queen.]
- 7 Fair bride, receive his love,  
Forget thy Father's house ;  
Forsake thy gods, thy idol-gods,  
And pay thy Lord thy vows.
- 8 O let thy God and King  
Thy sweetest thoughts employ !  
Thy children shall his honours sing  
In palaces of joy.

## PSALM 45. (C. M.)

*Christ's personal Glories and Government.*

- 1 **I**'LL speak the honours of my King,  
His form divinely fair ;  
None of the sons of mortal race  
May with the Lord compare.
- 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace  
Upon thy lips is shed ;  
Thy God with blessings infinite,  
Hath crow'd thy sacred head.

- 
- 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,  
 Ride with majestic sway ;  
 Thy terrors shall strike through my foes,  
 And make the world obey.
- 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;  
 Thy word of grace shall prove  
 A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,  
 To rule the saints by love.
- 5 Justice and truth attend thee still,  
 But mercy is thy choice ;  
 And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill  
 With most peculiar joys.

## PSALM 45. First Part. (L. M.)

*The Glory of Christ, and Power of his Gospel.*

- 1 **N**OW be my heart inspired to sing  
 The glories of my Saviour-King  
 Jesus the Lord ; how heav'nly fair,  
 His form ! how bright his beauties are !
- 2 O'er all the sons of human race  
 He shines with a superior grace,  
 Love from his lips divinely flows,  
 And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,  
 Gird on the terror of thy sword ;  
 In majesty and glory ride,  
 With truth and meekness at thy side.
- 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,  
 Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart ;  
 Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,  
 Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
- 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,  
 Grace is the sceptre in thy hands ;  
 Thy laws and works are just and right,  
 Justice and grace are thy delight.

- 6 God, thine own God, has richly shed  
His oil of gladness on thy head,  
And with his sacred Spirit blest  
His first-born Son above the rest.

PSALM 45. Second Part (L. M.)

*Christ and his Church.*

- 1 **T**HE King of saints, how fair his face,  
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!  
He comes with blessings from above,  
And wins the nations to his love.
- 2 At his right hand our eyes behold  
The queen array'd in purest gold;  
The world admires her heav'nly dress,  
Her robe of joy and righteousness,
- 3 He forms her beauties like his own;  
He calls and seats her near his throne:  
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget  
The idols of thy native state.
- 4 So shall the King no more rejoice  
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice;  
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,  
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.
- 5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise  
To his fair palace in the skies,  
And all thy sons (a num'rous train)  
Each like a prince in glory reign!
- 6 Let endless honours crown his head:  
Let ev'ry age his praises spread;  
While we with cheerful songs approve  
The condescensions of his love.

PSALM 46. First Part. (L. M.)

*The Church's Safety and Triumph.*

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.



- 
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd  
Down to the deep, and buried there---  
Convulsions shake the solid world ;  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;  
In sacred peace our souls abide,  
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,  
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God ;  
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,  
And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,  
That all our raging fear controls ;  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,  
Secure against a threat'ning hour ;  
Nor can her firm foundations move  
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

## PSALM 46. Second Part. (L. M.)

*Gods fights for his Church.*

- 1 **L**ET Sion in her King rejoice,  
Though tyrants rage and kingdom rise :  
He utters his almighty voice,  
The nations melt, the tumult dies ;
- 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,  
And Jacob's God is still our aid ;  
Behold the works his hand has wrought,  
What desolations he has made.
- 3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,  
He makes the noise of battle cease ;  
When from on high his thunder roars,  
He awes the trembling world to peace.

- 
- 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,  
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame ;  
Keep silent all the earth, and hear  
The sounds and glory of his name.
- 5 " Be still and learn that I am God,  
" I'll be exalted o'er the lands,  
" I will be known and fear'd abroad,  
" But still my throne in Sion stands."
- 6 O Lord of Hosts, almighty King!  
While we so near thy presence dwell,  
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing  
Defiance to the gates of hell.

## PSALM 47. (C. M.)

*Christ ascending and reigning.*

- 1 **O** FOR a shout of sacred joy  
To God the sov'reign King!  
Let every land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high ;  
His heav'nly guards around  
Attend him rising through the sky,  
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains ;  
Let all the earth his honours sing ;  
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,  
Let knowledge lead the song,  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Isr'el stood his ancient throne,  
He lov'd that chosen race,  
But now he calls the world his own,  
And heathens taste his grace.

- 6 The British islands are the Lord's ;  
There Abraham's God is known ;  
While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords,  
Submit before his throne.

## PSALM 48. ver. 1---8. First Part. (S. M.)

*The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.*

- 1 [GREAT is the Lord our God,  
And let his praise be great ,  
He makes his churches his abode,  
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,  
How beautiful they stand !  
The honours of our native place,  
And bulwarks of our land.]
- 3 In Sion God is known  
A refuge in distress ;  
How bright has his salvation shone  
Through all her palaces ;
- 4 When kings against her join'd,  
And saw the Lord was there,  
In wild confusion of the mind  
They fled with hasty fear.
- 5 When navies tall and proud  
Attempt to spoil our peace,  
He sends his tempest roaring loud,  
And sinks them in the seas.
- 6 Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen,  
How well our God secures the fold  
Where his own sheep have been.
- 7 In ev'ry new distress  
We'll to his house repair,  
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,  
And seek deliv'rance there.

## PSALM 48. ver. 10---14. Second Part. (s. m.)

*Gospel Worship and Order.*

- 1 **F**AR as thy name is known  
The world declares thy praise ;  
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne  
Their songs of honour raise.
- 2 With joy let Judah stand  
On Sion's chosen hill,  
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,  
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around  
The city where we dwell,  
Compass and view thine holy ground,  
And mark the building well ;
- 4 The orders of thy house,  
The worship of thy court,  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows ;  
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise !  
How glorious to behold !  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now  
Will guide us till we die,  
Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

## PSALM 49. ver. 6---14. First Part. (c. m.)

*Vanity of Life and Riches.*

- 1 **W**HY doth the man of riches grow  
To insolence and pride,  
To see his wealth and honours flow  
With ev'ry rising tide ?
- 2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,  
Made of the self-same clay,  
And boast as though his flesh where born  
Of better dust than they ?]

- 3 Not all his treasures can procure  
His soul a short reprieve,  
Redeem from death one guilty hour,  
Or make his brother live.
- 4 [Life is a blessing can't be sold,  
The ransom is too high ;  
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,  
That man may never die.]
- 5 He sees the brutish and the wise,  
The tim'rous and the brave,  
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,  
And hasten to the grave.
- 6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,---  
“ My house shall ever stand ;  
“ And that my name may long abide,  
“ I'll give it to my land.”
- 7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,  
How soon his mem'ry dies !  
His name is written in the dust  
Where his own carcase lies.

## PAUSE.

- 8 This is the folly of their way ;  
And yet their sons, as vain,  
Approve the words their fathers say,  
And act their works again.
- 9 Men, void of wisdom and of grace,  
If honour raise them high,  
Live like the beasts, a thoughtless race,  
And like the beasts they die.
- 10 Laid in the grave like silly sheep,  
Death feeds upon them there,  
Till the last trumpet break their sleep  
In terror and despair.

## PSALM 49. ver. 14, 15. Second Part. (C. M.)

*Death and the Resurrection.*

- 1 **Y**E sons of pride, that hate the just,  
And trample on the poor,  
When death has brought you down to dust,  
Your pomp shall rise no more.
- 2 The last great day shall change the scene ;  
When will that hour appear ?  
When shall the just revive, and reign  
O'er all that scorn'd them here ?
- 3 God will my naked soul receive,  
When sep'rate from the flesh ;  
And break the prison of the grave,  
To raise my bones afresh.
- 4 Heav'n is my everlasting home,  
Th' inheritance is sure :  
Let men of pride their rage resume,  
But I'll repine no more.

## PSALM 49. (S. M.)

*The rich Sinner's Death, and the Saint's Resurrection.*

- 1 **W**HY do the proud insult the poor,  
And boast the large estates they have ?  
How vain are riches to secure  
Their haughty owners from the grave ?
- 2 They can't redeem one hour from death  
With all the wealth in which they trust ;  
Nor give a dying brother breath,  
When God commands him down to dust.
- 3 There the dark earth and dismal shade  
Shall clasp their naked bodies round ?  
That flesh so delicately fed,  
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

- 
- 4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,  
Laid in the grave for worms to eat ;  
The saints shall in the morning rise,  
And find th' oppressor at their feet.
- 5 His honours perish in the dust,  
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood ;  
That glorious day exalts the just  
To full dominion o'er the proud.
- 6 My Saviour shall my life restore,  
And raise me from my dark abode ;  
My flesh and soul shall part no more,  
But dwell for ever near my God.

## PSALM 50. ver. 1--6. First Part. (C. M.)

*The last Judgment ; or, The Saints rewarded.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, before his throne,  
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,  
The nations near the rising sun,  
And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,  
“ Judgment will ne'er begin ;”  
No more abuse his long delay  
To impudence and sin.
- 3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,  
Bright flames prepare his way,  
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,  
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,  
Attending angels come,  
And earth and hell shall know and fear  
His justice and their doom.
- 5 “ But gather all my saints (he cries)  
“ That made their peace with God,  
“ By the Redeemer's sacrifice,  
“ And seal'd it with his blood.

- 6 " Their faith and works, brought forth to light,  
 " Shall make the world confess  
 " My sentence of reward is right,  
 " And heav'n adore my grace."

PS. 50. ver. 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. Second Pt. (c.m.)

*Obedience is better than Sacrifice.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "The spacious fields,  
 " And flocks and herds, are mine ;  
 " O'er all the cattle of the hills  
 " I claim a right divine.
- 2 " I ask no sheep for sacrifice,  
 " Nor bullocks burnt with fire ;  
 " To hope and love, to pray and praise,  
 " Is all that I require.
- 3 " Call upon me when trouble's near,  
 " My hand shall set thee free ;  
 " Then shall thy thankful lips declare  
 " The honour due to me.
- 4 " The man that offers humble praise,  
 " He glorifies me best ;  
 " And those that tread my holy ways  
 " Shall my salvation taste."

PS. 50. ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. Third Part. (c. m.)

*The Judgment of Hypocrites.*

- 1 **W**HEN Christ to judgment shall descend,  
 And saints surround their Lord,  
 He calls the nations to attend,  
 And hear his awful word.
- 2 " Not for the want of bullocks slain  
 " Will I the world reprove ;  
 " Altars, and rites, and forms are vain,  
 " Without the fire of love.
- 3 " And what have hypocrites to do,  
 " To bring their sacrifice ?  
 " They call my statutes just and true,  
 " But deal in theft and lies.



- 
- 4 “ Could you expect to ’scape my sight,  
“ And sin without control?  
“ But I shall bring your crimes to light,  
“ With anguish in your soul.’
- 5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,  
Before his wrath appear ;  
If once you fall beneath his sword,  
There’s no deliv’rer there.

## PSALM 50. Fourth Part. (L. M.)

*Hypocrisy exposed.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns ;  
Let hypocrites attend and fear,  
Who place their hope in rites and forms,  
But make not faith nor love their care.
- 2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name  
With lips of falsehood and deceit,  
A friend or brother they defame,  
And soothe and flatter those they hate.
- 3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,  
Yet dare to seek their Maker’s face ;  
They take his cov’nant on their tongue,  
But break his laws, abuse his grace.
- 4 To heav’n they lift their hands unclean,  
Defil’d with lust, defil’d with blood ;  
By night they practise ev’ry sin,  
By day their mouths draw near to God.
- 5 And while his judgments long delay,  
They grow secure, and sin the more ;  
They think he sleeps as well as they,  
And put far off the dreadful hour.
- 6 O dreadful hour ! when God draws near,  
And sets their crimes before their eyes !  
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,  
And no deliv’rer dare to rise.

## PSALM 50.

*The Last Judgment.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Sov'reign, sends his summons  
forth,  
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north ;  
From east to west the sounding orders spread,  
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead ;  
No more shall atheists mock his long delay ;  
His vengeance sleeps no more ; behold the day !
- 2 Behold the Judge descends ; his guards are nigh ;  
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky :  
Heaven, earth, and hell, draw near ; let all things  
come  
To hear his justice and the sinner's doom :  
" But gather first my saints, (the Judge commands)  
" Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.
- 3 " Behold my covenant stands for ever good,  
" Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,  
" And sign'd with all their names ; the Greek, the  
Jew,  
" That paid the ancient worship or the new ;  
" There's no distinction here : come spread their  
thrones,  
" And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.
- 4 " I their almighty Saviour and their God,  
" I am their judge : ye heavens, proclaim abroad  
" My just eternal sentence, and declare  
" Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear :  
" Sinners in Zion tremble and retire ;  
" I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.
- 5 " Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain,  
" Do I condemn thee ; bulls and goats are vain,  
" Without the flames of love ; in vain the sore  
" Of brutal offerings that were mine before ;  
" Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,  
" Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they  
feed.

- 6 " If I were hungry, would I ask thee food ?  
 " When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock's blood ?  
 " Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,  
 " Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows ?  
 " Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold  
 " Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold ?
- 7 " Unthinking wretch ! how could'st thou hope to  
 please  
 " A God, a spirit, with such toys as these ?  
 " While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue  
 " Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong ;  
 " In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,  
 " Thieves and adult'ers are thy chosen friends.
- 8 " Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love,  
 " But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove ?  
 " And cherish such an impious thought within,  
 " That God the righteous would indulge thy sin ?  
 " Behold my terrors now ; my thunders roll,  
 " And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul."
- 9 Sinners, awake betimes : ye fools, be wise ;  
 Awake before this dreadful morning rise ;  
 Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works  
 amend,  
 Fly to the Saviour, make the judge your friend ;  
 Lest like a lion his last vengeance tear  
 Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.

## PSALM 50. To the old proper Tune.

*The Last Judgment.*

- 1 **T**HE God of glory sends his summons forth,  
 Calls the south nations, and awakes the north,  
 From east to west the sov'reign orders spread  
 Through distant worlds and regions of the dead.  
 The trumpet sounds ; hell trembles ; heav'n rejoices ;  
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.
- 2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay :  
 His vengeance sleeps no more ; behold the day ;  
 Behold the judge descends ; his guards are nigh ;  
 Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.  
 When God appears, all nature shall adore him ;  
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

3 "Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things  
come

"To hear my justice and the sinner's doom:

"But gather first my saints, (the judge commands)

"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands."

When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion,  
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

4 "Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good,

"Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,

"And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the  
Jew,

"That paid the ancient worship or the new."

There's no distinction here: join all your voices,  
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heav'n rejoices.

5 "Here," saith the Lord, "ye angels, spread their  
thrones,

"And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons:

"Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd

"Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward."

When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion;  
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

6 "I am the Saviour, I th' Almighty God;

"I am the judge: ye heav'ns, proclaim abroad

"My just eternal sentence, and declare

"Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear."

When God appears, all nature shall adore him;  
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

7 "Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer and profane,

"Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings vain;

"Thou hypocrite, once dress'd in saint's attire,

"I doom the painted hypocrite to fire."

Judgment proceeds: hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;  
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

8 "Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain,

"Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain,

"Without the flames of love: in vain the store

"Of brutal off'rings that were mine before."

Earth is the Lord's; all nature shall adore him:  
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

- 9 " If I were hungry, would I ask thee food ?  
 " When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock's blood ?  
 " Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,  
 " Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed."

All is the Lord's : he rules the wide creation ;  
 Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.

- 10 " Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,  
 " Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows ?  
 " Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,  
 " Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold ?"

God is the judge of hearts : no fair disguises  
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

- 11 " Unthinking wretch ! how could'st thou hope to  
 please  
 " A God, a spirit, with such toys as these ?  
 " While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,  
 " Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong."

Judgment proceeds : hell trembles ; heav'n rejoices ;  
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

- 12 " In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,  
 " Thieves and adult'ers are thy chosen friends,  
 " While the false flatt'rer at my altar waits,  
 " His harden'd soul divine instruction hates."

God is the judge of hearts : no fair disguises  
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

- 13 " Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love ;  
 " But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove ?  
 " And cherish such an impious thought within,  
 " That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin ?"

See, God appears ! all nature joins t' adore him ;  
 Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

- 14 " Behold my terrors now : my thunders roll,  
 " And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul ;  
 " Now like a lion shall my vengeance tear  
 " Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near."

Judgment concludes : hell trembles ; heav'n rejoices .  
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

## EPIPHONEMA.

Sinners, awake betimes ; ye fools, be wise ;  
 Awake before this dreadful morning rise ;  
 Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works  
                   amend,

Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend :  
 Then join the saints, wake ev'ry cheerful passion,  
 When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

## PSALM 51. First Part. (L. M.)

*A Penitent pleading for Pardon.*

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;  
    Let a repenting rebel live :  
    Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
    May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but not surpass  
    The pow'r and glory of thy grace ;  
    Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
    So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,  
    And make my guilty conscience clean ;  
    Here on my heart the burden lies,  
    And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess  
    Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
    Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
    I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
    I must pronounce thee just in death ;  
    And if my soul were sent to hell,  
    Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
    Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
    Would light on some sweet promise there,  
    Some sure support against despair.

## PSALM 51. Second Part. (L. M.)

*Original and actual Sin confessed.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin ;  
 And born unholy and unclean ;  
 Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
 Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant-breath,  
 The seeds of sin grow up for death ,  
 Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
 But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.
- 3 [Great God, create my heart anew,  
 And form my spirit pure and true ;  
 O make me wise betimes to spy  
 My danger and my remedy.]
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face ;  
 My only refuge is thy grace :  
 No outward forms can make me clean  
 The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
 Nor hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling priest,  
 Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
 Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone  
 Hath pow'r sufficient to atone ;  
 Thy blood can make me white as snow ;  
 No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
 Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;  
 Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
 And make my broken bones rejoice.

## PSALM 51. Third Part. (L. M.)

*Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.*

- 1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry  
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
 Behold them not with angry look,  
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- O

- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin ;  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :  
Thine holy joys my God restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford ;  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;  
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood  
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue !  
Salvation shall be all my song ;  
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

PSALM 51. ver. 3---13. First Part. (c. m.)

*Original and actual Sin confessed and pardoned.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I would spread my sore distress  
And guilt before thine eyes :  
Against thy laws, against thy grace,  
How high my crimes arise !



- 2 Should'st thou condemn my soul to hell,  
And crush my flesh to dust,  
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,  
And earth must own it just.
- 3 I from the stock of Adam came,  
Unholy and unclean ;  
All my original is shame,  
And all my nature sin.
- 4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew,  
Contagion with my breath ;  
And, as my days advanc'd, I grew  
A juster prey for death.
- 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul  
With thy forgiving love ;  
O make my broken spirit whole,  
And bid my pains remove.
- 6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,  
Nor drive me from thy face ;  
Create anew my vicious heart,  
And fill it with thy grace.
- 7 Then will I make thy mercy known  
Before the sons of men ;  
Backsliders shall address thy throne,  
And turn to God again.

PSALM 51. ver. 14---17. Second Part. (C. M.)

*Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.*

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy ! hear my call,  
My load of guilt remove ;  
Break down this separating wall  
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,  
Then my rejoicing tongue  
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,  
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,  
For sin could e'er atone ;  
The death of Christ shall still remain  
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert  
My God will ne'er despise ;  
A humble groan, a broken heart  
Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM 53. ver. 4---6. (C. M.)

*Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.*

1 **A**RE all the foes of Sion fools,  
Who thus devour her saints ?  
Do they not know her Saviour rules,  
And pities her complaints ?

2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise ;  
For God's avenging arm  
Scatters the bones of them that rise  
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast  
Of armies in array ;  
When God has first despis'd their host,  
They fall an easy prey.

4 O for a word from Sion's King,  
Her captives to restore !  
Jacob, with all his tribes shall sing,  
And Judah weep no more.

PSALM 55. ver. 1---8, 16, 22. (C. M.)

*Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.*

1 **O** GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,  
Behold my flowing tears,  
For earth and hell my hurt devise,  
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is levell'd at my life,  
My soul with guilt they load,  
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,  
To shake my hope in God.

- 
- 3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,  
I groan with ev'ry breath ;  
Horror and fear beset me round,  
Amongst the shades of death.
- 4 O were I like a feather'd dove,  
And innocence had wings ;  
I'd fly, and make a long remove  
From all these restless things.
- 5 Let me to some wild desert go,  
And find a peaceful home,  
Where storms of malice never blow,  
Temptations never come.
- 6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,  
To 'scape the rage of hell !  
The mighty God on whom I call  
Can save me here as well.

## PAUSE.

- 7 By morning light I'll seek his face,  
At noon repeat my cry,  
The night shall hear me ask his grace,  
Nor will he long deny.
- 8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,  
Or shield me when afraid ;  
Ten thousand angels must appear,  
If he command their aid.
- 9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,  
The Lord sustains them all ;  
My courage rests upon his word,  
That saints shall never fall.
- 10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,  
My lips shall spread his praise ;  
While cruel and deceitful men  
Scarce live out half their days.

## PSALM 55. ver. 15, 19, 22. (s. m.)

*Dangerous Prosperity.*

- 1     **L**ET sinners take their course,  
      And choose the road to death ;  
But in the worship of my God  
      I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2     My thoughts address his throne  
      When morning brings the light ;  
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,  
      And pay my vows at night.
- 3     Thou wilt regard my cries,  
      O my eternal God,  
While sinners perish in surprise  
      Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4     Because they dwell at ease,  
      And no sad changes feel,  
They neither fear nor trust thy name,  
      Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5     But I with all my cares  
      Will lean upon the Lord,  
I'll cast my burden on his arm,  
      And rest upon his word.
- 6     His arm shall well sustain  
      The children of his love ;  
The ground on which their safety stands  
      No earthly pow'r can move.

## PSALM 56. (c. m.)

*Deliverance from Oppression and Falsehood.*

- 1     **O** THOU, whose justice reigns on high,  
      And makes th' oppressor cease,  
Behold how envious sinners try  
      To vex and break my peace !

- 
- 2 The sons of violence and lies  
Join to devour me, Lord ;  
But as my hourly dangers rise,  
My refuge is thy word.
- 3 In God, most holy, just, and true,  
I have repos'd my trust ;  
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,  
'The offspring of the dust.
- 4 They wrest my words to mischief still,  
Charge me with unknown faults ;  
Mischief doth all their councils fill,  
And malice all their thoughts.
- 5 Shall they escape without thy frown ?  
Must their devices stand ?  
O cast the haughty sinner down,  
And let him know thy hand !

## PAUSE.

- 6 God counts the sorrows of his saints,  
Their groans affect his ears ;  
Thou hast a book for my complaints,  
A bottle for my tears.
- 7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,  
The wicked fear and flee ;  
So swift is pray'r to reach the sky,  
So near is God to me.
- 8 In thee, most holy, just, and true,  
I have repos'd my trust ;  
Nor will I fear what man can do,  
The offspring of the dust.
- 9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,  
Thou shalt receive my praise ;  
I'll sing, " How faithful is thy word,  
" How righteous all thy ways !"

- 10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,  
O set thy pris'ner free!  
That heart and hand, and life and breath,  
May be employ'd for thee.

## PSALM 57. (L. M.)

*Praise for Protection, Grace, and Truth.*

- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs  
Of boundless love and grace unknown,  
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,  
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,  
The Lord will my desires perform ;  
He sends his angel from the sky,  
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God !  
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell ;  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fix'd ; my song shall raise  
Immortal honours to thy name ;  
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,  
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky ;  
His truth to endless years remains,  
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 6 Be thou exalted, O my God !  
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell,  
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

## PSALM 58. As the 113th Psalm.

*Warning to Magistrates.*

- 1 **J**UDGES, who rule the world by laws,  
Will ye despise the righteous cause,  
When th' injur'd poor before you stands?  
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,  
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,  
While gold and greatness bribe your hands?
- 2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,  
That God will judge the judges too?  
High in the heav'ns his justice reigns;  
Yet you invade the rights of God,  
And send your bold decrees abroad,  
To bind the conscience in your chains.
- 3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,  
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,  
And death attends where'er it wounds;  
You hear no counsels, cries, nor tears;  
So the deaf adder stops her ears  
Against the pow'r of charming sounds.
- 4 Break out their teeth, eternal God,  
Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood;  
And crush the serpents in the dust;  
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,  
Before the sweeping tempest flies,  
So let their hopes and names be lost.
- 5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,  
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,  
As hills of snow dissolve and run,  
Or snails that perish in their slime,  
Or births that come before their time,  
Vain births, that never see the sun.

- 6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord  
Safety and joy to saints afford ;  
And all that hear shall join and say,  
“ Sure there’s a God that rules on high,  
“ A God that hears his children cry,  
“ And will their suff’rings well repay.

PSALM 60. ver. 1, 5, 10, 12. (C. M.)

*Humiliation for Disappointments in War.*

- 1 **L**ORD, hast thou cast the nation off?  
Must we for ever mourn?  
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?  
Shall mercy ne’er return?
- 2 The terror of one frown of thine  
Melts all our strength away ;  
Like men that totter drunk with wine,  
We tremble in dismay.
- 3 Great Britain shakes beneath thy stroke,  
And dreads thy threat’ning hand ;  
O heal the island thou hast broke,  
Confirm the wav’ring land.
- 4 Lift up a banner in the field,  
For those that fear thy name ;  
Save thy beloved with thy shield,  
And put our foes to shame.
- 5 Go with our armies to the fight,  
Like a confed’rate God ;  
In vain confed’rate pow’rs unite  
Against thy lifted rod.
- 6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown  
By thine assisting hand !  
’Tis God that treads the mighty down,  
And makes the feeble stand.



## PSALM 61. ver. 1---6 (S. M.)

*Safety in God.*

- 1 **W**HEN overwhelm'd with grief,  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless and far from all relief,  
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock  
That's high above my head,  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
For ever I'll abide ;  
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy name ;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

## PSALM 62. ver. 5---12. (L. M.)

*Faith in divine Grace and Power.*

- 1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone ;  
My rock and refuge is his throne ,  
In all my fears, in all my straits,  
My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,  
Pour out your heart before his face ;  
When helpers fail and foes invade,  
God is our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 False are the men of high degree,  
The baser sort are vanity ;  
Laid in the balance, both appear  
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,  
Nor set your heart on glitt'ring dust ;  
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,  
And not believe what God has spoke !

- 5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,  
 Once and again my ears have heard,  
 "All pow'r is his eternal due ;  
 "He must be fear'd and trusted too."
- 6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,  
 Grace is a partner of the throne ;  
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,  
 Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM 63. ver. 1---5. First Part. (C. M.)

*The Morning of a Lord's Day.*

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,  
 I haste to seek thy face ;  
 My thirsty spirit faints away  
 Without thy cheering grace
- 2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,  
 Beneath a burning sky,  
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
 And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r  
 Through all thy temple shine ;  
 My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,  
 That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast  
 Can please my soul so well,  
 As when thy richer grace I taste,  
 And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all her joys,  
 Can my best passions move,  
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
 As thy forgiving love .
- 6 Thus till my last expiring day  
 I'll bless my God and King ;  
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
 And tune my lips to sing.

## PSALM 63. ver. 6---10. Second Part. (C. M.)

*Midnight Thoughts recollected.*

- 1 **T**WAS in the watches of the night  
I thought upon thy pow'r,  
I kept thy lovely face in sight  
Amidst the darkest hour.
- 2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,  
My soul arose on high ;  
“ My God, my life, my hope,” I said,  
“ Bring thy salvation nigh.”
- 3 My spirit labours up thine hill,  
And climbs the heav'nly road ;  
But thy right hand upholds me still,  
While I pursue my God.
- 4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head  
The shadow of thy wings ;  
My heart rejoices in thine aid,  
My tongue awakes and sings.
- 5 But the destroyers of my peace  
Shall fret and rage in vain ;  
The tempter shall for ever cease,  
And all my sins be slain.
- 6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,  
And send them down to dwell  
In the dark caverns of the earth,  
Or to the deeps of hell.

## PSALM 63. (L. M.)

*Longing after God.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim,  
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;  
The glories that compose thy name  
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God ;  
And I am thine by sacred ties ;  
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For thee I long, to thee I look.  
As travellers, in thirsty lands,  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 With early feet I love t' appear  
Among thy saints, and seek thy face ;  
Oft have I seen thy glory there,  
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.
- 5 Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,  
Nor all the joys our senses know,  
Could make me so divinely bless'd,  
Or raise my cheerful passions so.
- 6 My life itself without thy love  
No taste of pleasure could afford ;  
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,  
If I were banish'd from the Lord.
- 7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,  
When busy cares afflict my head,  
One thought of thee gives new delight,  
And adds refreshment to my bed.
- 7 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise .  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And spend the remnant of my days.

## PSALM 63. (S. M.)

*Seeking God.*

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue  
This joy to call thee mine ;  
And let my early cries prevail  
To taste thy love divine.

- 
- 2 My thirsty fainting soul  
Thy mercy doth implore ;  
Not travellers in desert lands,  
Can pant for water more.
- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,  
I long to find my place,  
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,  
And feel thy quick'ning grace.
- 4 For life without thy love  
No relish can afford ;  
No joy can be compar'd with this,  
To serve and please the Lord.
- 5 To thee I'll lift my hands,  
And praise thee while I live ;  
Not the rich dainties of a feast  
Such food or pleasure give.
- 6 In wakeful hours at night  
I call my God to mind,  
I think how wise thy counsels are  
And all thy dealings kind.
- 7 Since thou hast been my help,  
To thee my spirit flies  
And on thy watchful providence  
My cheerful hope relies.
- 8 The shadow of thy wings  
My soul in safety keeps ;  
I follow where my Father leads,  
And he supports my steps.

PSALM 65. ver. 1---5. First Part. (L. M.)

*Public Prayer and Praise.*

- 1 **T**HE praise of Sion waits for thee,  
My God ; and praise becomes thy house ;  
There shall thy saints thy glory see,  
And there perform their public vows.

- 2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies  
To save, when humble sinners pray!  
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,  
And islands of the northern sea.
- 3 Against my will my sins prevail,  
But grace shall purge away their stain,  
The blood of Christ will never fail  
To wash my garments white again.
- 4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,  
And give him kind access to thee;  
Give him a place within thy house,  
To taste thy love divinely free.

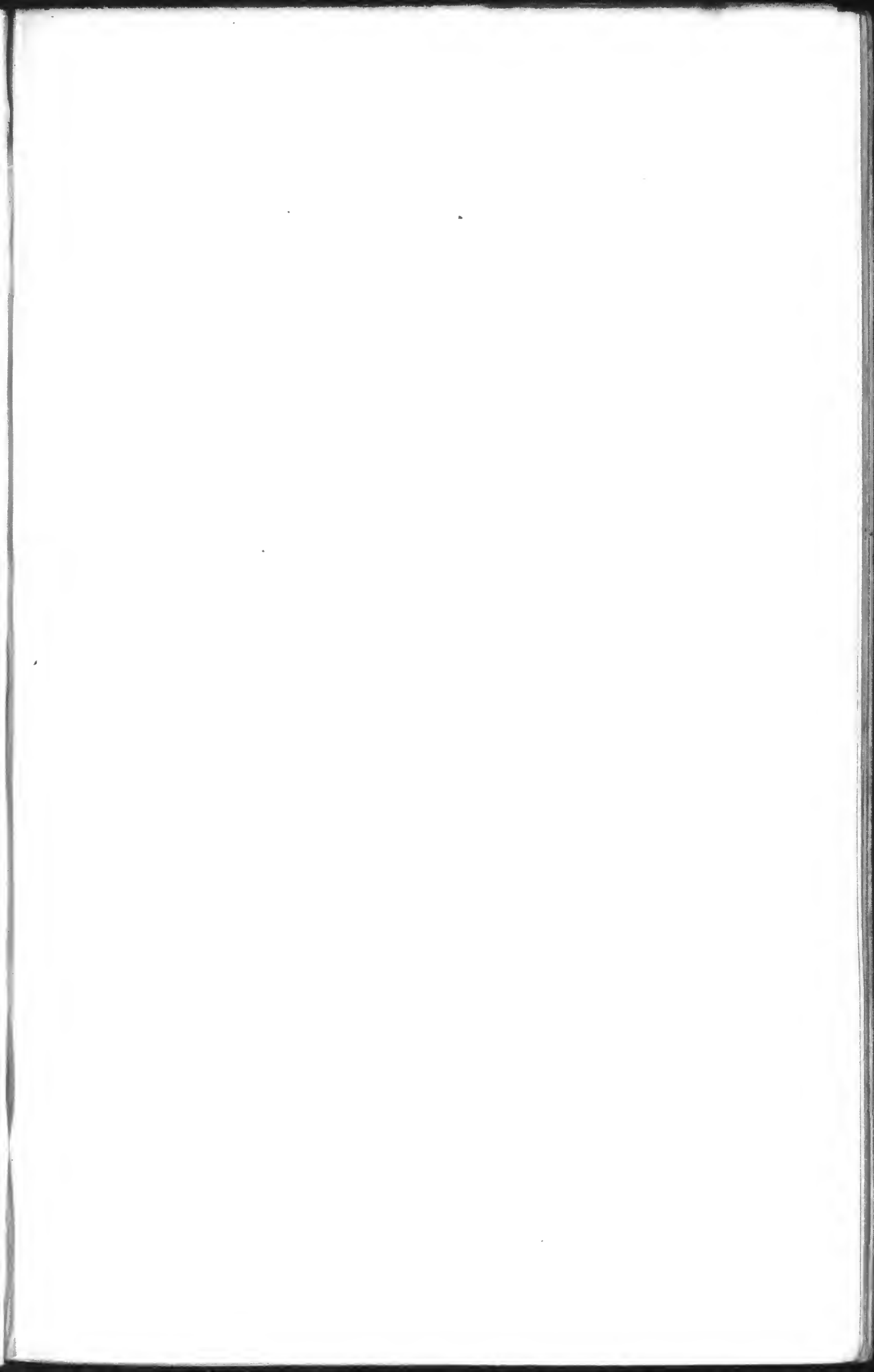
PAUSE.

- 5 Let Babel fear when Sion prays;  
Babel prepare for long distress,  
When Sion's God himself arrays  
In terror and in righteousness.
- 6 With dreadful glory God fulfils  
What his afflicted saints request;  
And with almighty wrath reveals  
His love, to give his churches rest.
- 7 Then shall the flocking nations run  
To Sion's hill, and own their Lord;  
The rising and the setting sun  
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

PSALM 65. ver. 5---13. Second Part. (L. M.)

*The God of Nature and Grace.*

- 1 **T**HE God of our salvation hears  
The groans of Sion mix'd with tears;  
Yet, when he comes with kind designs,  
Through all the way his terror shines.
- 2 On him the race of man depends,  
Far as the earth's remotest ends,  
Where the Creator's name is known  
By nature's feeble light alone.





CHRIST STILLETH THE TEMPEST.



- 
- 3 Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,  
Address their frightened souls to God ;  
When tempests rage and billows roar  
At dreadful distance from the shore.
- 4 He bids the noisy tempests cease ;  
He calms the raging crowd to peace,  
When a tumultuous nation raves  
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.
- 5 Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,  
He settles in a peaceful form ;  
Mountains establish'd by his hand,  
Firm on their old foundations stand.
- 6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,  
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly ;  
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,  
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.
- 7 At his command the morning ray  
Smiles in the east, and leads the day ;  
He guides the sun's declining wheels  
Over the tops of western hills.
- 8 Seasons and times obey his voice ;  
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice  
To see the earth made soft with show'rs,  
Laden with fruit and dress'd in flow'rs.
- 9 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high  
He gives the thirsty ground supply ;  
He walks upon the clouds, and thence  
Doth his enriching drops dispense.
- 10 The desert grows a fruitful field,  
Abundant food the valleys yield ;  
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,  
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

- 11 The pastures smile in green array,  
There lambs and larger cattle play ;  
The larger cattle and the lamb  
Each in his language speaks thy name.
- 12 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine ;  
O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine,  
Through ev'ry month thy gifts appear ;  
Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 65. First Part. (C. M.)

*A Prayer-hearing God.*

- 1 **P**RAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee ;  
There shall our vows be paid ;  
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,  
All flesh shall seek thine aid.
- 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,  
But pard'ning grace is thine,  
And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill  
To conquer ev'ry sin.
- 3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose  
To bring them near thy face,  
Give them a dwelling in thine house,  
To feast upon thy grace.
- 4 In answ'ring what thy church requests,  
Thy truth and terror shine,  
And works of dreadful righteousness  
Fulfil thy kind design.
- 5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see  
The Lord is good and just ;  
And distant islands fly to thee,  
And make thy name their trust.
- 6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,  
When signs in heav'n appear ;  
But they shall learn thy holy word,  
And love as well as fear.

## PSALM 65. Second Part. (C. M.)

*The Blessing of Rain.*

- 1 **T**IS by thy strength the mountains stand,  
God of eternal pow'r ;  
The sea grows calm at thy command,  
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and ev'ning shade  
Successive comforts bring ;  
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,  
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,  
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine ;  
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,  
The author is divine.
- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,  
Borne by the winds around,  
With wat'ry treasures well supply  
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,  
And ranks of corn appear ;  
Thy ways abound with blessings still,  
Thy goodness crowns the year.

## PSALM 65. Third Part. (C. M.)

*The Blessings of the Spring.*

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

- 1 **G**OOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,  
Who makes the earth his care,  
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,  
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers, rais'd on high,  
Pour out, at thy command,  
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,  
To cheer the thirsty land.

- 
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field  
 Permit the corn to spring;  
 The valleys rich provision yield,  
 And the poor lab'ers sing.
- 4 The little hills on ev'ry side  
 Rejoice at falling show'rs;  
 The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,  
 Perfume the air with flow'rs.
- 5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,  
 Promise a joyful crop;  
 The parching grounds look green again,  
 And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns;  
 How bounteous are thy ways!  
 The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,  
 And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM 66. First Part. (C. M.)

*Governing Power and Goodness.*

- 1 **S**ING, all ye nations, to the Lord,  
 Sing with a joyful noise!  
 With melody of sound record  
 His honours and your joys.
- 2 Say to the Pow'r that shakes the sky,  
 "How terrible art thou!  
 "Sinners before thy presence fly,  
 Or at thy feet they bow."
- 3 [Come, see the wonders of our God,  
 How glorious are his ways!  
 In Moses' hand he puts his rod,  
 And cleaves the frightened seas.
- 4 He made the ebbing channel dry,  
 While Isr'el pass'd the flood;  
 There did the church begin their joy,  
 And triumph in their God.]

- 5 He rules by his resistless might ;  
Will rebel mortals dare  
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,  
And tempt that dreadful war ?
- 6 O bless our God, and never cease ;  
Ye saints, fulfil his praise ;  
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,  
And guides our doubtful ways.
- 7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls,  
To make our graces shine ;  
So silver bears the burning coals,  
The metal to refine.
- 8 Through wat'ry deeps and fiery ways  
We march at thy command,  
Led to possess the promis'd place  
By thine unerring hand.

## PSALM 66. ver. 13---20. Second Part. (C. M.)

*Praise to God for hearing Prayer.*

- 1 **N**OW shall my solemn vows be paid  
To that Almighty Pow'r,  
That heard the long requests I made  
In my distressful hour.
- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare  
To make his mercies known ;  
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear  
The wonders he has done.
- 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,  
I sought his heav'nly aid ;  
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,  
And death's eternal shade.
- 4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,  
While pray'r employ'd my tongue,  
The Lord had shown me no regard,  
Nor I his praises sung.

- 5 But God (his name be ever blest)  
Has set my spirit free,  
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,  
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

## PSALM 67. (C. M.)

*The Nation's Prosperity---and the Church's Increase.*

- 1 **S**HINE, mighty God, on Britain shine  
With beams of heav'nly grace ;  
Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts,  
And show thy smiling face.
- 2 [Amidst our isle, exalted high,  
Do thou our glory stand,  
And like a wall of guardian fire  
Surround the fav'rite land.]
- 3 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,  
Sound all the earth abroad,  
And distant nations know and love  
Their Saviour and their God ?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Sing loud with solemn voice ;  
While British tongues exalt his praise,  
And British hearts rejoice.
- 5 He, the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,  
That sits enthron'd above,  
Wisely commands the world he made  
In justice and in love.
- 6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,  
And yield a full increase ;  
Our God will crown his chosen isle  
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 7 God the Redeemer scatters round  
His choicest favours here,  
While the creation's utmost bound  
Shall see, adore, and fear.

## PSALM 68. ver. 1---6, 33---35. First Part. (L. M.)

*The Vengeance and Compassion of God.*

- 1 **L**ET God arise in all his might,  
And put the troops of hell to flight,  
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies  
Before the rising tempest flies.
  - 2 [He comes array'd in burning flames ;  
Justice and vengeance are his names ;  
Behold his fainting foes expire  
Like melting wax before the fire.]
  - 3 He rides and thunders through the sky ;  
His name Jehovah sounds on high ;  
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace ;  
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.
  - 4 The widow and the fatherless  
Fly to his aid in sharp distress ,  
In him the poor and helpless find  
A judge that's just, a father kind.
  - 5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,  
And pris'ners see the light again ;  
But rebels that dispute his will  
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.
- PAUSE.
- 6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong ;  
Crown him, ye nations, in your song ;  
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse ;  
His honours shall enrich your verse.
  - 7 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms ;  
How terrible is God in arms !  
In Isr'el are his mercies known,  
Isr'el is his peculiar throne.
  - 8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest  
He's your defence, your joy, your rest ;  
When terrors rise, and nations faint,  
God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

## PSALM 68. ver. 17, 18. Second Part. (L. M.)

*Christ's Ascension, and the Gift of the Spirit.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,  
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky ;  
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,  
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear  
More glorious when the Lord was there ;  
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,  
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,  
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,  
That thousand souls had captive made,  
Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,  
He sent the promis'd Spirit down  
With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
That God might dwell on earth again.

## PSALM 68. ver. 19---22. Third Part. (L. M.)

*Praise for temporal Blessings.*

- 1 **W**E bless the Lord, the just, the good,  
Who fills our hearts with joy and food,  
Who pours his blessings from the skies,  
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,  
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground ;  
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,  
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,  
And all our near escapes from death ;  
Safety and health to God belong ;  
He heals the weak and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove  
The common blessings of his love ;  
But the wide diff'rence that remains  
Is endless joy, or endless pains.



- 
- 5 The Lord that bruis'd the serpent's head,  
On all the serpent's seed shall tread ;  
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,  
And smite him with a lasting wound.
- 6 But his right hand his saints shall raise  
From the deep earth, or deeper seas ;  
And bring them to his courts above,  
There they shall taste his special love.

## PSALM 69. ver. I---14. First Part. (C. M.)

*The Sufferings of Christ for our Salvation.*

- 1 “ **S**AVE me, O God, the swelling floods  
“ Break in upon my soul ;  
“ I sink, and sorrows o'er my head  
“ Like mighty waters roll.
- 2 “ I cry till all my voice be gone,  
“ In tears I waste the day ;  
“ My God, behold my longing eyes,  
“ And shorten thy delay.
- 3 “ They hate my soul without a cause,  
“ And still their number grows  
“ More than the hairs around my head,  
“ And mighty are my foes.
- 4 “ 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt  
“ That men could never pay,  
“ And gave those honours to thy law  
“ Which sinners took away.”
- 5 Thus, in the great Messiah's name,  
The royal prophet mourns ;  
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,  
And gives us joy by turns.
- 6 “ Now shall the saints rejoice and find  
“ Salvation in my name,  
“ For I have borne their heavy load  
“ Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

- 
- 7 " Grief, like a garment, cloth'd me round,  
 " And sackcloth was my dress,  
 " While I procur'd for naked souls  
 " A robe of righteousness.
- 8 " Amongst my brethren and the Jews  
 " I like a stranger stood,  
 " And bore their vile reproach, to bring  
 " The Gentiles near to God.
- 9 " I came in sinful mortals' stead,  
 " To do my Father's will ;  
 " Yet, when I cleans'd my Father's house,  
 " They scandaliz'd my zeal.
- 10 " My fasting and my holy groans  
 " Were made the drunkard's song ;  
 " But God, from his celestial throne,  
 " Heard my complaining tongue.
- 11 " He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,  
 " Nor let my soul be drown'd ;  
 " He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet  
 " On well-establish'd ground.
- 12 " 'Twas in a most accepted hour  
 " My pray'r arose on high,  
 " And for his sake my God shall hear  
 " The dying sinner's cry."

PS. 69. ver. 14---21, 26, 29, 32. Second Pt. (c.m.)

*The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.*

- I **N**OW let our lips with holy fear,  
 And mournful pleasure, sing  
 The suff'rings of our great High Priest  
 The sorrows of our King.
- 2 He sinks in floods of deep distress ;  
 How high the waters rise !  
 While to his heav'nly Father's ear  
 He sends perpetual cries.

- 
- 3 " Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,  
    " Nor hide thy shining face ;  
    " Why should thy fav'rite look like one  
    " Forsaken of thy grace ?
- 4 " With rage they persecute the man  
    " That groans beneath thy wound ;  
    " While, for a sacrifice, I pour  
    " My life upon the ground.
- 5 " They tread my honour to the dust,  
    " And laugh when I complain ;  
    " Their sharp insulting slanders add  
    " Fresh anguish to my pain.
- 6 " All my reproach is known to thee,  
    " The scandal and the shame ;  
    " Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,  
    " And lies defil'd my name.
- 7 " I look'd for pity, but in vain ;  
    " My kindred are my grief ;  
    " I ask my friends for comfort round,  
    " But meet with no relief.
- 8 " With vinegar they mock my thirst ;  
    " They give me gall for food ;  
    " And, sporting with my dying groans,  
    " They triumph in my blood.
- 9 " Shine into my distressed soul,  
    " Let thy compassions save ;  
    " And, though my flesh sink down to death,  
    " Redeem it from the grave.
- 10 " I shall arise to praise thy name,  
    " Shall reign in worlds unknown ;  
    " And thy salvation, O my God,  
    " Shall seat me on thy throne "

## PSALM 69. Third Part. (C. M.)

*God glorified, and Sinners saved.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace,  
I bless my Saviour's name,  
He bought salvation for the poor,  
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,  
His duty and his zeal  
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,  
And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs,  
Shall better please my God,  
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,  
Than goats' or bullocks' blood.
- 4 This shall his humble foll'wers see,  
And set their hearts at rest ;  
They by his death draw near to thee,  
And live for ever blest.
- 5 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,  
To God their voices raise,  
While lands and seas assist the sky,  
And join t' advance the praise.
- 6 Zion is thine, most holy God ;  
Thy Son shall bless her gates ;  
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,  
For thy own Isr'el waits.

## PSALM 69. First Part. (L. M.)

*Christ's Passion, and Sinners' Salvation.*

- 1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record  
The deeper sorrows of our Lord ;  
Behold the rising billows roll  
To overwhelm his holy soul.

- 
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,  
While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,  
And all the sons of malice join  
To execute their curs'd design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love  
Has made the curse a blessing prove ;  
Those dreadful suffrings of thy Son  
Aton'd for sins which we had done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord  
The honours of thy law restor'd ;  
His sorrows made thy justice known,  
And paid for follies not his own.
- 6 O for his sake our guilt forgive,  
And let the mourning sinner live ;  
The Lord will hear us in his name,  
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

## PSALM 69. ver. 7, &amp;c. Second Part. (L. M.)

*Christ's Sufferings and Zeal.*

- 1 **T**WAS for my sake, eternal God,  
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load  
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,  
And shame defil'd his sacred face.
- 2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,  
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin ;  
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,  
They hate him, but without a cause.
- 3 " [My Father's house," said he, " was made  
" A place for worship, not for trade ;"  
Then scatt'ring all their gold and brass,  
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]
- 4 [Zeal for the temple of his God  
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood ;  
Reproaches at thy glory thrown  
He felt and mourn'd them as his own.]

- 5 [His friends forsook, his foll'wers fled,  
While foes and arms surround his head ;  
They curse him with a sland'rous tongue,  
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]
- 9 His life thy load with hateful lies,  
And charge his lips with blasphemies ;  
They nail him to the shameful tree ;  
There hung the man that died for me.
- 7 [Wretches with hearts as hard as stones  
Insult his piety and groans ;  
Gall was the food they gave him there,  
And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.]
- 8 But God beheld ; and from his throne  
Marks out the men that hate his Son ;  
The hand that rais'd him from the dead,  
Shall pour due vengeance on their head.

PSALM 71. ver. 5---9. First Part. (C. M.)

*The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.*

- 1 **M**Y God my everlasting hope,  
I live upon thy truth ;  
Thine hands have held my childhood up,  
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r,  
With all these limbs of mine ;  
And from my mother's painful hour  
I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen,  
Repeated ev'ry year ;  
Behold my days that yet remain,  
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,  
When hoary hairs arise ;  
And round me let thy glories shine,  
Whene'er thy servant dies.

- 5 Then in the hist'ry of my age,  
When men review my days,  
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,  
In ev'ry line thy paise.

PS. 71. ver. 14---16, 22---24. Second Part. (c. m.)

*Christ our Strength and Righteousness.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace ?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
Thy goodness I adore ;  
And since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road,  
And march with courage in thy strength,  
To see my Father God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress  
For some surprising sin,  
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The vict'ries of my King !  
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim  
My Saviour and my God ;  
His death has brought my foes to shame,  
And drown'd them in his blood.
- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs ;  
With this delightful song  
I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the seasons long.]

## PSALM 71. ver. 17---21. Third Part. (C. M.)

*The aged Christian's Prayer and Song.*

- 1 **G**OD of my childhood and my youth,  
The guide of all my days,  
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,  
And told thy wondrous ways.
- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,  
And leave my fainting heart?  
Who shall sustain my sinking years,  
If God my strength depart?
- 3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim  
To the surviving age,  
And leave a savour of thy name  
When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death  
Attends my next remove;  
O may these poor remains of breath  
Teach the wide world thy love!

PAUSE.

- 5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,  
Unsearchable thy deeds;  
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,  
And all my praise exceeds.
- 6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,  
And oft endur'd the grief;  
But when thy hand has press'd me sore,  
Thy grace was my relief.
- 7 By long experience have I known  
Thy sov'reign pow'r to save;  
At thy command I venture down  
Securely to the grave.



- 8 When I lie buried deep in dust,  
My flesh shall be thy care ;  
These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,  
To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM 72. First Part. (L. M.)  
*The Kingdom of Christ.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey,  
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,  
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,  
All heav'n submits to his commands ;  
His justice shall avenge the poor,  
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,  
And treads th' oppressor in the dust ;  
His worship and his fear shall last  
'Till hours and years, and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So shall he send his influence down ;  
His grace on fainting souls distils  
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands that lie beneath  
The shades of overspreading death,  
Revive at his first dawning light,  
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,  
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise ;  
Peace like a river from his throne  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM 72. Second Part. (L. M.)  
*Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.*

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 [Behold the islands with their kings,  
And Europe her best tribute brings ;  
From north to south the princes meet  
To pay their homage at his feet.
- 3 There Persia, glorious to behold,  
There India shines in eastern gold ;  
And barb'rous nations at his word  
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.
- 4 For him shall endless pray'r be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head ;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 5 People and realms of ev'ry tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
- 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,  
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all their sons of want are blest.
- 7 [Where he displays his healing pow'r,  
Death and the curse are known no more ;  
In him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
- 8 Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the long *Amen*.]

## PSALM 73. First Part. (C. M.)

*Saints happy, and Sinners cursed.*

- 1 **N**OW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind  
To men of heart sincere ;  
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,  
And border'd on despair.

- 
- 2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,  
And spoke with angry breath,  
"How pleasant and profane they live!  
"How peaceful is their death!
- 3 "With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes  
"They lay their fears to sleep;  
"Against the heav'ns their slanders rise,  
"While saints in silence weep;
- 4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,  
"And cleanse my heart in vain,  
"For I am chasten'd all the day,  
"The night renews my pain."
- 5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,  
I felt my heart reprove!  
"Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,  
"And grieve the men I love."
- 6 But still I found my doubts too hard,  
The conflict too severe,  
Till I retir'd to search thy word,  
And learn thy secrets there.
- 7 There, as in some prophetic glass,  
I saw the sinner's feet  
High-mounted on a slipp'ry place  
Beside a fi'ry pit.
- 8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,  
Till at thy frown he fell;  
His honours in a dream were lost,  
And he awakes in hell.
- 9 Lord, what an envious fool I was,  
How like a thoughtless beast!  
Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,  
And think the wicked bless'd.

- 10 Yet I was kept from full despair,  
 Upheld by pow'r unknown :  
 That blessed hand that broke the snare,  
 Shall guide me to thy throne.

PSA LM 73. ver. 23---28. Second Part. (C. M.)

*God our Portion here and hereafter.*

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter and my hope,  
 My help for ever near ;  
 Thine arm of mercy held me up  
 When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
 Through this dark wilderness ;  
 Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
 To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,  
 'Twould be no joy to me ;  
 And whilst this earth is my abode,  
 I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
 And flesh and heart should faint,  
 God is my soul's eternal rock,  
 The strength of ev'ry saint.
- 5 Behold the sinners that remove  
 Far from thy presence die ;  
 Not all the idol-gods they love  
 Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,  
 Shall be my sweet employ ;  
 My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
 And tell the world my joy.

PSALM 73. ver. 22, 3, 6, 17---20. (L. M.)

*Prosperity of Sinners cursed.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,  
 To mourn, and murmur, and repine,  
 To see the wicked plac'd on high,  
 In pride and robes of honour shine !

- 2 But O their end, their dreadful end !  
Thy sanctuary taught me so ;  
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,  
And fi'ry billows roll below.
- 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,  
I'll never envy them again ;  
There they may stand with haughty eyes,  
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
- 4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee !  
Just like a dream when man awakes ;  
Their songs of softest harmony  
Are but a preface to their plagues.
- 5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine  
Too dear to purchase with my blood ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,  
My life, my portion, and my God.

## PSALM 73. (S. M.)

*The Mystery of Providence unfolded.*

- 1 **S**URE there's a righteous God,  
Nor is religion vain,  
Though men of vice may boast aloud,  
And men of grace complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,  
And felt my heart repine,  
While haughty fools with scornful eyes  
In robes of honour shine.
- 3 Pamper'd with wanton ease  
Their flesh looks full and fair,  
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,  
And grows without their care.
- 4 Free from the plagues and pains  
That pious souls endure,  
Through all their life oppression reigns,  
And racks the humble poor.

- 5    Their impious tongues blaspheme  
      The everlasting God ;  
      Their malice blasts the good man's name,  
      And spreads their lies abroad.
- 6    But I with flowing tears  
      Indulg'd my doubts to rise ;  
      " Is there a God that sees or hears  
      " The things below the skies ?"
- 7    The tumults of my thought  
      Held me in dark suspense,  
      Till, to thy house my feet were brought,  
      To learn thy justice thence.
- 8    Thy word with light and pow'r  
      Did my mistakes amend ;  
      I view'd the sinner's life before,  
      But here I learn'd their end,
- 9    On what a slipp'ry steep  
      The thoughtless wretches go !  
      And O that dreadful fi'ry deep  
      That waits their fall below !
- 10   Lord, at thy feet I bow,  
      My thoughts no more repine ;  
      I call my God my portion now,  
      And all my pow'rs are thine.

## PSALM 74. (C. M.)

*The Church pleading with God under sore Persecution.*

- 1    **W**ILL God for ever cast us off?  
      His wrath for ever smoke  
      Against the people of his love,  
      His little chosen flock ?
- 2    Think of the tribes so dearly bought  
      With their Redeemer's blood ;  
      Nor let thy Sion be forgot,  
      Where once thy glory stood.

- 
- 3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste,  
Aloud our ruin calls ;  
See what a wide and fearful waste  
Is made within thy walls.
- 4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang,  
Thy foes profanely roar ;  
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,  
Sad tokens of their pow'r.
- 5 How are the seats of worship broke !  
They tear the buildings down ;  
And he that deals the heaviest stroke  
Procures the chief renown.
- 6 With flames they threaten to destroy  
Thy children in their nests ;  
"Come, let us burn at once," they cry,  
"The temple and the priest."
- 7 And still to heighten our distress  
Thy presence is withdrawn ;  
Thy wonted signs of pow'r and grace,  
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.
- 8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,  
But all the seers mourn ;  
There's not a soul amongst us knows  
The time of thy return.

## PAUSE.

- 9 How long, eternal God, how long  
Shall men of pride blaspheme ?  
Shall saints be made their endless song,  
And bear immortal shame ?
- 10 Canst thou for ever sit and hear  
Thine holy name profan'd ?  
And still thy jealousy forbear,  
And still withhold thine hand ?

- 
- 11 What strange deliv'rance hast thou shown  
 In ages long before!  
 And now no other God we own,  
 No other God adore.
- 12 Thou didst divide the raging sea  
 By thy resistless might,  
 To make thy tribes a wondrous way,  
 And then secure their flight.
- 13 Is not the world of nature thine,  
 The darkness and the day?  
 Didst not thou bid the morning shine,  
 And mark the sun his way?
- 14 Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,  
 And set the earth its bounds,  
 With summer's heat, and winter's frost,  
 In their perpetual rounds?
- 15 And shall the sons of earth and dust  
 That sacred pow'r blaspheme?  
 Will not thy hand that form'd them first  
 Avenge thine injur'd name?
- 16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,  
 And all thy words of love;  
 Nor let the birds of prey invade  
 And vex thy mourning dove.
- 7 Our foes would triumph in our blood,  
 And make our hope their jest;  
 Plead thy own cause, Almighty God,  
 And give thy children rest.

## PSALM 75. (L. M.)

*Power and Government from God alone.*

Applied to the glorious Revolution by King William; or, the happy  
 Accession of King George to the throne.

- 1 **T**O thee, most Holy and most High,  
 To thee we bring our thankful praise;  
 Thy works declare thy Name is nigh,  
 Thy works of wonder and of grace.



- 2 Britain was doom'd to be a slave,  
Her frame dissolv'd, her fears were great ;  
When God a new supporter gave  
To bear the pillars of the state.
- 3 He from thy hand receiv'd his crown,  
And swore to rule by wholesome laws ;  
His foot shall tread th' oppressor down,  
His arm defend the righteous cause.
- 4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride,  
Nor lift so high their scornful head ;  
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,  
And own the king that God hath made.
- 5 Such honours never come by chance,  
Nor do the winds promotion blow ;  
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,  
'Tis God that lays another low.
- 6 No vain pretence to royal birth  
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne ;  
God the great Sov'reign of the earth  
Will rise, and make his justice known.
- 7 [His hand holds out the dreadful cup  
Of vengeance mix'd with various plagues,  
To make the wicked drink them up,  
Wring out and taste the bitter dregs.
- 8 Now shall the Lord exalt the just,  
And, while he tramples on the proud,  
And lays their glory in the dust,  
My lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

## PSALM 76. (C. M.)

*Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed.*

- 1 **I**N Judah God of old was known ;  
His name in Isr'el great ;  
In Salem stood his holy throne,  
And Zion was his seat.

- 2 Among the praises of his saints  
His dwelling there he chose ;  
There he receiv'd their just complaints  
Against their haughty foes.
- 3 From Sion went his dreadful word,  
And broke the threat'ning spear,  
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,  
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.
- 4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else,  
But mighty hills of prey ?  
The hill on which Jehovah dwells  
Is glorious more than they.
- 5 'Twas Sion's king that stopp'd the breath  
Of captains and their bands ;  
The men of might slept fast in death,  
And never found their hands.
- 6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,  
Both horse and chariot fell ;  
Who knows the terrors of thy rod ?  
Thy vengeance who can tell ?
- 7 What pow'r can stand before thy sight,  
When once thy wrath appears ?  
When heav'n shines round with dreadful light,  
The earth lies still and fears.
- 8 When God in his own sov'reign ways  
Comes down to save th' oppress'd,  
The wrath of man shall work his praise,  
And he'll restrain the rest.
- 9 [Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring,  
Ye princes, fear his frown ;  
His terrors shake the proudest king  
And cut an army down.

- 10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke  
Our haughty foes shall feel ;  
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,  
But dwells in Zion still.]

## PSALM 77. First Part. (c. m.)

*Melancholy assaulting, and Hope prevailing.*

- 1 **T**O God I cry'd with mournful voice,  
I sought his gracious ear,  
In the sad day when troubles rose,  
And fill'd the night with fear.
- 2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,  
My soul refus'd relief ;  
I thought on God, the just and wise,  
But thoughts increas'd my grief.
- 3 Still I complain'd, and still oppress'd,  
My heart began to break ;  
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,  
And kept my eyes awake.
- 4 My overwhelming sorrows grew  
Till I could speak no more ;  
Then I within myself withdrew,  
And call'd thy judgments o'er.
- 5 I call'd back years and ancient times  
When I beheld thy face ;  
My spirit search'd for secret crimes  
That might withhold thy grace.
- 6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,  
Which I enjoy'd before ;  
And will the Lord no more be kind ?  
His face appear no more ?
- 7 Will he for ever cast me off ?  
His promise ever fail ?  
Has he forgot his tender love ?  
Shall anger still prevail ?

- 8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,  
This dark despairing frame,  
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought,  
Thy hand is still the same.
- 9 I'll think again of all thy ways,  
And talk thy wonders o'er ;  
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,  
When flesh could help no more.
- 10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne ;  
And men that love thy word  
Have in thy sanctuary known  
The counsels of the Lord.

PSALM 77. Second Part. (C. M.)

*Comfort derived from ancient Providences.*

- 1 “ **H**OW awful is thy chast'ning rod !”  
(May thine own children say)  
“ The great, the wise, the dreadful God !  
“ How holy is his way !”
- 2 I'll meditate his works of old ;  
The King that reigns above ;  
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,  
And learn to trust his love.
- 3 Long did the house of Joseph lie  
With Egypt's yoke opprest ;  
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,  
Nor gave his people rest.
- 4 The sons of good old Jacob seem'd  
Abandon'd to their foes ;  
But his almighty arm redeem'd  
The nation that he chose.
- 5 Is'el, his people and his sheep,  
Must follow where he calls ;  
He bid them venture through the deep,  
And made the waves their walls.

- 6 The waters saw thee, mighty God ;  
The waters saw thee come ;  
Backward they fled, and frightened stood,  
To make thine armies room.
- 7 Strange was thy journey through the sea,  
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown ;  
Terrors attend the wond'rous way  
That brings thy mercies down.
- 8 [Thy voice with terror in the sound  
Through clouds and darkness broke :  
All heav'n in lightning shone around,  
And earth with thunder shook.
- 9 Thine arrows through the skies were hurl'd ;  
How glorious is the Lord !  
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world ;  
And his own saints ador'd.
- 10 He gave them water from the rock ;  
And safe by Moses' hand  
Through a dry desert led his flock  
Home to the promis'd land.]

## PSALM 78. First Part. (c. m.)

*Providences of God recorded.*

- 1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds  
Which God perform'd of old,  
Which in our younger years we saw,  
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known,  
His works of pow'r and grace ;  
And we'll convey his wonders down  
Through ev'ry rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
And they again to theirs,  
That generations yet unborn  
May teach them to their heirs.

- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone  
Their hope securely stands,  
That they may ne'er forget his works,  
But practise his commands.

PSALM 78. Second Part. (C. M.)

*Israel's Rebellion and Punishment.*

- 1 **O** WHAT a stiff rebellious house  
Was Jacob's ancient race!  
False to their own most solemn vows,  
And to their Maker's grace.
- 2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,  
And did his law despise,  
Forgot the works he wrought to prove  
His pow'r before their eyes.
- 3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light  
From his avenging hand;  
What dreadful tokens of his might  
Spread o'er that stubborn land!
- 4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,  
And march in safety through,  
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,  
Till they had 'scap'd the foe.
- 5 A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,  
Compos'd of shade and light;  
By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,  
A leading fire by night.
- 6 He from the rock their thirst supply'd;  
'The gushing waters fell,  
And ran in rivers by their side,  
A constant miracle.
- 7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,  
And dar'd distrust his hand;  
"Can he with bread our host supply  
"Amidst this desert land?"



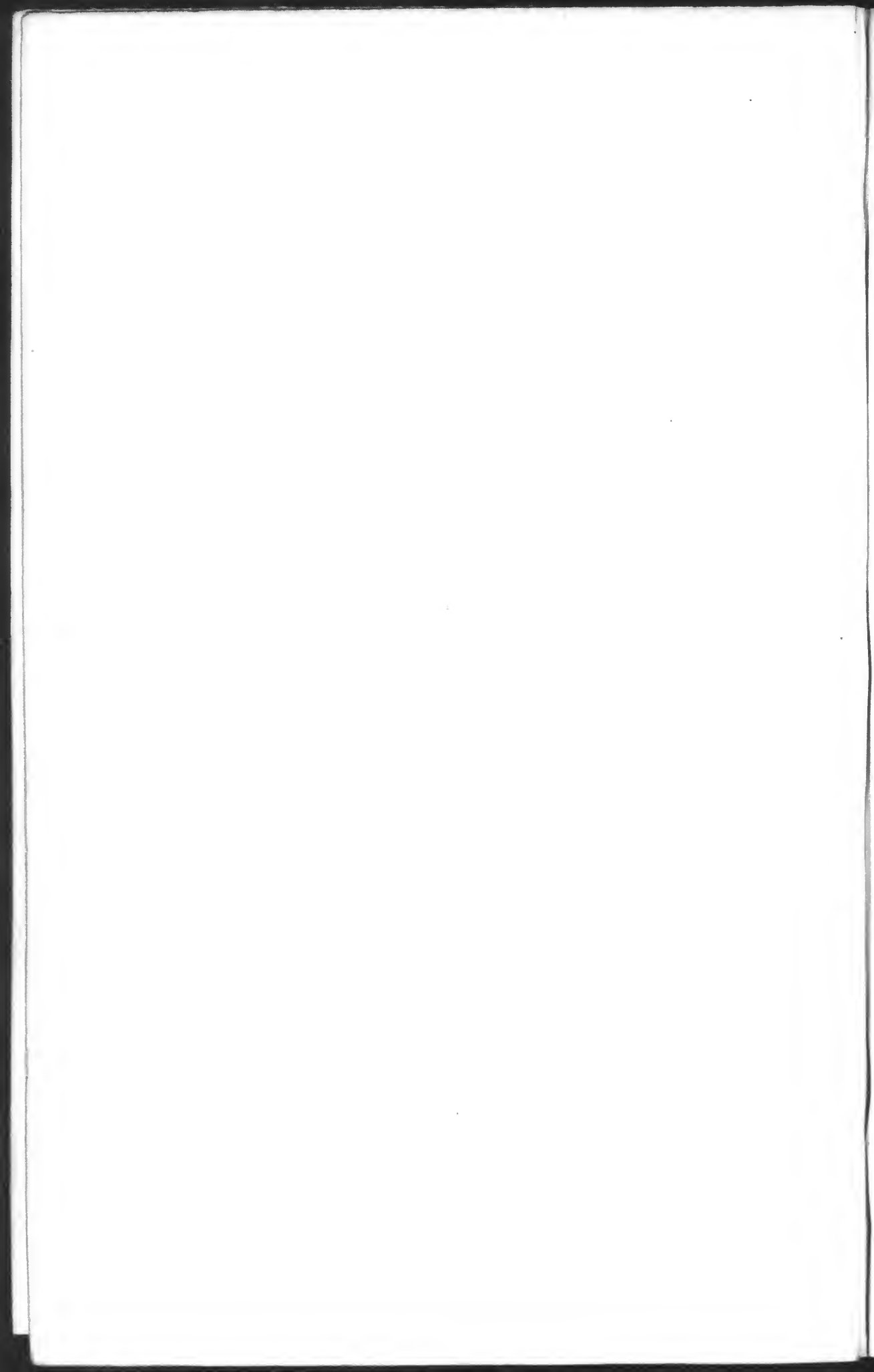
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EX XIV XXVIII

W.H. POWIS. Sc.

PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

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- 8 The Lord with indignation heard,  
And caus'd his wrath to flame ;  
His terrors ever stand prepar'd  
To vindicate his name.

## PSALM 78. Third Part. (C. M.)

*Punishment of Luxury and Intemperance.*

- 1 **W**HEN Isr'el sins, the Lord reproves,  
And fills their hearts with dread ;  
Yet he forgives the men he loves,  
And sends them heav'nly bread.
- 2 He fed them with a lib'ral hand,  
And made his treasures known ;  
He gave the midnight clouds command  
To pour provisions down.
- 3 The manna, like a morning show'r,  
Lay thick around their feet ;  
The corn of heav'n so light, so pure,  
As though 'twere angels' meat.
- 4 But they in murm'ring language said  
" Manna is all our feast ;  
" We lothe this light, this airy bread ;  
" We must have flesh to taste."
- 5 " Ye shall have flesh to please your lust :"  
The Lord in wrath reply'd ;  
And sent them quails like sand or dust,  
Heap'd up from side to side.
- 6 He gave them all their own desire ;  
And greedy as they fed,  
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,  
And smote the rebels dead.
- 7 When some were slain, the rest return'd,  
And sought the Lord with tears ;  
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,  
But soon forgot their fears.

- 8 Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,  
 Till by his gracious hand  
 The nation he resolv'd to save,  
 Possess'd the promis'd land.

PSALM 78. ver. 32, &c. (L. M.)

*Backsliding and Forgiveness.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, how oft did Isr'el prove  
 By turns thine anger and thy love !  
 There in a glass our hearts may see  
 How fickle and how false they be.
- 2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot  
 The dreadful wonders God had wrought !  
 Then they provoke him to his face,  
 Nor fear his pow'r, nor trust his grace.
- 3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,  
 And made their travels long and vain ;  
 A tedious march through unknown ways.  
 Wore out their strength, and spent their days.
- 4 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,  
 They mourn'd, and sought the Lord again ;  
 Call'd him the rock of their abode,  
 Their high Redeemer and their God.
- 5 Their pray'rs and vows before him rise  
 As flatt'ring words or solemn lies,  
 While their rebellious tempers prove  
 False to his cov'nant and his love.
- 6 Yet did his sov'reign grace forgive  
 The men who not deserv'd to live ;  
 His anger oft away he turn'd,  
 Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.
- 7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,  
 He saw temptation still prevail ;  
 The God of Abra'm lov'd them still,  
 And led them to his holy hill.

## PSALM 80. (L. M.)

*The Church's Prayer under Affliction.*

- 1 **G**REAT Shepherd of thine Israel,  
Who dost between the cherubs dwell,  
And ledst the tribes, thy chosen sheep,  
Safe through the desert and the deep;
- 2 Thy church is in the desert now,  
Shine from on high and guide us through ;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.
- 3 Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,  
How long shall we lament and pray,  
And wait in vain thy kind return ?  
How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?
- 4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,  
Thy saints with their own tears are fed ;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

## PAUSE THE FIRST.

- 5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands  
A lovely vine in heathen lands ?  
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,  
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground ?
- 6 How did the spreading branches shoot,  
And bless the nations with their fruit !  
But now, dear Lord, look down and see  
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.
- 7 Why is its beauty thus defac'd ?  
Why hast thou laid her fences waste ?  
Strangers and foes against her join,  
And ev'ry beast devours thy vine.
- 8 Return, Almighty God, return ;  
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn ;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

## PAUSE THE SECOND.

- 9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,  
Thou wert its strength and glory too ;  
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,  
Till the fair branch of promise rose.
- 10 Fair branch! ordain'd of old to shoot  
From David's stock, from Jacob's root!  
Himself a noble vine, and we  
The lesser branches of the tree.
- 11 'Tis thy own Son ; and he shall stand  
Girt with thy strength at thy right hand ;  
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest  
With pow'r and grace above the rest.
- 12 O! for his sake attend our cry,  
Shine on thy churches lest they die ;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

## PSALM 81. ver. 1, 8---16. (S. M.)

*The Warnings of God to his People.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord aloud,  
And make a cheerful noise ;  
God is our strength, our Saviour God ;  
Let Isr'el hear his voice.
- 2 " From vile idolatry  
" Preserve my worship clean ;  
" I am the Lord who set thee free  
" From slavery and sin.
- 3 " Stretch thy desires abroad,  
" And I'll supply them well ;  
" But if you will refuse your God,  
" If Isr'el will rebel ;
- 4 " I'll leave them," saith the Lord,  
" To their own lusts a prey,  
" And let them run the dang'rous road ;  
" 'Tis their own chosen way.

- 5 " Yet, O! that all my saints  
 " Would hearken to my voice!  
 " Soon I would ease their sore complaints,  
 " And bid their hearts rejoice.
- 6 " While I destroy'd their foes,  
 " I'd richly feed my flock,  
 " And they should taste the stream that flows,  
 " From their eternal rock."

PSALM 82. (L. M.)

*God the Supreme Governor.*

- 1 **A**MONG th' assemblies of the great,  
 A greater ruler takes his seat;  
 The God of heav'n, as Judge, surveys  
 Those gods on earth and all their ways.
- 2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws?  
 Or why support th' unrighteous cause?  
 When will ye once defend the poor,  
 That sinners vex the saints no more?
- 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know,  
 Dark are the ways in which they go;  
 Their name of earthly gods is vain,  
 For they shall fall and die like men.
- 4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son  
 Possess his universal throne,  
 And rule the nations with his rod;  
 He is our Judge, and he our God.

PSALM 83. (S. M.)

*A Complaint against Persecutors.*

- 1 **A**ND will the God of grace  
 Perpetual silence keep?  
 The God of justice hold his peace,  
 And let his vengeance sleep?
- 2 Behold what cursed snares  
 The men of mischief spread;  
 The men that hate thy saints and thee  
 Lift up their threat'ning head.

- 
- 3    Against thy hidden ones  
       Their counsels they employ ;  
 And malice with her watchful eye,  
       Pursues them to destroy.
- 4    The noble and the base  
       Into thy pastures leap ;  
 The lion and the stupid ass  
       Conspire to vex thy sheep.
- 5    “ Come, let us join,” they cry,  
       “ To root them from the ground,  
 “ Till not the name of saints remain,  
       “ Nor mem’ry shall be found.”
- 6    Awake, Almighty God,  
       And call thy wrath to mind ;  
 Give them like forests to the fire,  
       Or stubble to the wind.
- 7    Convince their madness, Lord,  
       And make them seek thy name ;  
 Or else their stubborn rage confound,  
       That they may die in shame.
- 8    Then shall the nations know  
       That glorious dreadful word,  
 Jehovah is thy name alone,  
       And thou the sov’reign Lord.

PSALM 84.    First Part.    (L. M.)

*The Pleasure of public Worship.*

- 1    **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
       O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !  
 With long desire my spirit faints  
 To meet th’ assemblies of thy saints.
- 2    My flesh would rest in thine abode,  
 My panting heart cries out for God ;  
 My God ! my King ! why should I be  
 So far from all my joys and thee ?

- 3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,  
And for her young provides her nest ;  
But will my God to sparrows grant  
That pleasure which his children want ?
- 4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,  
Around thy throne of majesty ;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.
- 5 Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace ;  
There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Sion's gate ;  
God is their strength, and through the road  
They lean upon their helper God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

## PSALM 84. Second Part. (L. M.)

*God and his Church ; or, Grace and Glory.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, attend while Sion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs ;  
To spend one day with thee on earth  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thine house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day ;  
God is our shield, he guards our way  
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without, and foes within.

- 
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too ;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God our King, whose sov'reign sway  
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,  
And devils at thy presence flee,  
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

PSALM 84. ver. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10.

Paraphrased. (C. M.)

*Delight in Ordinances of Worship.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place  
To which thy God resorts !  
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,  
Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great monarch of the skies  
His saving pow'r displays,  
And light breaks in upon our eyes  
With kind and quick'ning rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove  
Descends and fills the place,  
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,  
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare  
The secrets of thy will ;  
And still we seek thy mercy there,  
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

- 5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,  
While far from thine abode ;  
When shall I tread thy courts, and see  
My Saviour and my God ?



- 6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,  
And suffers no remove ;  
O make me, like the sparrows, blest,  
To dwell but where I love.
- 7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,  
And hear thy gracious voice,  
Exceeds a whole eternity  
Employ'd in carnal joys.
- 8 Lord at thy threshold I would wait,  
While Jesus is within,  
Rather than fill a throne of state,  
Or live in tents of sin.
- 9 Could I command the spacious land,  
And the more boundless sea,  
For one blest hour at thy right hand  
I'd give them both away.

## PSALM 84. As the 148th Psalm.

*Longing for the House of God.*

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
Thy dwellings of thy love,  
Thy earthly temples are !  
To thine abode  
My heart aspires,  
With warm desires  
To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow, for her young,  
With pleasure seeks a nest ;  
And wand'ring swallows long  
To find their wonted rest ;  
My spirit faints,  
With equal zeal,  
To rise and dwell  
Among thy saints.

- 3 O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise thee still;  
And happy they  
That love the way  
To Sion's hill.
- 4 They go from strength to strength,  
Through this dark vale of tears;  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heav'n appears;  
O glorious seat,  
When God our King  
Shall thither bring  
Our willing feet!

## PAUSE.

- 5 To spend one sacred day,  
Where God and saints abide,  
Affords diviner joy  
Than thousand days beside;  
Where God resorts,  
I love it more  
To keep the door  
Than shine in courts.
- 6 God his our sun and shield,  
Our light and our defence;  
With gifts his hands are fill'd,  
We draw our blessings thence;  
He shall bestow  
On Jacob's race  
Peculiar grace  
And glory too.

- 7 The Lord his people loves ;  
 His hand no good withholds  
 From those his heart approves,  
 From pure and pious souls ;  
 Thrice happy he,  
 O God of hosts,  
 Whose spirit trusts  
 Alone on thee.

PSALM 85. ver. 1---8. First Part. (L. M.)

*Waiting for an Answer to Prayer ; or, Deliverance begun and completed.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,  
 Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom ;  
 So God forgave when Isr'el sinn'd,  
 And brought his wand'ring captives home.
- 2 Thou hast begun to set us free,  
 And made thy fiercest wrath abate ;  
 Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,  
 And thy salvation be complete.
- 3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,  
 And let thy saints in thee rejoice ;  
 Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,  
 We wait for praise to tune our voice.
- 4 We wait to hear what God will say ;  
 He'll speak, and give his people peace ;  
 But let them run no more astray,  
 Lest his returning wrath increase.

PSALM 89. ver. 9, &c. Second Part. (L. M.)

*Salvation by Christ.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION is for ever nigh  
 The souls that fear and trust the Lord ;  
 And grace, descending from on high,  
 Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
 Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n;  
 By his obedience so complete,  
 Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.
- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,  
 Religion dwell on earth again,  
 And heav'nly influence bless the ground  
 In our Redeemer's gentle reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before  
 To give us free access to God;  
 Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,  
 But mark his steps, and keep the road.

PSALM 86. ver. 8---13. (C. M.)

*A general Song of Praise to God.*

- 1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,  
 There's none hath pow'r divine;  
 Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,  
 Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 The nations thou hast made shall bring  
 Their off'rings round thy throne!  
 For thou alone dost wondrous things,  
 For thou art God alone.
- 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;  
 Teach me thine heav'nly ways,  
 And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite  
 In God my Father's praise.
- 4 Great is thy mercy and my tongue  
 Shall those sweet wonders tell,  
 How by thy grace my sinking soul  
 Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM 87. (L. M.)

*The Church the Birth-place of the Saints.*

- 1 **G**OD in his earthly temple lays  
 Foundations for his heav'nly praise:  
 He likes the tents of Jacob well,  
 But still in Zion loves to dwell.

- 
- 2 His mercy visits ev'ry house  
That pay their night and morning vows ;  
But makes a more delightful stay  
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were describ'd of old !  
What wonders are of Zion told !  
Thou city of our God below,  
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,  
Shall there begin their lives anew :  
Angels and men shall join to sing  
The hill where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account  
Of natives in his holy mount,  
'Twill be an honour to appear  
As one new-born or nourish'd there.

## PSALM 89. First Part. (L. M.)

*The Covenant made with Christ.*

- 1 **F**OR ever shall my song record  
The truth and mercy of the Lord ;  
Mercy and truth for ever stand  
Like heav'n establish'd by his hand.
- 2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,  
" With thee my cov'nant first is made ;  
" In thee shall dying sinners live,  
" Glory and grace are thine to give.
- 3 " Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest :  
" Thy children shall be ever bless'd ;  
" Thou art my chosen King ; thy throne  
" Shall stand eternal like my own.
- 4 " There's none of all my sons above  
" So much my image or my love ;  
" Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are,  
" Then what can earth to thee compare ?

5 “ David, my servant, whom I chose  
 “ To guard my flock, to crush my foes,  
 “ And rais’d him to the Jewish throne,  
 “ Was but a shadow of my Son.”

6 Now let the church rejoice, and sing  
 Jesus, her Saviour and her King;  
 Angels his heav’nly wonders show,  
 And saints declare his works below.

PSALM 89. First Part. (C. M.)

*The Faithfulness of God.*

1 **M**Y never-ceasing songs shall show  
 The mercies of the Lord,  
 And make succeeding ages know,  
 How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce,  
 Shall firm as heav’n endure;  
 And if he speak a promise once,  
 ‘Th’ eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held  
 The promis’d Jewish throne!  
 But there’s a nobler cov’nant seal’d  
 To David’s greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess  
 A throne above the skies:  
 The meanest subject of his grace  
 Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways  
 Are sung by saints above;  
 And saints on earth thine honours raise  
 To thy unchanging love.

PSALM 89. ver. 7, &c. Second Part. (C. M.)

*The Power and Majesty of God.*

1 **W**ITH rev’rence let the saints appear,  
 And bow before the Lord,  
 His high commands with rev’rence hear,  
 And tremble at his word.

- 
- 2 How terrible thy glories be!  
 How bright thine armies shine!  
 Where is the pow'r that vies with thee?  
 Or truth compar'd to thine?
- 3 The northern pole and southern rest  
 On thy supporting hand;  
 Darkness and day from east to west  
 Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging winds control,  
 And rule the boist'rous deep;  
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
 The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea are thine,  
 And the dark world of hell:  
 How did thine arm in vengeance shine  
 When Egypt durst rebel!
- 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,  
 Yet wondrous is thy grace,  
 While truth and mercy join'd in one  
 Invite us near thy face.

PSALM 89. ver. 15, &c. Third Part. (c. m.)

*A Blessed Gospel.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls that hear and know  
 The gospel's joyful sound;  
 Peace shall attend the path they go,  
 And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joys shall bear their spirits up  
 Through their Redeemer's name;  
 His righteousness exalts their hope,  
 Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
 Strength and salvation gives;  
 Isr'el thy king for ever reigns,  
 Thy God for ever lives.

## PSALM 89. ver. 19, &amp;c. Fourth Part. (C. M.)

*Christ's Mediatorial Kingdom.*

- 1 **H**EAR what the Lord in vision said,  
 And made his mercy known ;  
 " Sinners, behold your help is laid  
 " On my almighty Son.
- 2 " Behold the man my wisdom chose  
 " Among your mortal race ;  
 " His head my holy oil o'erflows,  
 " The Spirit of my grace.
- 3 " High shall he reign on David's throne  
 " My people's better King ;  
 " My arm shall beat his rivals down,  
 " And still new subjects bring.
- 4 " My truth shall guard him in his way  
 " With mercy by his side,  
 " While in my name through earth and sea  
 " He shall in triumph ride.
- 5 " Me for his Father and his God  
 " He shall for ever own,  
 " Call me his rock, his high abode ;  
 " And I'll support my Son.
- 6 " My first-born Son array'd in grace  
 " At my right-hand shall sit ;  
 " Beneath him angels know their place,  
 " And monarchs at his feet.
- 7 " My cov'nant stands for ever fast,  
 " My promises are strong ;  
 " Firm as the heav'ns his throne shall last,  
 " His seed endure as long."

## PSALM 89. ver. 30, &amp;c. Fifth Part. (C. M.)

*The Covenant of Grace unchangeable.*

- 1 " **Y**ET," saith the Lord, " If David's race,  
 " The children of my Son,  
 " Should break my laws, abuse my grace,  
 " And tempt mine anger down ;



- 
- 2 “ Their sins I’ll visit with the rod,  
 “ And make their folly smart ;  
 “ But I’ll not cease to be their God,  
 “ Nor from my truth depart.
- 3 “ My cov’nant I will ne’er revoke,  
 “ But keep my grace in mind ;  
 “ And what eternal love hath spoke,  
 “ Eternal truth shall bind.
- 4 “ Once have I sworn, (I need no more)  
 “ And pledg’d my holiness  
 “ To seal the sacred promise sure  
 “ To David and his race.
- 5 “ The sun shall see his offspring rise  
 “ And spread from sea to sea,  
 “ Long as he travels round the skies  
 “ To give the nations day.
- 6 “ Sure as the moon that rules the night  
 “ His kingdom shall endure,  
 “ Till the fix’d laws of shade and light  
 “ Shall be observ’d no more.”

PSALM 89. ver. 47, &c. Sixth Part. (L. M.)

*Mortality and Hope. A Funeral Psalm.*

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,  
 How frail our life ! how short the date !  
 Where is the man that draws his breath  
 Safe from disease, secure from death ?
- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,  
 Our flesh and sense repine and cry,  
 “ Must death for ever rage and reign ?  
 “ Or hast thou made mankind in vain ?
- 3 Where is thy promise to the just ?  
 Are not thy servants turn’d to dust ?  
 But faith forbids these mournful sighs,  
 And sees the sleeping dust arise.

- 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,  
Wipes the reproach of saints away,  
And clears the honours of thy word;  
Awake our souls, and bless the Lord.

PSALM 89. ver. 47, &c. Last Part.

As the 113th Psalm.

*Life, Death, and the Resurrection.*

- 1 **T**HINK, mighty God, on feeble man,  
How few his hours how short his span!  
Short from the cradle to the grave;  
Who can secure his vital breath  
Against the bold demands of death,  
With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?
- 2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,  
"The race of man was only made  
"For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"  
Are not thy servants day by day  
Sent to their graves and turn'd to clay?  
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?
- 3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son  
And all his seed a heav'nly crown?  
But flesh and sense indulge despair;  
For ever blessed be the Lord,  
That faith can read his holy word,  
And find a resurrection there.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,  
Who gives his saints a long reward,  
For all their toil, reproach, and pain;  
Let all below and all above  
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,  
And each repeat their loud Amen.

PSALM 90. (L M.)

*A mournful Song at a Funeral.*

- 1 **T**HROUGH ev'ry age, eternal God,  
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;  
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,  
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

- 
- 2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,  
Or dust was fashion'd to a man ;  
And long thy kingdom shall endure  
When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,  
Made up of guilt and vanity ;  
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,  
" Return, ye sinners, to your dust."
- 4 [A thousand of our years amount  
Scarce to a day in thine account ;  
Like yesterday's departing light,  
Or the last watch of ending night.

## PAUSE.

- 5 Death, like an overflowing stream,  
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;  
An empty tale ; a morning flow'r,  
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.]
- 6 [Our age to seventy years is set ;  
How short the term ! how frail the state !  
And if to eighty we arrive,  
We rather sigh and groan than live.
- 7 But O, how oft thy wrath appears,  
And cuts off our expected years !  
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread ;  
We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.]
- 8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man ;  
And kindly lengthen out our span,  
Till a wise care of piety  
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

## PSALM 90. ver. 1---5. First Part. (C. M.)

*Man frail, and God eternal.*

- 1 **O**UR God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure :  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,  
"Return, ye sons of men ;"  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an ev'ning gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.
- 6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood  
With all their lives and cares,  
Are carried downwards by the flood,  
And lost in foll'wing years.
- 7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the op'ning day.
- 8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand  
Pleas'd with the morning light ;  
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand  
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.]
- 9 Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

## PSALM 90. ver. 8---12. Second Part. (C. M.)

*Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin.*

- 1 **L**ORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,  
And justice grow severe,  
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,  
And burns beyond our fear.
- 2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust ;  
By one offence to thee  
Adam with all his sons have lost  
Their immortality.
- 3 Life, like a vain amusement, flies,  
A fable or a song ;  
By swift degrees our nature dies,  
Nor can our joys be long.
- 4 'Tis but a few whose days amount  
To threescore years and ten ;  
And all beyond that short account  
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.
- 5 [Our vitals with laborious strife  
Bear up the crazy load,  
And drag these poor remains of life  
Along the tiresome road.]
- 6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,  
And not thy wrath alone ;  
O let our sweet experience prove  
The mercies of thy throne !
- 7 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art  
T' improve the hours we have,  
That we may act the wiser part,  
And live beyond the grave.

## PSALM 90. ver. 13, &amp;c. Third Part. (C. M.)

*Breathing after Heaven.*

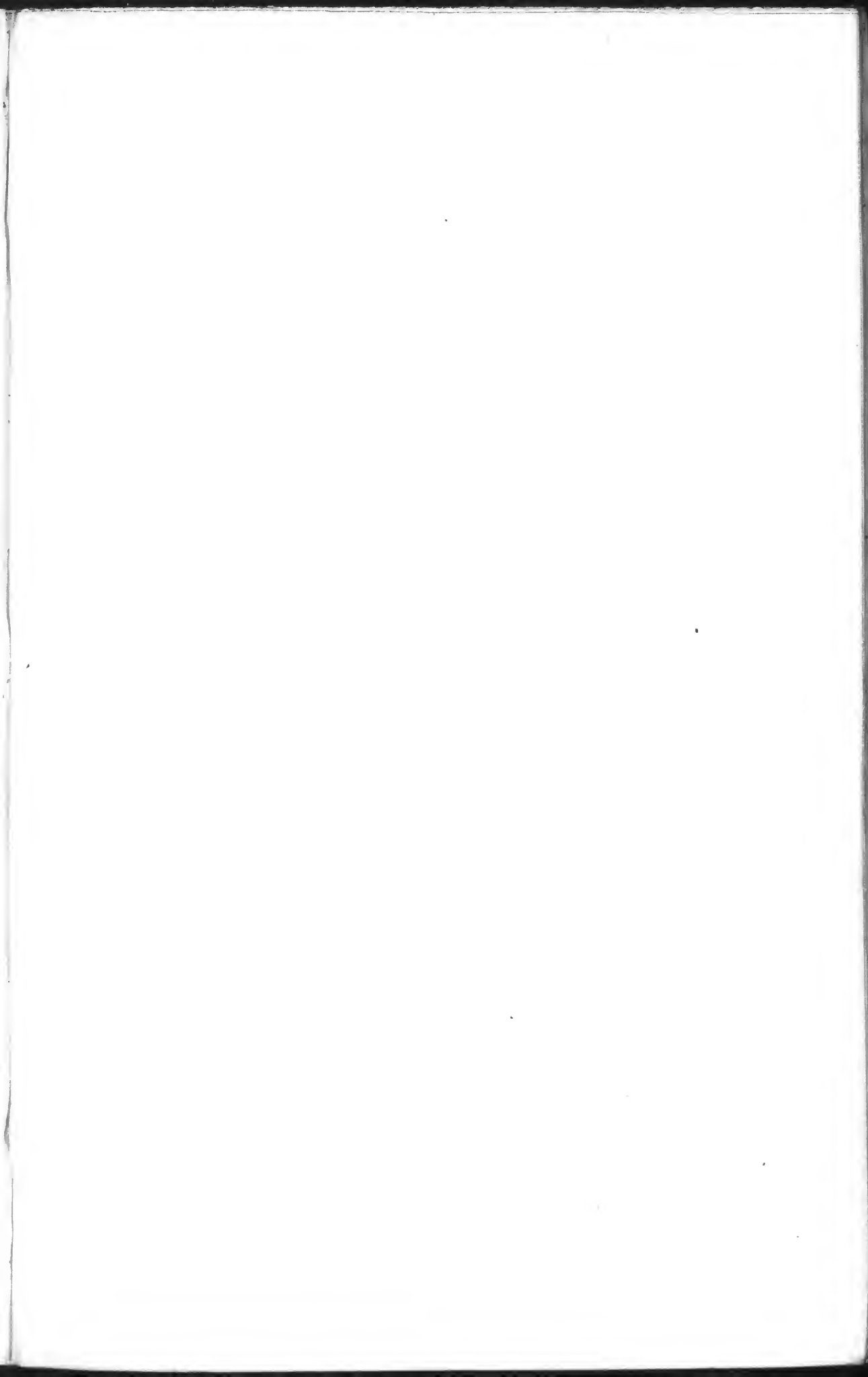
- 1 **R**ETURN, O God of love, return ;  
Earth is a tiresome place ;  
How long shall we thy children mourn  
Our absence from thy face ?

- 
- 2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,  
Let sin and sorrow cease,  
And in proportion to our tears,  
So make our joys increase.
- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,  
Make thy own work complete,  
Then shall our souls thy glory know,  
And own thy love was great.
- 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne  
In all thy beauty, Lord ;  
And the poor service we have done  
Meet a divine reward.

## PSALM 90. ver. 5, 10, 12. (s. m.)

*The Frailty and Shortness of Life.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece  
Is this our mortal frame !  
Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,  
That scarce deserves the name !
- 2 Alas the brittle clay  
That built our body first !  
And ev'ry month and ev'ry day  
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,  
Nor will our minutes stay ;  
Just like a flood, our hasty days  
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,  
We'll keep their end in sight,  
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea ;  
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.





J. BARTLETT DEL.

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W. H. POWELL SC.

THE DESTROYING ANGEL.

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## PSALM 91. ver. 1---7. First Part. (L. M.)

*Safety in public Diseases and Dangers.*

- 1 **H**E that hath made his refuge God,  
Shall find a most secure abode ;  
Shall walk all day beneath the shade,  
And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Then will I say, " My God, thy pow'r  
" Shall be my fortress and my tow'r ;  
" I that am formed of feeble dust  
" Make thine almighty arm my trust."
- 3 Thrice happy man ! thy Maker's care  
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare ;  
Satan, the fowler, who betrays  
Ungarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood  
From birds of prey that seek their blood,  
Under her feathers, so the Lord  
Makes his own arm his people's guard.
- 5 If burning beams of noon conspire  
To dart a pestilential fire,  
God is their life ; his wings are spread  
To shield them with an healthful shade.
- 6 If vapours with malignant breath  
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,  
Isr'el is safe ; the poison'd air  
Grows pure, if Irs'el's God be there.

PAUSE.

- 7 What, though a thousand at my side,  
At thy right-hand ten thousand died,  
Thy God his chosen people saves  
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.
- 8 So when he sent his angel down  
To make his wrath in Egypt known,  
And slew their sons, his careful eye  
Pass'd all the doors of Jacob by.

- 9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,  
Receive commission from the Lord  
To strike his saints among the rest,  
Their very pains and deaths are blest.
- 10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,  
Shall but fulfil their best desire ;  
From sins and sorrows set them free,  
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM 91. ver. 9---16. Second Part. (C. M.)

*Protection from Death, Guard of Angels, &c.*

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,  
Expos'd to ev'ry snare,  
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,  
And try and trust his care.
- 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell ;  
Or if the plague come nigh,  
And sweep the wicked down to hell,  
'Twill raise his saints on high.
- 3 He'll give his angels charge to keep  
Your feet in all their ways ;  
To watch your pillow while you sleep,  
And guard your happy days.
- 4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall  
And dash against the stones ;  
Are they not servants at his call,  
And sent t' attend his sons ?
- 5 Adders and lions ye shall tread ;  
The tempter's wiles defeat ;  
He that hath broke the serpent's head  
Puts him beneath your feet.
- 6 " Because on me they set their love,  
" I'll save them, saith the Lord ;  
" I'll bear their joyful souls above  
" Destruction and the sword.

- 7 " My grace shall answer when they call,  
    " In trouble I'll be nigh ;  
    " My pow'r shall help them when they fall,  
    " And raise them when they die.
- 8 " Those that on earth my name have known,  
    " I'll honour them in heav'n ;  
    " There my salvation shall be shown,  
    " And endless life be giv'n."

## PSALM 92. First Part. (L. M.)

*A Psalm for the Lord's Day.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,  
    To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,  
    To show thy love by morning-light,  
    And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
    No mortal care shall seize my breast ;  
    O may my heart in tune be found,  
    Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
    And bless his works, and bless his word ;  
    Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !  
    How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;  
    Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;  
    Like grass they flourish, till thy breath  
    Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part  
    When grace hath well refin'd my heart,  
    And fresh supplies of joy are shed  
    Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)  
    Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;  
    My inward foes shall all be slain,  
    Nor Satan break my peace again.

- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
 All I desir'd or wish'd below ;  
 And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ  
 In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM 92. ver. 12, &c. Second Part. (L. M.)

*The Church is the Garden of God.*

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand  
 In gardens planted by thine hand ;  
 Let me within thy courts be seen  
 Like a young cedar fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,  
 Blest with thine influence from above ;  
 Not Lebanon with all its trees  
 Yield such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live ;  
 (Nature decays, but grace must thrive ;)  
 Time, that doth all things else impair,  
 Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age they show  
 The Lord is holy, just, and true ;  
 None that attend his gates shall find  
 A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 93. As the 100th Psalm.

First Metre.

*The Eternal and Sovereign God.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns : he dwells in light,  
 Girded with majesty and might ;  
 The world created by his hands,  
 Still on its first foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,  
 Or had its first foundations laid,  
 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
 Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,  
And aim their rage against the skies ;  
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high !  
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure ;  
Thy promise stands for ever sure ;  
And everlasting holiness  
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM 93. As the old 50th Psalm.

Second Metre.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory reigns ; he reigns on  
high ;  
His robes of state are strength and majesty :  
This wide creation rose at his command,  
Built by his word, and 'stablish'd by his hand ;  
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,  
And his own godhead is the firm foundation.
- 2 God is th' eternal King : thy foes in vain  
Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign.  
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,  
And roar, and toss their waves against the  
skies ;  
Foaming at heav'n, they rage with wild com-  
motion,  
But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling  
ocean.
- 3 Ye tempests rage no more ; ye floods be still,  
And the mad world submissive to his will :  
Built on his truth, his church must ever stand ;  
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand :  
See his own sons, when they appear before  
him,  
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

## PSALM 93. As the old 122d Psalm.

Third Metre.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
And royal state maintains,  
His head with awful glories crown'd,  
Array'd in robes of light,  
Begirt with sov'reign might,  
And rays of majesty around.
- 2 Upheld by thy commands  
The world securely stands ;  
And skies and stars obey thy word :  
Thy throne was fix'd on high  
Before the starry sky ;  
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 In vain the noisy crowd,  
Like billows fierce and loud,  
Against thine empire rage and roar ;  
In vain with angry spite,  
The surly nations fight,  
And dash like waves against the shore.
- 4 Let floods and nations rage,  
And all their pow'rs engage,  
Let swelling tides assault the sky ;  
The terrors of thy frown  
Shall beat their madness down ;  
Thy throne for ever stands on high.
- 5 Thy promises are true,  
Thy grace is ever new :  
There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove :  
Thy saints with holy fear  
Shall in thy courts appear,  
And sing thine everlasting love.

*[Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the tune.]*

## PSALM 94. ver. 1, 2, 7---14. First Part. (C. M.)

*Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed.*

- 1 **O** GOD, to whom revenge belongs,  
Proclaim thy wrath aloud ;  
Let sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs,  
Let justice smite the proud.
- 2 They say, " The Lord nor sees nor hears ;"  
When will the fools be wise !  
Can he be deaf who form'd their ears ?  
Or blind, who made their eyes ?
- 3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,  
And they shall feel his pow'r ;  
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain  
In some surprising hour.
- 4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,  
Thou hast a gentler rod ;  
Thy providences and thy book  
Shall make them know their God.
- 5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,  
And to his duty draw ;  
Thy scourges make thy children wise  
When they forget thy law.
- 6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,  
Nor his own promise break ;  
He pardons his inheritance  
For their Redeemer's sake.

## PSALM 94. ver. 16---23. Second Part. (C. M.)

*God our Support and Comfort.*

- 1 **W**HO will arise and plead my right  
Against my num'rous foes,  
While earth and hell their force unite,  
And all my hopes oppose ?

- 2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,  
Sustain'd my fainting head,  
My life had now in silence dwelt,  
My soul amongst the dead.
- 3 "Alas! my sliding feet!" I cried,  
Thy promise was my prop;  
Thy grace stood constant by my side,  
Thy Spirit bore me up.
- 4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts  
Within my bosom roll,  
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,  
Thy comforts cheer my soul.
- 5 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,  
And frame pernicious laws.  
But God, my refuge, rules the skies,  
He will defend my cause.
- 6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,  
Let bold blasphemers scoff;  
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,  
And cut the sinners off.

## PSALM 95. (C. M.)

*A Psalm before Prayer.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's name,  
And in his strength rejoice;  
When his salvation is our theme,  
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,  
And psalms of honour sing;  
The Lord's a God of boundless might,  
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,  
How mean their natures seem,  
Those gods on high and gods below,  
When once compar'd with him



- 
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,  
Lies in his spacious hand ;  
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,  
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,  
Come, kneel before his face !  
O may the creatures of his pow'r  
Be children of his grace !
- 6 Now is the time he bends his ear,  
And waits for your request ;  
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,  
" Ye shall not see my rest."

## PSALM 95. (S. M.)

*A Psalm before Sermon.*

- 1 **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing ;  
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;  
He gave the seas their bound ;  
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord,  
We are his works, and not our own,  
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse  
The language of his grace,  
And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,  
That unbelieving race.

- 6 The Lord in vengeance drest  
Will lift his hands and swear,  
“ You that despise my promis’d rest,  
“ Shall have no portion there.”

PSALM 95. ver. 1, 2, 3, 6---11. (L. M.)

*A Warning to delaying Sinners.*

- 1 **C**OME, let our voices join to raise  
A sacred song of solemn praise ;  
God is a sov’reign King ; rehearse  
His honours in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,  
Who fram’d our natures with his word ;  
He is our shepherd ; we the sheep  
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,  
The counsels of his love obey ;  
Nor let our harden’d hearts renew  
The sins and plagues that Isr’el knew.
- 4 Isr’el that saw his works of grace,  
Yet tempt their Maker to his face ;  
A faithless unbelieving brood,  
That tir’d the patience of their God.
- 5 Thus saith the Lord, “ How false they prove !  
“ Forget my pow’r, abuse my love ;  
“ Since they despise my rest, I swear,  
“ Their feet shall never enter there.”
- 6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,  
And view those ancient rebels dead ;  
Attend the offer’d grace to-day,  
Nor lose the blessing by delay.
- 7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,  
And march to Sion’s heav’nly gates ;  
Believe, and take the promis’d rest ;  
Obey, and be for ever blest.]

## PSALM 96. ver. 1, 10, &amp;c. (c. m.)

*Christ's first and second Coming.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ;  
His new discover'd grace demands  
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,  
God's own almighty Son ;  
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,  
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,  
Joy through the earth be seen ;  
Let cities shine in bright array,  
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise  
The islands of the sea ;  
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,  
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless  
The nations as their God ;  
To show the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,  
And bid the world draw near,  
How will the guilty nations dread  
To see their Judge appear ?

## PSALM 96. As the 113th Psalm.

*The God of the Gentiles.*

- 1 **L**ET all the earth their voices raise  
To sing the choicest psalms of praise,  
To sing and bless Jehovah's name ;  
His glory let the heathens know,  
His wonders to the nations show,  
And all his saving works proclaim.

- 2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord :  
 The wond'ring nations read thy word ,  
 In Britain is Jehovah known :  
 Our worship shall no more be paid  
 To gods which mortal hands have made ;  
 Our Maker is our God alone.
- 3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,  
 He made the shining worlds on high :  
 And reigns complete in glory there :  
 His beams are majesty and light :  
 His beauties how divinely bright !  
 His temple how divinely fair ;
- 4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,  
 When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,  
 And barb'rous nations fear his name !  
 Then shall the race of men confess  
 The beauty of his holiness,  
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM 97. ver. 1---5. First Part. (L. M.)

*Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.*

- 1 **H**E reigns ; the Lord, the Saviour reigns ;  
 Praise him in evangelic strains ;  
 Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,  
 And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown ;  
 But grace and truth support his throne ;  
 Through gloomy clouds his ways surround,  
 Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo ! he comes,  
 Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs ;  
 Before him burns devouring fire,  
 The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies with sore dismay  
 Fly from the sight, and shun the day ;  
 Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
 And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

## PSALM 97. ver. 6---9. Second Part. (L. M.)

*Christ's Incarnation.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord is come, the heav'ns proclaim  
His birth ; the nations learn his name ;  
An unknown star directs the road  
Of eastern sages to their God.
- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,  
Go, worship where the Saviour lies ;  
Angels and kings before him bow,  
Those gods on high, and gods below.
- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,  
And their own worshippers confound ;  
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,  
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

## PSALM 97. Third Part. (L. M.)

*Grace and Glory.*

- 1 **T**H' Almighty reigns exalted high,  
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;  
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,  
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 O ye that love his holy name,  
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame ;  
He guards the souls of all his friends,  
And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light and joys unknown  
Are for the saints in darkness sown ;  
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,  
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record  
The sacred honours of the Lord ;  
None but the soul that feels his grace  
Can triumph in his holiness.

## PSALM 97. ver. 1, 3, 5---7, 11. (C. M.)

*Christ's Incarnation, and the last Judgment.*

- 1 **Y**E islands of the northern sea,  
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns ;  
His word, like fire, prepares his way,  
And mountains melt to plains.
- 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,  
And makes the valleys rise ;  
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,  
The haughty sinner dies.
- 3 The heav'ns his rightful pow'r proclaim ;  
The idol gods around  
Fill their own worshippers with shame,  
And totter to the ground.
- 4 Adoring angels at his birth  
Make the Redeemer known ;  
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,  
And angels guard his throne.
- 5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,  
And hills and seas retire ;  
His children take their unknown flight,  
And leave the world on fire.
- 6 The seeds of joy and glory sown  
For saints in darkness here,  
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,  
And a rich harvest bear.

## PSALM 98. First Part. (C. M.)

*Praise for the Gospel.*

- 1 **T**O our Almighty Maker, God,  
New honours be address'd ;  
His great salvation shines abroad,  
And makes the nations bless'd.

- 2 He spake the word to Abra'm first,  
His truth fulfils the grace ;  
The Gentiles make his name their trust,  
And learn his righteousness.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim  
With all her diff'rent tongues ;  
And spread the honours of his name  
In melody and songs.

## PSALM 98. Second Part. (c. m.)

*The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.*

- 1 **J**OY to the world, the Lord is come ;  
Let earth receive her King ;  
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,  
And heav'n and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns ;  
Let men their songs employ ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

## PSAM 99. First Part. (s. m.)

*Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
Let all the nations fear,  
Let sinners tremble at his throne,  
And saints be humble there.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
Let earth adore its Lord ;  
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,  
Swift to fulfil his word.

- 3 In Zion is his throne,  
His honours are divine ;  
His church shall make his wonders known,  
For there his glories shine.
- 4 How holy is his name !  
How terrible his praise !  
Justice, and truth, and judgment join  
In all his works of grace.

PSALM 99. Second Part. (s. m.)

*A holy God worshipped with Reverence.*

- 1 **E**XALT the Lord our God,  
And worship at his feet ;  
His nature is all holiness,  
And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When Isr'el was his church,  
When Aaron was his priest,  
When Moses cried, when Samuel pray'd,  
He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,  
Nor would destroy their race ;  
And oft he made his vengeance known,  
When they abus'd his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,  
Whose grace is still the same ;  
Still he's a God of holiness,  
And jealous for his name.

PSALM 100. First Metre. A Plain Translation.

*Praise to our Creator.*

- 1 **Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sov'reign King ;  
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,  
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God : 'tis he alone  
Doth life, and breath, and being give :  
We are his work, and not our own ;  
The sheep that on his pastures live.



- 
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,  
With praises to his courts repair ;  
And make it your divine employ  
To pay your thanks and honours there.
- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;  
Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;  
And the whole race of man shall find  
His truth from age to age endure.

## PSALM 100. Second Metre. A Paraphrase.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord with joyful voice ;  
Let ev'ry land his name adore ;  
The British isles shall send the noise  
Across the ocean to the shore.
- 2 Nations, attend before his throne  
With solemn fear, with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 3 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;  
And when like wan'dring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 4 We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;  
What lasting honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;  
And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 6 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

## PSALM 101. (L. M.)

*The Magistrate's Psalm.*

- 1 **M**ERCY and judgment are my song ;  
 And since they both to thee belong,  
 My gracious God, my righteous King,  
 To thee my songs and vows I bring.
- 2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,  
 I'll take my counsels from thy word ;  
 Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace  
 Shall be the pattern of my ways.
- 5 Let wisdom all my actions guide,  
 And let my God with me reside ;  
 No wicked thing shall dwell with me,  
 Which may provoke thy jealousy.
- 4 No sons of slander, rage, and strife,  
 Shall be companions of my life ;  
 The haughty look, the heart of pride,  
 Within my doors shall ne'er abide.
- 5 [I'll search the land, and raise the just  
 To posts of honour, wealth and trust :  
 The men that work thy holy will,  
 Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.]
- 6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise  
 By flatt'ring or malicious lies ;  
 And while the innocent I guard,  
 The bold offender shan't be spar'd.
- 7 The impious crew (that factious band  
 Shall hide their heads or quit the land ;  
 And all that break the public rest,  
 Where I have pow'r shall be suppress.

## PSALM 101. (C. M.)

*A Psalm for a Master of a Family.*

- 1 **O**F justice and of grace I sing,  
 And pay my God my vows ;  
 Thy grace and justice, heav'nly King,  
 Teach me to rule my house.

- 
- 2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,  
And make thy servant wise ;  
I'll suffer nothing near me there  
That shall offend thine eyes.
- 3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,  
By falsehood or by force ;  
The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,  
I'll thrust them from my doors.
- 4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,  
And will their help enjoy ;  
These are the friends that I shall trust,  
The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit,  
I'll not endure a night ;  
The liar's tongue I ever hate,  
And banish from my sight.
- 6 I'll purge my family around,  
And make the wicked flee ;  
So shall my house be ever found  
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM 102. ver. 1---13, 20, 21. First Part. (C.M.)

*A Prayer of the Afflicted.*

- 1 **H**EAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,  
But answer, lest I die ;  
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,  
To hear, when sinners cry ?
- 2 My days are wasted like the smoke  
Dissolving in the air ;  
My strength is dried, my heart is broke,  
And sinking in despair.
- 3 My spirits flag like with'ring grass,  
Burnt with excessive heat ;  
In secret groans my minutes pass,  
And I forget to eat.

- 4 As on some lonely building's top  
The sparrow tells her moan,  
Far from the tents of joy and hope  
I sit and grieve alone.
- 5 My soul is like a wilderness,  
Where beasts of midnight howl ;  
There the sad raven finds her place,  
And there the screaming owl.
- 6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears  
Dwell in my troubled breast ;  
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,  
Nor give my spirit rest.
- 7 My cup is mingled with my woes,  
And tears are my repast ;  
My daily bread like ashes grows  
Unpleasant to my taste.
- 8 Sense can afford no real joy  
To souls that feel thy frown ;  
Lord 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,  
Thy hand hath cast me down.
- 9 My looks like wither'd leaves appear,  
And life's declining light  
Grows faint as ev'ning shadows are  
That vanish into night.
- 10 But thou for ever art the same,  
O my eternal God !  
Ages to come shall know thy name,  
And spread thy works abroad.
- 11 Thou wilt arise, and show thy face,  
Nor will my Lord delay,  
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,  
That long expected day.

12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,  
 And by mysterious ways  
 Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,  
 And fills their tongues with praise.

PSALM 102. ver. 13---21. Second Part. (C. M.)

*Prayer heard, and Zion restored.*

1 **L**ET Zion and her sons rejoice,  
 Behold the promis'd hour ;  
 Her God hath heard her mourning voice,  
 And comes t' exalt his pow'r.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain  
 Are precious in our eyes ;  
 Those ruins shall be built again  
 And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem  
 And stand in glory there ;  
 Nations shall bow before his name,  
 And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,  
 With pity in his eyes ;  
 He hears the dying pris'ner's groan,  
 And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,  
 And when his saints complain,  
 It shan't be said, " That praying breath  
 " Was ever spent in vain."

6 This shall be known when we are dead,  
 And left on long record,  
 That ages yet unborn may read,  
 And trust, and praise the Lord.

PSALM 102. ver. 23---28. Third Part. (L. M.)

*Man's Mortality, and Christ's Eternity.*

1 **I**T is the Lord our Saviour's hand  
 Weakens our strength amidst the race ;  
 Disease and death at his command  
 Arrest us and cut short our days.

- 
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,  
Nor let our sun go down at noon ;  
Thy years are one eternal day,  
And must thy children die so soon ?
- 3 Yet in the midst of death and grief  
This thought our sorrow shall assuage,  
“ Our Father and our Saviour live ;  
“ Christ is the same through ev’ry age.”
- 4 ’Twas he this earth’s foundation laid ;  
Heav’n is the building of his hand ;  
This earth grows old, these heav’ns shall fade,  
And all be chang’d at his command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky  
Like garments shall be laid aside ;  
But still thy throne stands firm and high ;  
Thy church for ever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face thy church shall live,  
And on thy throne thy children reign ;  
This dying world shall they survive,  
And the dead saints be rais’d again.

PSALM 103. ver. 1---7. First Part. (L. M.)

*Blessing God for his Goodness to Soul and Body.*

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,  
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;  
Let all the pow’rs within me join  
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;  
His favours claim thy highest praise ;  
Why should the wonders he hath wrought  
Be lost in silence and forgot ?
- 3 ’Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son  
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;  
He owns the ransom ; and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.

- 
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,  
And cures the pains that nature feels ;  
Redeems the soul from hell and saves  
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.
- 5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs ;  
His mercy crowns our growing years ;  
He satisfies our mouth with good,  
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.
- 6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress'd,  
And often gives the suff'ers rest ;  
But will his justice more display  
In the last great rewarding day.
- 7 [His pow'r he show'd by Moses' hands,  
And gave to Isr'el his commands ;  
But sent his truth and mercy down  
To all the nations by his Son.
- 8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,  
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;  
The Gentile with the Jew shall join  
In work and worship so divine.]

## PSALM 103. ver. 8---18. Second Part. (L. M.)

*God's gentle Chastisement.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wondrous are his ways !  
How firm his truth ! how large his grace !  
He takes his mercy for his throne,  
And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread  
The starry heav'ns above our head,  
As his rich love exceeds our praise,  
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd  
The rising morning from the west,  
As his forgiving grace removes  
The daily guilt of those he loves.

- 4 How slowly doth his wrath arise !  
 On swifter wings salvation flies ;  
 And if he lets his anger burn,  
 How soon his frowns to pity turn !
- 5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines ;  
 His strokes are lighter than our sins :  
 And while his rod corrects his saints,  
 His ear indulges their complaints.
- 6 So fathers their young sons chastise  
 With gentle hand and melting eyes ;  
 The children weep beneath the smart,  
 And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

- 7 The mighty God, the wise and just,  
 Knows that our frame is feeble dust :  
 And will no heavy loads impose  
 Beyond the strength that he bestows.
- 8 He knows how soon our nature dies,  
 Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies ;  
 Like grass we spring, and die as soon,  
 Or morning flow'rs that fade at noon.
- 9 But his eternal love is sure  
 To all the saints, and shall endure :  
 From age to age his truth shall reign,  
 Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM 103. ver. 1---7. First Part. (s. m.)

*Praise for spiritual and temporal Mercies.*

- 1 **O** BLESS the Lord, my soul !  
 Let all within me join,  
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
 Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul !  
 Nor let his mercies lie  
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
 And without praises die.



- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,  
'Tis he relieves thy pain,  
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransom'd from the grave ;  
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,  
Hath sov'reign power to save
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;  
He gives the sufferers rest ;  
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
And justice for th' oppress'd.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways  
He made by Moses known ;  
But sent the world his truth and grace,  
By his beloved Son.

## PSALM 103. ver. 8---18. Second Part. (s. m.)

*Abounding Compassion of God.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great ;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;  
And when his strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His pow'r subdues our sins ;  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

- 5    The pity of the Lord  
       To those that fear his name,  
 Is such as tender parents feel ;  
       He knows our feeble frame.
- 6    He knows we are but dust,  
       Scatter'd with ev'ry breath ;  
 His anger like a rising wind,  
       Can send us swift to death.
- 7    Our days are as the grass, .  
       Or like the morning flow'r ;  
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
       It withers in an hour.
- 8    But thy compassions, Lord,  
       To endless years endure ;  
 And children's children ever find  
       Thy words of promise sure.

## PSALM 103. ver. 19---22. Third Part. (S. M.)

*God's universal Dominion.*

- 1    **T**HE Lord, the sov'reign King,  
       Hath fix'd his throne on high,  
 O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,  
       And all beneath the sky.
- 2    Ye angels, great in might,  
       And swift to do his will,  
 Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,  
       Whose pleasure ye fulfil.
- 3    Let the bright hosts who wait  
       The orders of their King,  
 And guard his churches when they pray,  
       Join in the praise they sing.
- 4    While all his wondrous works  
       Through his vast kingdoms show  
 Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,  
       Shalt sing his graces too.

## PSALM 104. (L. M.)

*Glory of God in Creation.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, thy great Creator praise ;  
 When cloth'd in his celestial rays  
 He in full majesty appears,  
 And, like a robe, his glory wears.

*Note, this Psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th Psalm, by adding these two lines to every Stanza, viz.*

Great is the Lord ; what tongue can frame  
 An equal honour to his name ?

*Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th Psalm.*

- 2 The heav'ns are for his curtain spread ;  
 Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed ;  
 Clouds are his chariot when he flies  
 On winged storms across the skies.
- 3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,  
 His ministers, are flaming fires ;  
 And swift as thought their armies move,  
 To bear his vengeance or his love.
- 4 The world's foundations by his hand  
 Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand ;  
 He binds the ocean in his chain,  
 Lest it should drown the earth again.
- 5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,  
 Which high above the mountains stood,  
 He thunder'd ; and the ocean fled,  
 Confin'd to its appointed bed.
- 6 The swelling billows know their bound,  
 And in their channels walk their round ;  
 Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,  
 They spring on hills, and drench the plains.
- 7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,  
 And cheer the valleys as they go ;  
 Tame heifers there their thirst allay,  
 And for the stream wild asses bray.

- 8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,  
The lark and linnet light to drink ;  
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,  
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

- 9 God from his cloudy cistern pours  
On the parch'd earth enriching show'rs ;  
The grove, the garden, and the field,  
A thousand joyful blessings yield.
- 10 He makes the grassy food arise,  
And gives the cattle large supplies ;  
With herbs of man, of various pow'r,  
To nourish nature, or to cure.
- 11 What noble fruit the vines produce !  
The olives yield a shining juice ;  
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,  
With inward joy our faces shine.
- 12 O bless his name, ye Britons, fed  
With nature's chief supporter, bread :  
While bread your vital strength imparts,  
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

- 13 Behold the stately cedar stands  
Rais'd in the forest by his hands ;  
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,  
And build their nests secure on high.
- 14 To craggy hills ascends the goat ;  
And at the airy mountain's foot  
The feeble creatures make their cell ;  
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.
- 15 He sets the sun his circling race,  
Appoints the moon to change her face ;  
And when thick darkness veils the day,  
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

- 
- 16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,  
And roaring ask their meat from God ;  
But when the morning-beams arise,  
The savage beast to covert flies.
- 17 Then man to daily labour goes ;  
The night was made for his repose ;  
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief  
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.
- 18 How strange thy works ! how great thy skill !  
And ev'ry land thy riches fill ;  
Thy wisdom round the world we see,  
This spacious earth is full of thee.
- 19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,  
Where fish in millions swim and creep,  
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,  
Still wand'ring in the paths below.
- 20 There ships divide their wat'ry way,  
And flocks of scaly monsters play ;  
There dwells the huge leviathan,  
And foams and sports in spite of man.

PAUSE THE THIRD.

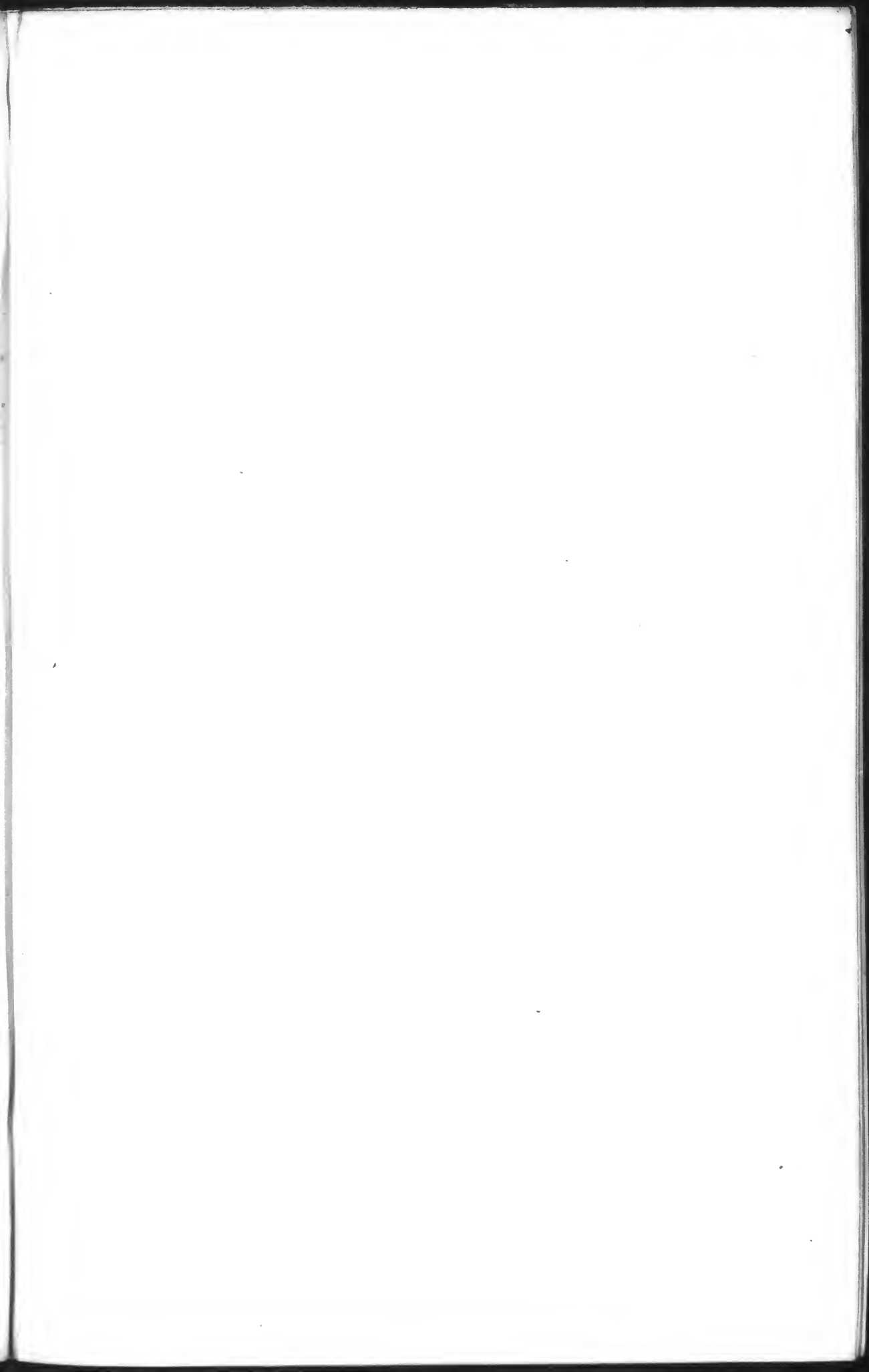
- 21 Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord,  
All nature rests upon thy word,  
And the whole race of creatures stands  
Waiting their portion from thy hands.
- 22 While each receives his diff'rent food,  
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good ;  
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,  
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.
- 23 But when thy face is hid they mourn,  
And dying, to their dust return ;  
Both man and beast their souls resign ;  
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.

- 24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,  
And fill the world with beasts and men ;  
A word of thy creating breath  
Repairs the wastes of time and death.
- 25 His works, the wonders of his might,  
Are honour'd with his own delight ;  
How awful are his glorious ways !  
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.
- 26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,  
And at thy touch the mountains smoke ;  
Yet humble souls may see thy face,  
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.
- 27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,  
And make my meditations sweet ;  
Thy praises shall my breath employ,  
Till it expire in endless joy.
- 28 While haughty sinners die accurs'd,  
Their glory bury'd with their dust,  
I to my God, my heav'nly King,  
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

## PSALM 105. Abridged. (c. m.)

*The Plagues of Egypt.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, invoke his name,  
And tell the world his grace ;  
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,  
That all may seek his face.
- 2 His cōv'nant, which he kept in mind  
For num'rous ages past,  
To num'rous ages yet behind,  
In equal force shall last.
- 3 He sware to Abra'm and his seed,  
And made the blessings sure ;  
Gentiles the ancient promise read,  
And find his truth endure.





J. MARTIN PINX

EXOT 923

C. GRAY, SCPT

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT

P. 211.



- 4 "Thy seed shall make all nations blest,"  
(Said the Almighty voice,) "And Canaan's land shall be their rest,  
"The type of heav'nly joys."
- 5 [How large the grant! how rich the grace!  
To give them Canaan's land,  
When they were strangers in the place,  
A little feeble band!
- 6 Like pilgrims through the countries round  
Securely they remov'd;  
And haughty kings, that on them frown'd,  
Severely he reprov'd.
- 7 "Touch mine anointed, and my arm  
"Shall soon revenge the wrong;  
"The man that does my prophets harm,  
"Shall know their God is strong."
- 8 Then let the world forbear its rage,  
Nor put the church in fear;  
Isr'el must live through ev'ry age,  
And be th' Almighty's care.]

## PAUSE THE FIRST.

- 9 When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the saints,  
And thus provok'd their God,  
Moses was sent at their complaints,  
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.
- 10 He call'd for darkness; darkness came  
Like an o'erwhelming flood;  
He turn'd each lake and ev'ry stream  
To lakes and streams of blood.
- 11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies  
Through the whole country spread:  
And frogs, in croaking armies, rise  
About the monarch's bed.

12 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,  
The tenfold vengeance flew ;  
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,  
And hail their cattle slew.

13 Then by an angel's midnight stroke  
The flow'r of Egypt dy'd ;  
The strength of ev'ry house was broke,  
Their glory and their pride.

14 Now let the world forbear its rage,  
Nor put the church in fear ;  
Isr'el must live through ev'ry age,  
And be the Almighty's care.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

15 Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,  
And left the hated ground ;  
Each some Egyptian spoils had got,  
And not one feeble found.

16 The Lord himself chose out their way,  
And mark'd their journeys right,  
Gave them a leading cloud by day,  
A fiery guide by night.

17 They thirst ; and waters from the rock  
In rich abundance flow,  
And foll'wing still the course they took.  
Ran all the desert through.

18 O wondrous stream ! O blessed type  
Of ever-flowing grace !  
So Christ our rock maintains our life  
Through all this wilderness.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,  
The chosen tribes possess  
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,  
And there enjoy their rest.

- 
- 20 Then let the world forbear its rage,  
 The church renounce her fear ;  
 Isr'el must live through ev'ry age,  
 And be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM 106. ver. 1---5. First Part. (L. M.)

*Praise to God ; or, Communion with Saints.*

- 1 **T**O God, the great, the ever bless'd,  
 Let songs of honour be address'd ;  
 His mercy firm for ever stands ;  
 Give him the thanks his love demands.
- 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways ?  
 Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise ?  
 Blest are the souls that fear thee still,  
 And pay their duty to thy will.
- 3 Remember what thy mercy did  
 For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed ;  
 And with the same salvation bless  
 The meanest suppliant of thy grace.
- 4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,  
 And aid their triumphs with my voice !  
 This is my glory, Lord, to be  
 Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM 106. ver. 7, 8, 12---14, 43---48.

Second Part. (S. M.)

*Israel punished and pardoned.*

- 1 **G**OD of eternal love,  
 How fickle are our ways !  
 And yet how oft did Isr'el prove  
 Thy constancy of grace !
- 2 'They saw thy wonders wrought,  
 And then thy praise they sung ;  
 But soon thy works of pow'r forgot,  
 And murmur'd with their tongue.

- 3 Now they believe his word,  
While rocks with rivers flow ;  
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,  
And he reduc'd them low.
- 4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,  
He hearken'd to their groans,  
Brought his own cov'nant to their thoughts,  
And call'd them still his sons.
- 5 Their names were in his book,  
He sav'd them from their foes ;  
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook  
The people that he chose
- 6 Let Isr'el bless the Lord,  
Who lov'd their ancient race ;  
And Christians join the solemn word  
Amen, to all the praise.

## PSALM 107. First Part. (L. M.)

*Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God : he reigns above,  
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love ;  
His mercy ages past have known,  
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord  
The wonders of his grace record ;  
Isr'el, the nation whom he chose,  
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.
- 3 [When God's almighty arm had broke  
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,  
They trac'd the desert, wand'ring round  
A wild and solitary ground.
- 4 There they could find no leading road,  
Nor city for a fix'd abode ;  
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage  
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]

- 
- 5 In their distress, to God they cry'd,  
God was their Saviour and their guide ;  
He led their march far wand'ring round,  
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground
- 6 Thus when our first release we gain  
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,  
We have this desert world to pass,  
A dang'rous and a tiresome place.
- 7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,  
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,  
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,  
And brings us to the heav'nly land.
- 8 O let the saints with joy record  
The truth and goodness of the Lord !  
How great his works ! how kind his ways !  
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

## PSALM 107. Second Part. (L. M.)

*Correction for Sin ; and Release by Prayer.*

- 1 **F**ROM age to age exalt his name,  
God and his grace are still the same ;  
He fills the hungry soul with food,  
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.
- 2 But if their hearts rebel and rise  
Against the God that rules the skies,  
If they reject his heav'nly word,  
And slight the counsels of the Lord :
- 3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,  
And no deliv'rer shall be found ;  
Laden with grief they waste their breath  
In darkness and the shades of death.
- 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,  
He makes the dawning light arise,  
And scatters all that dismal shade,  
That hung so heavy round their head.

- 5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,  
And lets the smiling pris'ners through ;  
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,  
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.
- 6 O may the sons of men record  
The wondrous goodness of the Lord !  
How great his works ! how kind his ways !  
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

## PSALM 107. Third Part. (L. M.)

*Intemperance punished and pardoned.*

- 1 **V**AIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,  
Prepares for his own punishment ;  
What pains, what loathsome maladies,  
From luxury and lust arise !
- 2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,  
Yet drowns his health to please his taste ;  
Till all his active pow'rs are lost,  
And fainting life draws near the dust.
- 3 The glutton groans and loathes to eat,  
His soul abhors delicious meat ;  
Nature with heavy loads oppress'd,  
Would yield to death to be releas'd.
- 4 Then how the frightened sinners fly  
To God for help with earnest cry !  
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,  
And saves them from approaching death.
- 5 No med'cines could effect the cure  
So quick, so easy, or so sure :  
The deadly sentence God repeals,  
He sends his sov'reign word, and heals.
- 6 O may the sons of men record  
The wondrous goodness of the Lord  
And let their thankful off'rings prove  
How they adore their Maker's love.





DELIVERANCE FROM SHIPWRECK



## PSALM 107. Fourth Part. (L. M.)

*Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck.*

- 1 **W**OULD you behold the works of God,  
His wonders in the world abroad,  
Go with the mariners, and trace  
The unknown regions of the seas.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,  
And seize the favour of the wind ;  
Till God command, and tempests rise,  
That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 Now to the heav'ns they mount amain,  
Now sink to dreadful deeps again ;  
What strange affrights young sailors feel,  
And like a stagg'ring drunkard reel !
- 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,  
Lost to all hope, to God they cry ;  
His mercy hears their loud address,  
And sends salvation in distress.
- 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,  
The furious waves forget their rage ;  
'Tis calm ; and sailors smile to see  
The haven where they wish'd to be.
- 6 O may the sons of men record  
The wondrous goodness of the Lord ;  
Let them their private off'rings bring,  
And in the church his glory sing.

## PSALM 107. Fourth Part. (C. M.)

*The Mariner's Psalm.*

- 1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord,  
Thy wonders in the deeps,  
The sons of courage shall record,  
Who trade in floating ships.

2 At thy command the wind arise,  
And swell the tow'ring waves ;  
The men astonish'd mount the skies,  
And sink in gaping graves.

3 [Again they climb the wat'ry hills,  
And plunge in deeps again ;  
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels,  
And finds his courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,  
They pant with flutt'ring breath,  
And, hopeless of the distant shore,  
Expect immediate death.]

5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,  
He hears the loud request,  
And orders silence through the skies,  
And lays the floods to rest.

6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,  
And see the storm allay'd ;  
Now to their eyes the port appears ;  
There let their vows be paid.

7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land ;  
Let stupid mortals know  
That waves are under his command,  
And all the winds that blow.

8 O that the sons of men would praise  
The goodness of the Lord !  
And those who see thy wondrous ways,  
Thy wondrous love record !

PSALM 107. Last Part. (L. M.)

*Colonies planted ; or, Nations blessed and punished.*

A Psalm for New England.

1 **W**HEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,  
Scourges the madness of the times,  
He turns their fields to barren sand,  
And dries the rivers from the land.

- 
- 2 His word can raise the springs again,  
And make the wither'd mountains green,  
Send show'ry blessings from the skies,  
And harvests in the desert rise.
- 3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,  
Or men as fierce and wild as they :  
He bids the oppress'd and poor repair,  
And builds them towns and cities there.
- 4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,  
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want ;  
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,  
Their wealth increases with their flocks.
- 5 Thus they are blest ; but if they sin,  
He lets the heathen nations in,  
A savage crew invades their lands,  
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.
- 6 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,  
Wander unpity'd and forlorn ;  
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,  
And desolation spreads the field.
- 7 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,  
Again his dreadful hand he turns ;  
Again he makes their cities thrive,  
And bids the dying churches live.]
- 8 The righteous, with a joyful sense,  
Admire the works of Providence ;  
And tongues of atheists shall no more  
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.
- 9 How few with pious care record  
These wondrous dealings of the Lord ;  
But wise observers still shall find  
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

## PSALM 109. ver. 1---5, 31. (C. M.)

*Love to Enemies, from the Example of Christ.*

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,  
Thy glory is my song ;  
Though sinners speak against thy grace  
With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man  
Thy Son on earth was found,  
With cruel slanders, false and vain,  
They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,  
Their peace he still pursu'd :  
They render hatred for his love,  
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause,  
Yet, with his dying breath,  
He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,  
And blest his foes in death.
- 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine  
In vain before my eyes ?  
Give me a soul akin to thine,  
To love my enemies.
- 6 The Lord shall on my side engage,  
And, in my Saviour's name,  
I shall defeat their pride and rage  
Who slander and condemn.

## PSALM 110. First Part. (L. M.)

*Christ exalted, and Multitudes converted.*

- 1 **T**HUS the Eternal Father spake  
To Christ the Son, "Ascend and sit  
" At my right-hand, till I shall make  
" Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

- 
- 2 " From Zion shall thy word proceed,  
 " Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,  
 " Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,  
 " And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 " That day shall show thy pow'r is great,  
 " When saints shall flock with willing minds,  
 " And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,  
 " Where holiness in beauty shines.
- 4 " O blessed pow'r! O glorious day!  
 " What a large vict'ry shall ensue!  
 " And converts who thy grace obey,  
 " Exceed the drops of morning dew.

## PSALM 110. Second Part. (L. M.)

*Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.*

- 1 **T**HUS the great Lord of earth and sea  
 Spake to his Son, and thus he swore ;  
 " Eternal shall thy priesthood be,  
 " And change from hand to hand no more.
- 2 " Aaron and all his sons must die ;  
 " But everlasting life is thine,  
 " To save for ever those that fly  
 " For refuge from the wrath divine.
- 3 " By me Melchisedek was made  
 " On earth a king and priest at once ;  
 " And thou, my heav'nly Priest, shalt plead,  
 " And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons."
- 4 Jesus the Priest ascends his throne,  
 While counsels of eternal peace,  
 Between the Father and the Son,  
 Proceed with honour and success.
- 5 Through the whole earth his reign shall spread,  
 And crush the pow'rs that dare rebel ;  
 Then shall he judge the rising dead,  
 And send the guilty world to hell.

- 6 Though while he treads his glorious way,  
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,  
The suff'rings of that dreadful day  
Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM 110. (C. M.)

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,  
And near thy Father sit ;  
In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,  
And make thy foes submit.
- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do !  
Thy converts shall surpass  
The num'rous drops of morning dew,  
And own thy sov'reign grace.
- 3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,  
Nor changes what he swore ;  
" Eternal shall thy priesthood be,  
" When Aaron is no more.
- 4 " Melchisedek, that wondrous priest,  
" That king of high degree,  
" That holy man who Abra'm blest,  
" Was but a type of thee."
- 5 Jesus our Priest for ever lives  
To plead for us above ;  
Jesus our King for ever gives  
The blessings of his love.
- 6 God shall exalt his glorious head  
And his high throne maintain,  
Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead,  
Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM 111. First Part. (C. M.)

*The Wisdom of God in his Works.*

- 1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong  
To my Almighty God ;  
He has my heart, and he my tongue,  
To spread his name abroad.

- 
- 2 How great the works his hand has wrought!  
How glorious in our sight!  
And men in ev'ry age have sought  
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame ;  
How wise th' eternal mind !  
How counsels never change the scheme  
That his first thoughts design'd.
- 4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,  
He fix'd his cov'nant sure ;  
The orders that his lips pronounce  
To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,  
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim ;  
What shall we do to make us wise,  
But learn to read thy name ?
- 6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,  
Is our divinest skill ;  
And he's the wisest of our race  
That best obeys thy will.

## PSALM 111. Second Part. (C. M.)

*The Perfections of God.*

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord ; his works of might  
Demand our noblest songs ;  
Let his assembled saints unite  
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,  
He gives his children food ;  
And, ever mindful of his word,  
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came  
To seal his cov'nant sure ;  
Holy and rev'rend is his name,  
His ways are just and pure.

- 4 They that would grow divinely wise,  
Must with his fear begin ;  
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies  
In hating ev'ry sin.

PSALM 112. As the 113th Psalm.

*The Blessings of the liberal Man.*

- 1 **T**HAT man is blest who stands in awe  
Of God, and loves his sacred law ·  
His seed on earth shall be renown'd ;  
His house the seat of wealth shall be  
An inexhausted treasury,  
And with successive honours crown'd.
- 2 His lib'ral favours he extends,  
To some he gives, to others lends ;  
A gen'rous pity fills his mind :  
Yet what his charity impairs,  
He saves by prudence in affairs,  
And thus he's just to all mankind.
- 3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,  
His glory's future harvest sow'd ;  
The sweet remembrance of the just,  
Like a green root, revives, and bears  
A train of blessings for his heirs,  
When dying nature sleeps in dust.
- 4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,  
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;  
His conscience holds his courage up :  
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,  
Shines brightest in affliction's night ;  
And sees in darkness beams of hope.



## PAUSE.

- 5 [Ill tidings never can surprise  
 His heart, that fix'd on God relies,  
 Though waves and tempests roar around ;  
 Safe on the rock he sits, and sees  
 The shipwreck of his enemies,  
 And all their hope and glory drown'd.
- 6 The wicked shall his triumph see,  
 And gnash their teeth in agony,  
 To find their expectations cross'd ;  
 They and their envy, pride, and spite,  
 Sink down to everlasting night,  
 And all their names in darkness lost.]

## PSALM 112. (L. M.)

*The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.*

- 1 **T**HRICE happy man who fears the Lord,  
 Loves his commands, and trusts his word ;  
 Honour and peace his days attend,  
 And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,  
 To works of mercy still inclin'd ;  
 He lends the poor some present aid,  
 Or gives them, not to be repaid.
- 3 When times grow dark and tidings spread  
 That fill his neighbours round with dread,  
 His heart is arm'd against the fear,  
 For God with all his pow'r is there.
- 4 His soul well fix'd upon the Lord,  
 Draws heav'nly courage from his word ;  
 Amidst the darkness light shall rise,  
 To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.
- 5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad ;  
 His works are still before his God ;  
 His name on earth shall long remain,  
 While envious sinners fret in vain.

## PSALM 112. (C. M.)

*Liberality rewarded.*

1 **H**APPY is he that fears the Lord,  
 And follows his commands,  
 Who lends the poor without reward,  
 Or gives with lib'ral hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast  
 To all the sons of need ;  
 So God shall answer his request  
 With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise  
 His well-establish'd mind ;  
 His soul to God his refuge flies,  
 And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress,  
 Some beams of light shall shine,  
 To show the world his righteousness,  
 And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love  
 Remain before the Lord ;  
 Honour on earth, and joys above,  
 Shall be his sure reward.

## PSALM 113. Proper Tune.

*The Majesty and Condescension of God.*

1 **Y**E that delight to serve the Lord,  
 The honours of his name record,  
 His sacred name for ever bless ;  
 Where'er the circling sun displays  
 His rising beams, or setting rays,  
 Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,  
 Can give his vast dominion bounds,  
 'The heav'ns are far below his height ;  
 Let no created greatness dare  
 With our eternal God compare,  
 Arm'd with his uncreated might.

- 
- 3 He bows his glorious head to view  
 What the bright hosts of angels do,  
 And bends his care to mortal things ;  
 His sov'reign hand exalts the poor,  
 He takes the needy from the door,  
 And makes them company for kings.
- 4 When childless families despair,  
 He sends the blessing of an heir  
 To rescue their expiring name ;  
 The mother with a thankful voice  
 Proclaims his praises and her joys :  
 Let ev'ry age advance his fame.

## PSALM 113. (L. M.)

*God sovereign and gracious.*

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' Almighty King,  
 In ev'ry age his praises sing ;  
 Where'er the sun shall rise or set,  
 The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,  
 Stands his high throne of majesty ;  
 Nor time nor place his pow'r restrain,  
 Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,  
 Or angels with their God compare ?  
 His glories how divinely bright,  
 Who dwells in uncreated light !
- 4 Behold his love : he stoops to view  
 What saints above and angels do ;  
 And condescends yet more to know  
 The mean affairs of men below.
- 5 From dust and cottages obscure,  
 His grace exalts the humble poor ;  
 Gives them the honour of his sons,  
 And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

- 6 [A word of his creating voice  
Can make the barren house rejoice ;  
Though Sarah's ninety years were past,  
The promis'd seed is born at last.
- 7 With joy the mother views her son,  
And tells the wonders God has done ;  
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs,  
If nature fails, the promise bears.]

## PSALM 114. (L. M.)

*Miracles attending Israel's Journey.*

- 1 **W**HEN Isr'el, freed from Pharaoh's hand,  
Left the proud tyrant and his land,  
Their tribes with cheerful homage own  
Their King, and Judah was his throne.
- 2 Across the deep their journey lay ;  
The deep divides to make them way :  
Jordan beheld their march and fled  
With backward current to his head.
- 3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep,  
Like lambs the little hillocks leap ;  
Not Sinai on her base could stand,  
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.
- 4 What pow'r could make the deep divide ?  
Make Jordan backward roll his tide ?  
Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?  
And whence the fright that Sinai feels ?
- 5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,  
Retire, and know th' approaching God,  
The King of Isr'el : see him here :  
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns ;  
The rock to standing pools he turns,  
Flints spring with fountains at his word,  
And fires and seas confess the Lord.



MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK



## PSALM 115. (L. M.)

*The true God our Refuge.*

- 1 **N**OT to ourselves, who are but dust,  
Not to ourselves is glory due,  
Eternal God, thou only just,  
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.
- 2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name ;  
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue  
Insult us, and, to raise our shame,  
Say, "Where's the God you've serv'd so long?"
- 3 The God we serve maintains his throne  
Above the clouds, beyond the skies,  
Through all the earth his will is done,  
He hears our groans, he hears our cries.
- 4 But the vain idols they adore  
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood ;  
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,  
A silver saint, or golden god.
- 5 [With eyes and ears they carve their head,  
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind ;  
In vain are costly off'rings made,  
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.
- 6 Their feet were never made to move,  
Nor hands to save when mortals pray :  
Mortals that pay them fear or love,  
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]
- 7 O Isr'el, make the Lord thy hope,  
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest ;  
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,  
And bless the people and the priest.
- 8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,  
They dwell in silence and the grave ;  
But we shall live to sing thy grace,  
And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

## PSALM 115. Tune of the 50th Psalm.

Second Metre.

*Popish Idolatry reprov'd.*

A Psalm for the 5th of November.

- 1 **N**OT to our names, thou only Just and True,  
     Not to our worthless names is glory due;  
 Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice, claim  
 Immortal honours to thy sov'reign name;  
 Shine through the earth from heav'n thy bless'd  
     abode,  
 Nor let the heathen say, "And where's your God?"
- 2 Heav'n is thine higher court: there stands thy  
     throne,  
 And through the lower worlds thy will is done;  
 Our God fram'd all this earth, these heav'ns he  
     spread,  
 But fools adore the gods their hands have made:  
 The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold  
 Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.
- 3 [Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears;  
 The molten image neither sees nor hears;  
 Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move,  
 They have no speech, nor thought, nor pow'r, nor  
     love;  
 Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints  
 To their deaf idols, and their moveless saints.
- 4 The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold;  
 The poor, content with gods of coarser mould,  
 With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,  
 Lopp'd from a tree, or broken from a rock;  
 People and priest drive on the solemn trade,  
 And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.]
- 5 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to say  
 Which is more stupid, or their gods or they:  
 O Isr'el! trust the Lord; he hears and sees,  
 He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace;  
 His worship does a thousand comforts yield:  
 He is thy help, and he thy heav'nly shield.



- 
- 6 O Britain, trust the Lord ! thy foes in vain  
Attempt thy ruin, and oppose his reign ;  
Had they prevail'd, darkness had clos'd our days,  
And death and silence had forbid his praise :  
But we are sav'd and live : let songs arise,  
And Britain bless the God that built the skies.

## PSALM 116. First Part. (C. M.)

*Recovery from Sickness.*

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord : he heard my cries,  
And pity'd ev'ry groan ;  
Long as I live, when troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord : he bow'd his ear,  
And chas'd my griefs away ;  
O let my heart no more despair,  
While I have breath to pray !
- 3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,  
And I drew near the dead ;  
While inward pangs and fears of hel  
Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 " My God," I cried, " thy servant save,  
" Thou ever good and just ;  
" Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,  
" Thy pow'r is all my trust."
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,  
He bid my pains remove ;  
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,  
For thou hast known his love.
- 6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death  
And dried my falling tears ;  
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,  
And my remaining years.

## PSALM 116. ver. 12, &amp;c. Second Part. (c. m.)

*Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church.*

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God  
For all his kindness shown?  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house,  
My off'rings shall be paid;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,  
Thou thy ever blessed God!  
How dear thy servants in thy sight!  
How precious is their blood!
- 4 How happy all thy servants are!  
How great thy grace to me!  
My life, which thou hast made thy care  
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
Nor shall my purpose move:  
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,  
And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
And thy rich grace record;  
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord.

## PSALM 117. (c. m.)

*Praise to God from all Nations.*

- 1 **O** ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,  
Each with a diff'rent tongue;  
In ev'ry language learn his word,  
And let his name be sung.

- 2 His mercy reigns through ev'ry land ;  
 Proclaim his grace abroad ;  
 For ever firm his truth shall stand,  
 Praise ye the faithful God.

## PSALM 117. (L. M.)

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,  
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord :  
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

## PSALM 117. (S. M.)

- 1 **T**HY name, Almighty Lord,  
 Shall sound through distant lands ;  
 Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;  
 Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honour spread,  
 And long thy praise endure,  
 Till morning light and ev'ning shade  
 Shall be exchang'd no more.

## PSALM 118. ver. 6---15. Last Part. (C. M.)

*Deliverance from a Tumult.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord appears my helper now,  
 Nor is my faith afraid  
 What all the sons of earth can do,  
 Since heav'n affords its aid.
- 3 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,  
 And have my God my friend,  
 Than trust in men of high degree,  
 And on their truth depend.

- 
- 3 Like bees my foes beset me round,  
 A large and angry swarm ;  
 But I shall all their rage confound  
 By thine almighty arm.
- 4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong,  
 In him my lips rejoice ;  
 While his salvation is my song,  
 How cheerful is my voice !
- 5 Like angry bees they girt me round ;  
 When God appears they fly ;  
 So burning thorns, with crackling sound,  
 Make a fierce blaze, and die.
- 6 Joy to the saints and peace belongs ;  
 The Lord protects their days ;  
 Let Isr'el tune immortal songs  
 To his almighty grace.

PSALM 118. ver. 17---21. Second Part. (C. M.)

*Public Praise for Deliverance from Death.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,  
 And rescu'd from the grave ;  
 Now shall he live ; (and none can die  
 If God resolve to save.)
- 2 Thy praise more constant than before  
 Shall fill his daily breath ;  
 Thy hand, that hath chastis'd him sore,  
 Defends him still from death.
- 3 Open the gates of Zion now,  
 For we shall worship there,  
 The house where all the righteous go  
 Thy mercy to declare.
- 4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints  
 Our thankful voice we raise ;  
 There we have told thee our complaints,  
 And there we speak thy praise.

## PSALM 118. ver. 22---23. Third Part. (C. M.)

*Christ the Foundation of his Church.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the sure foundation-stone  
Which God in Zion lays,  
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,  
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
And saints adore the name,  
They trust their whole salvation here,  
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,  
Reject it with disdain ;  
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,  
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,  
Yet must this building rise ;  
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,  
And wondrous in our eyes.

## PSALM 118. ver. 24---26. Fourth Part. (C. M.)

*Hosanna ; the Lord's Day : or, Christ's Resurrection and our Salvation.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own ;  
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To-day the saints his triumph spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,  
To David's holy Son ;  
Help us, O Lord : descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.

- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes in God his Father's name  
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise ;  
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,  
Shall give him nobler praise.

## PSALM 118. ver. 22---27. (S. M.)

*An Hosanna for the Lord's Day.*

- 1 **S**EE what a living stone.  
The builders did refuse ;  
Yet God hath built his church thereon  
In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The scribe and angry priest  
Reject thine only Son ;  
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,  
As the chief corner-stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,  
And wond'rous in our eyes ;  
This day declares it all divine,  
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day  
That our Redeemer made ;  
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray ;  
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King  
Of David's royal blood ;  
Bless him, ye saints ; he comes to bring  
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy word,  
Which all his grace displays ;  
And offer on thine altar, Lord,  
Our sacrifice of praise.

## PSALM 118. ver 22---27. (L. M.)

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious corner-stone  
The Jewish builders did refuse ;  
But God hath built his church thereon  
In spite of envy and the Jews.
- 2 Great God, the work is all divine,  
The joy and wonder of our eyes ;  
This is the day that proves it thine,  
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad :  
Hosanna, let his name be blest ;  
A thousand honours on his head,  
With peace, and light, and glory rest !
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring  
Salvation to our dying race ;  
Let the whole church address their King  
With hearts of joy and songs of praise,

## PSALM 119. First Part. (C. M.)

*The Blessedness of Saints, and Misery of Sinners.*

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **B**LEST are the undefil'd in heart,  
Whose ways are right and clean,  
Who never from thy law depart,  
But fly from ev'ry sin.
- 2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,  
And practise thy commands ;  
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,  
And serve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law,  
How firm their souls abide,  
Nor can a bold temptation draw  
Their steady feet aside.

Ver. 6.

- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,  
 And keep my face from shame,  
 When all thy statutes I obey,  
 And honour all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

- 5 But haughty sinners God will hate,  
 The proud shall die accurs'd ;  
 The sons of falsehood and deceit  
 Are trodden to the dust.

Ver. 119, 155.

- 6 Vile as the dross the wicked are ;  
 And those that leave thy ways  
 Shall see salvation from afar,  
 But never taste thy grace.

## PSALM 119. Second Part. (C. M.)

*Secret Devotion and Spiritual-mindedness.*

Ver. 147, 55.

- 1 **T**O thee, before the dawning light,  
 My gracious God I pray ;  
 I meditate thy name by night,  
 And keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

- 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,  
 Thy promise bears me up ;  
 And while salvation long delays,  
 Thy word supports my hope.

Ver. 164.

- 3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,  
 And pay my thanks to thee ;  
 Thy righteous providence demands  
 Repeated praise from me.



Ver. 62.

- 4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,  
I call thy works to mind ;  
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,  
And sweet acceptance find.

## PSALM 119. Third Part. (C. M.)

*Professions of Sincerity, Repentance, &c.*

Ver. 57, 60.

- 1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God ;  
Soon as I know thy way,  
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,  
And suffers no delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

- 2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,  
And glory in my choice ;  
Not all the riches of the earth  
Could make me so rejoice.

- 3 The testimonies of thy grace  
I set before my eyes ;  
Thence I derive my daily strength,  
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

- 4 If once I wander from thy path,  
I think upon my ways,  
Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

Ver. 94, 114.

- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
O save thy servant, Lord !  
Thou art my shield, my hiding place,  
My hope is in thy word.

## Ver. 112.

- 6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine  
 Thy statutes to fulfil ;  
 And thus till mortal life shall end  
 Would I perform thy will.

## PSALM 119. Fourth Part. (C. M.)

*Instruction from Scripture.*

## Ver. 9.

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,  
 And guard their lives from sin ?  
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts  
 To keep their conscience clean.

## Ver. 30.

- 2 When once it enters to the mind,  
 It spreads such light abroad,  
 The meanest souls instruction find,  
 And raise their thoughts to God.

## Ver. 105.

- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,  
 That guides us all the day ;  
 And through the dangers of the night,  
 A lamp to lead our way.

## Ver. 99, 100.

- 4 The men that keep thy law with care,  
 And meditate thy word,  
 Grow wiser than their teachness are,  
 And better know the Lord.

## Ver. 104, 113.

- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise :  
 I hate the sinner's road ;  
 I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,  
 But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

- 6 [The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,  
The earth maintains her place ;  
And these thy servants, night and day,  
Thy skill and pow'r express.

- 7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,  
Have lessons more divine ;  
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,  
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

- 8 Thy word is everlasting truth ;  
How pure is ev'ry page !  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

PSALM 119. Fifth Part. (c. m.)

*Delight in Scripture.*

Ver. 97.

- 1 **O** HOW I love thy holy law !  
'Tis daily my delight ;  
And thence my meditations draw  
Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day,  
To meditate thy word ;  
My soul with longing melts away,  
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

- 3 How doth thy word my heart engage ;  
How well employ my tongue !  
And in my tiresome pilgrimage  
Yields me a heav'nly song.

Ver. 19, 103.

- 4 Am I a stranger, or at home,  
 'Tis my perpetual feast ;  
 Not honey dropping from the comb  
 So much allures the taste.

Ver. 72, 127.

- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind !  
 Nor shall thy word be sold  
 For loads of silver well refin'd,  
 Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

- 6 When nature sinks and spirits droop,  
 Thy promises of grace  
 Are pillars to support my hope,  
 And there I write thy praise.

PSALM 119. Sixth Part. (C. M.)

*Holiness and Comfort from the Word.*

Ver. 128.

- 1 **L**ORD, I esteem thy judgments right,  
 And all thy statutes just ;  
 Thence I maintain a constant fight  
 With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

Ver. 97, 9.

- 2 Thy precepts often I survey ;  
 I keep thy law in sight,  
 Through all the bus'ness of the day,  
 To form my actions right.

Ver. 62.

- 3 My heart in midnight silence cries,  
 "How sweet thy comforts be!"  
 My thoughts in holy wonder rise,  
 And bring their thanks to thee.

Ver. 162.

- 4 And when my spirit drinks her fill  
At some good word of thine,  
Not mighty men that share the spoil  
Have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM 119. Seventh Part. (C. M.)

*Imperfection of Nature, and Perfection of Scripture.*

Ver. 96. Paraphrased.

- 1 **L**ET all the heathen writers join  
To form one perfect book,  
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,  
How mean their writings look !
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave  
Could show one sin forgiv'n,  
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;  
But thine conduct to heav'n.
- 3 I've seen an end of what we call  
Perfection here below ;  
How short the pow'rs of nature fall,  
And can no further go !
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God  
By works their hands have wrought ;  
But thy commands, exceeding broad,  
Extend to ev'ry thought.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,  
While sin defiles our frame,  
And sinks our virtues down so far,  
They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace,  
Fall far below thy word ;  
But perfect truth and righteousness  
Dwell only with the Lord.

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While sin defiles our frame,  
And sinks our virtues down so far,  
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- 6 Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace,  
Fall far below thy word;  
But perfect truth and righteousness  
Dwell only with the Lord.

## PSALM 119. Eighth Part. (C. M.)

*God's Word is the Saint's Portion.*

Ver. 111. Paraphrased.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice,  
 My lasting heritage ;  
 There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,  
 My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,  
 And keep thy laws in sight,  
 While through the promises I rove  
 With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
 Where springs of life arise,  
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
 And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,  
 It makes our sorrows blest ;  
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
 And our eternal rest.

## PSALM 119. Ninth Part. (C. M.)

*Desire of Knowledge.*

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

- 1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,  
 How good thy works appear !  
 Open mine eyes to read thy word,  
 And see thy wonders there  
 Ver. 73, 125.
- 2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,  
 My service is thy due ;  
 O make thy servant understand  
 The duties he must do.  
 Ver. 19.
- 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,  
 Let not thy path be hid ;  
 But mark the road my feet should go,  
 And be my constant guide.



## Ver. 26.

- 4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,  
 Thou heard'st my soul complain ;  
 Grant me the teachings of thy grace,  
 Or I shall stray again.

## Ver. 33, 34.

- 5 If God to me his statutes shew,  
 And heav'nly truth impart,  
 His work for ever I'll pursue,  
 His law shall rule my heart.

## Ver. 50, 71.

- 6 This was my comfort when I bore  
 Variety of grief ;  
 It made me learn thy word the more,  
 And fly to that relief.

## Ver. 51.

- 7 [In vain the proud deride me now ;  
 I'll ne'er forget thy law,  
 Nor let the blessed gospel go,  
 Whence all my hopes I draw.

## Ver. 27, 171.

- 8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,  
 I'll teach the world his ways ;  
 My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,  
 Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

## PSALM 119. Tenth Part. (C. M.)

*Pleading the Promises.*

## Ver. 38, 49.

- 1 **B**EHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,  
 Devoted to thy fear ;  
 Remember and confirm thy word,  
 For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 19, 103.

- 4 Am I a stranger, or at home,  
 'Tis my perpetual feast ;  
 Not honey dropping from the comb  
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 Thy promises of grace  
 Are pillars to support my hope,  
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PSALM 119. Sixth Part. (c. m.)

*Holiness and Comfort from the Word.*

Ver. 128.

- 1 **L**ORD, I esteem thy judgments right,  
 And all thy statutes just ;  
 Thence I maintain a constant fight  
 With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

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 I keep thy law in sight,  
 Through all the bus'ness of the day,  
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At some good word of thine,  
Not mighty men that share the spoil  
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*Imperfection of Nature, and Perfection of Scripture.*

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But thine conduct to heav'n.
- 3 I've seen an end of what we call  
Perfection here below;  
How short the pow'rs of nature fall,  
And can no further go!
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God  
By works their hands have wrought;  
But thy commands, exceeding broad,  
Extend to ev'ry thought.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,  
While sin defiles our frame,  
And sinks our virtues down so far,  
They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace,  
Fall far below thy word;  
But perfect truth and righteousness  
Dwell only with the Lord.

## PSALM 119. Eighth Part. (C. M.)

*God's Word is the Saint's Portion.*

Ver. 111. Paraphrased.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice,  
My lasting heritage ;  
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,  
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,  
And keep thy laws in sight,  
While through the promises I rove  
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise,  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,  
It makes our sorrows blest ;  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest.

## PSALM 119. Ninth Part. (C. M.)

*Desire of Knowledge.*

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

- 1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,  
How good thy works appear !  
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And see thy wonders there  
Ver. 73, 125.
- 2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,  
My service is thy due ;  
O make thy servant understand  
The duties he must do.  
Ver. 19.
- 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,  
Let not thy path be hid ;  
But mark the road my feet should go,  
And be my constant guide.

## Ver. 26.

- 4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,  
Thou heard'st my soul complain ;  
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,  
Or I shall stray again.

## Ver. 33, 34.

- 5 If God to me his statutes shew,  
And heav'nly truth impart,  
His work for ever I'll pursue,  
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## Ver. 50, 71.

- 6 This was my comfort when I bore  
Variety of grief ;  
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Nor let the blessed gospel go,  
Whence all my hopes I draw.

## Ver. 27, 171.

- 8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,  
I'll teach the world his ways ;  
My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,  
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

## PSALM 119. Tenth Part. (C. M.)

*Pleading the Promises.*

## Ver. 38, 49.

- 1 **B**EHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,  
Devoted to thy fear ;  
Remember and confirm thy word,  
For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

- 2 Hast thou not writ salvation down,  
And promis'd quick'ning grace?  
Doth not my heart address thy throne?  
And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

- 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;  
O bear thy servant up;  
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,  
Who dare reproach my hope

Ver. 49, 74.

- 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?  
Then let thy truth appear;  
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,  
And trust as well as fear.

PSALM 119. Eleventh Part. (c. m.)

*Breathing after Holiness.*

Ver. 5, 33.

- O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still!  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will!

Ver. 29.

- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart!  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.

- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desires, arise  
Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.

Ver. 176.

- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,  
My feet too often slip ;  
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,  
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Ver. 35.

- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,  
'Tis a delightful road ;  
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,  
Offend against my God.

PSALM 119. Twelfth Part. (c. m.)

*Breathing after Deliverance.*

Ver. 153.

- M**Y God, consider my distress,  
Let mercy plead my cause ;  
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,  
I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

- 2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach  
Which I so justly fear :  
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,  
Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

- 3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,  
Nor let the proud oppress ;  
But make thy waiting servant see  
The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 82.

- 4 My eyes with expectation fail,  
 My heart within me cries,  
 "When will the Lord his truth fulfil,  
 And make my comforts rise?"

Ver. 132.

- 5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,  
 And show thy grace the same  
 As thou art ever wont t' afford  
 To those that love thy name.

PSALM 119. Thirteenth Part. (c. m.)

*Holy Fear and Tenderness of Conscience.*

Ver. 10.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,  
 O let me never stray  
 From thy commands, O God of grace,  
 Nor tread the sinners' way!

Ver. 11.

- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,  
 To keep my conscience clean,  
 And be an everlasting guard  
 From ev'ry rising sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

- 3 I'm a companion of the saints  
 Who fear and love the Lord;  
 My sorrows rise, my nature faints,  
 When men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

- 4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,  
 My spirit stands in awe;  
 My soul abhors a lying tongue,  
 But loves thy righteous law.



Ver. 161, 120.

- 5 My heart with sacred rev'ence hears  
The threat'nings of thy word ;  
My flesh with holy trembling fears  
The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

- 6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait  
For thy salvation still ;  
While thy whole law is my delight,  
And I obey thy will.

PSALM 119. Fourteenth Part. (c. m.)

*Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.*

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

- 1 **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,  
And my deliv'rance send ;  
My soul for thy salvation faints :  
When will my troubles end ?

Ver. 71.

- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me  
To bear my Father's rod ;  
Afflictions make me learn thy law,  
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

- 3 This is the comfort I enjoy  
When new distress begins,  
I read thy word, I run thy way,  
And hate my former sins,

Ver. 92.

- 4 Had not thy word been my delight  
When earthly joys were fled,  
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,  
Had sunk amongst the dead,

Ver. 75.

- 5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,  
 Though they may seem severe ;  
 The sharpest suff'rings I endure  
 Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

- 6 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,  
 My feet were apt to stray ;  
 But now I learn to keep thy word,  
 Nor wander from thy way.

PSALM 119. Fifteenth Part. (c. m.)

*Holy Resolutions.*

Ver. 93.

- 1 **O** THAT thy statutes ev'ry hour  
 Might dwell upon my mind !  
 Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,  
 And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,  
 Shall be my sweet employ ;  
 My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,  
 Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

- 3 How would I run in thy commands,  
 If thou my heart discharge  
 From sin and Satan's hateful chains,  
 And set my feet at large !

Ver. 13, 46.

- 4 My lips with courage shall declare  
 Thy statutes and thy name ;  
 I'll speak thy word, though kings should hear,  
 Nor yield to sinful shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

- 5 Let bands of persecutors rise  
To rob me of my right,  
Let pride and malice forge their lies,  
Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.

- 6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,  
Whose hands and hearts are ill :  
I love my God, I love his ways,  
And must obey his will.

PLALM 119. Sixteenth Part. (c. m.)

*Prayer for quickening Grace.*

Ver. 35, 37.

- 1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust :  
Lord, give me life divine ;  
From vain desires and ev'ry lust  
Turn off these eyes of mine.

- 2 I need the influence of thy grace  
To speed me in thy way,  
Lest I should loiter in my race,  
Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,  
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs ;  
Thy word that I have rested on  
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

- 4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still ?  
And thou a faithful God ?  
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal  
To run the heav'nly road ?

Ver. 159, 40.

- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,  
And long to see thy face?  
And yet how slow my spirits move  
Without enliv'ning grace!

Ver. 93.

- 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,  
And ne'er forget thy word,  
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r  
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM 119. Seventeenth Part. (L. M.)

*Courage and Perseverance under Persecution; or, Grace shining  
in Difficulties and Trials.*

Ver. 143, 28.

- 1 **W**HEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,  
All my support is from thy word;  
My soul dissolves for heaviness,  
Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

- 2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,  
They watch my feet with envious eyes,  
And tempt my soul to snares and sin,  
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

- 3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,  
They hate to see me love thy laws!  
But I will trust and fear thy name,  
Till pride and malice die with shame.

PSALM 118. Last Part. (L. M.)

*Sanctified Afflictions.*

Ver. 67, 59.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;  
How kind was thy chastising rod,  
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,  
And brought my wand'ring soul to God.

- 2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,  
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord ;  
I left my guide, and lost my way ;  
But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,  
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;  
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,  
That I might learn his statutes well.

Ver. 72.

- 4 The law that issues from thy mouth  
Shall raise my cheerful passions more  
Than all the treasures of the south,  
Or western hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

- 5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,  
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within ;  
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,  
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Ver. 74.

- 6 Then all that love and fear the Lord  
At my salvation shall rejoice ;  
For I have hoped in thy word,  
And made thy grace my only choice.

### PSALM 120. (c. m.)

*A devout Wish for Peace.*

- 1 **T**HOU God of love, thou ever-blest,  
Pity my suffering state ;  
When wilt thou set my soul at rest  
From lips that love deceit ?
- 2 Hard lot of mine ! my days are cast  
Among the sons of strife,  
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste  
My golden hours of life.

- 3 O might I fly to change my place,  
How would I choose to dwell  
In some wild lonesome wilderness,  
And leave these gates of hell.
- 4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,  
How lovely are its charms!  
I am for peace ; but when I speak,  
They all declare for arms.
- 5 New passions still their souls engage,  
And keep their malice strong ;  
What shall be done to curb thy rage,  
O thou devouring tongue!
- 6 Should burning arrows smite thee through,  
Strict justice would approve ;  
But I had rather spare my foe,  
And melt his heart with love.

## PSALM 121. (L. M.)

*Divine Protection.*

- 1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;  
Thence all her help my soul derives :  
There my almighty refuge lies.
- 5 He lives ; the everlasting God,  
That built the world, that spread the flood ;  
The heav'ns with all their hosts he made,  
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;  
His morning smiles bless all the day ;  
He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps  
The silent hours while Isr'el sleeps.
- 4 Isr'el, a name divinely blest,  
May rise secure, securely rest ;  
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,  
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray  
Shall blast thy couch : no baleful star  
Dart his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,  
Still thou shalt go and still return  
Safe in the Lord : his heav'nly care  
Defends thy life from ev'ry snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no pow'r ;  
And in thy last departing hour,  
Angels that trace the airy road,  
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

## PSALM 121. (C. M.)

*Preservation by Day and Night.*

- 1 **T**O heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,  
There all my hopes are laid ;  
The Lord that built the earth and skies  
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet shall never slide to fall,  
Whom he designs to keep ;  
His ear attends the softest call,  
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest pow'rs  
With his almighty arm,  
And watch our most unguarded hours  
Against surprising harm.
- 4 Isr'el, rejoice and rest secure,  
Thy keeper is the Lord ;  
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r  
For thine eternal guard.
- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,  
Shall have his leave to smite ;  
He shields thy head from burning noon,  
From blasting damps at night.

- 6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,  
Where thickest dangers come ;  
Go and return, secure from death,  
Till God commands thee home.

PSALM 121. As the 148th Psalm.

*God our Preserver.*

- 1 **U**PWARD I lift mine eyes,  
From God is all my aid ;  
The God that built the skies,  
And earth and nature made ;  
God is the tow'r  
To which I fly ;  
His grace is nigh  
In ev'ry hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide  
And fall in fatal snares,  
Since God, my guard and guide,  
Defends me from my fears ;  
Those wakeful eyes  
That never sleep  
Shall Isr'el keep  
When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,  
Nor blast of ev'ning air,  
Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there ;  
Thou art my sun,  
And thou my shade,  
To guard my head  
By night or noon.



4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word  
To save my soul from death?  
And I can trust my Lord  
To keep my mortal breath.  
I'll go and come,  
Nor fear to die,  
Till from on high  
Thou call me home.

PSALM 122. (c. m.)

*Going to Church.*

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear  
My friends devoutly say,  
"In Zion let us all appear,  
"And keep the solemn day!"
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;  
The church, adorn'd with grace,  
Stands like a palace built for God,  
To shew his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts with joys unknown  
The holy tribes repair;  
The Son of David holds his throne,  
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints;  
And while his awful voice  
Divides the sinners from the saints,  
We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,  
And joy a constant guest!  
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace  
Be her attendants blest!
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains;  
There my blest friends, my kindred dwell,  
There God my Saviour reigns.

## PSALM 122. Proper Tune.

- 1 **H**OW pleas'd and blest was I  
To hear the people cry,  
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"  
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,  
We haste to Zion's hill,  
And there our vows and honours pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,  
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,  
And walls of strength embrace thee round;  
In thee our tribes appear  
To pray, and praise, and hear  
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 There David's greater Son  
Has fix'd his royal throne,  
He sits for grace and judgment there;  
He bids the saints be glad,  
He makes the sinner sad,  
And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,  
And joy within thee wait  
To bless the souls of ev'ry guest;  
The man that seeks thy peace,  
And wishes thine increase,  
A thousand blessings on him rest!
- 5 My tongue repeats her vows,  
"Peace to this sacred house!"  
For there my friends and kindred dwell!  
And since my glorious God  
Makes thee his blest abode,  
My soul shall ever love thee well.

*[Repeat the 4th Stanza to complete the tune.]*

PSALM 123. (C. M.)

*Pleading with Submission.*

- 1 **O** THOU, whose grace and justice reign  
     Enthron'd above the skies,  
 To thee our hearts would tell their pain,  
     To thee we lift our eyes.
- 2 As servants watch their masters' hand,  
     And fear the angry stroke ;  
 Or maids before their mistress stand  
     And wait a peaceful look ;
- 3 So for our sins we justly feel  
     Thy discipline, O God ;  
 Yet wait the gracious moment still,  
     'Till thou remove thy rod.
- 4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,  
     Our daily groans deride,  
 And thy delays of mercies give  
     Fresh courage to their pride.
- 5 Our foes insult us, but our hope  
     In thy compassion lies ;  
 This thought shall bear our spirits up,  
     That God will not despise.

PSALM 124. (L. M.)

*A Song for the 5th of November.*

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord, may Isr'el say,  
     Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,  
 When men to make our lives a prey,  
     Rose like the swelling of the tide ;
- 2 The swelling tide had stopp'd our breath,  
     So fiercely did the waters roll,  
 We had been swallow'd deep in death :  
     Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

- 3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,  
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke ;  
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,  
When once the fowler's snare is broke.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,  
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare,  
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,  
And made our lives and souls his care.
- 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,  
Who form'd the earth, and built the skies ;  
He that upholds that wondrous frame,  
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

## PSALM 125. (C. M.)

*The Saint's Trial and Safety.*

- 1 **U**NSHAKEN as the sacred hill,  
And firm as mountains be,  
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest  
That leans, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well  
Old Salem's happy ground,  
As those eternal arms of love  
That ev'ry saint surround.
- 3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge  
To drive them near to God,  
Divine compassion does allay  
The fury of the rod.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,  
And lead them safely on  
To the bright gates of Paradise,  
Where Christ their Lord is gone.
- 5 But if we trace those crooked ways  
That the old serpent drew,  
The wrath that drove him first to hell  
Shall smite his foll'wers too.

## PSALM 125. (S. M.)

- 1 **F**IRM and unmov'd are they  
That rest their souls on God ;  
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,  
Or where the ark abode.
- 2 As mountains stood to guard  
The city's sacred ground,  
So God and his almighty love  
Embrace his saints around.
- 3 What though a father's rod  
Drop a chastising stroke,  
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,  
Its fury shall be broke.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with those  
Whose faith and pious fear,  
Whose hope, and love, and ev'ry grace,  
Proclaim their hearts sincere.
- 5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage  
Too long oppress the saint ;  
The God of Isr'el will support  
His children lest they faint.
- 6 But if our slavish fear  
Will choose the road to hell,  
We must expect our portion there,  
Where bolder sinners dwell.

## PSALM 126. (L. M.)

*Surprising Deliverance.*

- 1 **W**HEN God restor'd our captive state,  
Joy was our song, and grace our theme ;  
The grace beyond our hope so great,  
That joy appear'd a painted dream.
- 3 The scoffer owns thy hand and pays  
Unwilling honours to thy name ;  
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,  
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

- 3 When we review our dismal fears,  
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so ;  
With God we left our flowing tears,  
He makes our joys like rivers flow.
- 4 The man that in his furrow'd field  
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,  
Will shout to see the harvest yield  
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

## PSALM 126. (C. M.)

*The Joy of a remarkable Conversion.*

- 1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,  
And chang'd my mournful state,  
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,  
The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,  
And did thy hand confess ;  
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,  
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 " Great is the work," my neighbours cried,  
And own the pow'r divine ;  
" Great is the work," my heart replied,  
" And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
Can give us day for night,  
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait  
Till the fair harvest come,  
They shall confess their sheaves are great,  
And shout the blessings home.
- 6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,  
It shan't deceive their hope,  
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,  
For grace insures the crop.

## PSALM 127. (L. M.)

*The Blessings of God on the Business and Comforts of Life.*

- 1 **I**F God succeed not, all the costs  
And pains to build the house are lost ;  
If God the city will not keep,  
The watchful guards as well may sleep.
- 2 What if you rise before the sun,  
And work and toil when day is done,  
Careful and sparing eat your bread,  
To shun that poverty you dread ;
- 3 'Tis all in vain till God hath blest ;  
He can make rich, yet give us rest ;  
Children and friends are blessings too,  
If God our sov'reign make them so.
- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends  
Obedient children, faithful friends ;  
How sweet our daily comforts prove,  
When they are season'd with his love.

## PSALM 127. (C. M.)

*God all in all.*

- 1 **I**F God to build the house deny,  
The builders work in vain ;  
And towns, without his wakeful eye,  
An useless watch maintain.
- 2 Before the morning beams arise,  
Your painful work renew,  
And till the stars ascend the skies,  
Your tiresome toil pursue.
- 3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare ;  
In vain, till God has blest ;  
But if his smiles attend your care,  
You shall have food and rest.

- 4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,  
 Shall real blessings prove,  
 Nor all the earthly joys he sends,  
 If sent without his love.

PSALM 128. (C. M.)

*Family Blessings.*

- 1 **O** HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd  
 With zeal and rev'rend awe!  
 His lips to God their honours yield,  
 His life adorns the law.
- 2 A careful providence shall stand  
 And ever guard thy head,  
 Shall on the labours of thy hand  
 Its kindly blessings shed.
- 3 [Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine ;  
 Thy children round thy board,  
 Each like a plant of honour shine,  
 And learn to fear the Lord.]
- 4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil  
 For months and years to come ;  
 The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,  
 Shall send thee blessings home.
- 5 This is the man whose happy eyes  
 Shall see his house increase,  
 Shall see the sinking church arise,  
 'Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM 129. (C. M.)

*Persecutors Punished.*

- 1 **U**P from my youth, may Isr'el say,  
 Have I been nurs'd in tears ;  
 My griefs were constant as the day,  
 And tedious as the years.



- 
- 2 Up from my youth I bore the rage  
Of all the sons of strife ;  
Oft they assail'd my riper age,  
But not destroy'd my life.
- 3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh,  
With furrows long and deep ;  
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,  
Nor let my sorrows sleep.
- 4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,  
And with impartial eye  
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,  
Then let his arrows fly.
- 5 How was their insolence surpris'd  
To hear his thunders roll !  
And all the foes of Sion seiz'd  
With horror to the soul.
- 6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints  
Be blasted from the sky ;  
Their glory fades, their courage faints,  
And all their projects die.
- 7 [What though they flourish tall and fair,  
They have no root beneath ;  
Their growth shall perish in despair,  
And lie despis'd in death.]
- 8 [So corn that on the house-top stands,  
No hope of harvest gives ;  
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,  
Nor binder fold the sheaves.
- 9 It springs and withers on the place :  
No traveller bestows  
A word of blessing on the grass,  
Nor minds it as he goes.]

## PSALM 130. (C. M.)

*Pardoning Grace.*

- 1 **O**UT of the deeps of long distress,  
The borders of despair,  
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,  
My groans to move thine ear.
- 2 Great God, should thy severer eye,  
And thine impartial hand,  
Mark and revenge iniquity,  
No mortal flesh could stand.
- 3 But there are pardons with my God  
For crimes of high degree ;  
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,  
To draw us near to thee.
- 4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,  
With strong desires I wait ;  
My soul, invited by thy word,  
Stands watching at thy gate.]
- 5 [Just as the guards that keep the night  
Long for the the morning skies,  
Watch the first beams of breaking light,  
And meet them with their eyes ;
- 6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,  
And more intent than they,  
Meets the first op'nings of thy face,  
And finds a brighter day.]
- 7 Then in the Lord let Isr'el trust,  
Let Isr'el seek his face ;  
The Lord is good as well as just,  
And plenteous is his grace.
- 8 There's full redemption at his throne  
For sinners long enslav'd ;  
The great Redeemer is his Son,  
And Isr'el shall be sav'd.

## PSALM 130. (L. M.)

- 1 **F**ROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,  
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries ;  
If thou severely mark our faults,  
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,  
Free to dispense thy pardons there,  
That sinners may approach thy face,  
And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,  
And long and wish for breaking day,  
So waits my soul before thy gate ;  
When will my God his face display ?
- 4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,  
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain ;  
Let mourning souls address the Lord,  
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,  
Through the redemption of his Son ;  
He turns our feet from sinful ways,  
And pardons what our hands have done.

## PSALM 131. (C. M.)

*Humility and Submission.*

- 1 **I**S there ambition in my heart ?  
Search, gracious God, and see ;  
Or do I act a haughty part ?  
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,  
And all my carriage mild ;  
Content, my Father, with thy will,  
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,  
 Shall have a large reward ;  
 Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,  
 And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM 132. ver. 5, 13---18. (L. M.)

*The Ordination of a Minister.*

- 1 **W**HERE shall we go to seek and find  
 An habitation for our God,  
 A dwelling for th' eternal Mind,  
 Amongst the sons of flesh and blood ?
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill  
 Of Zion for his ancient rest ;  
 And Zion is his dwelling still,  
 His church is with his presence blest.
- 3 " Here will I fix my gracious throne,  
 " And reign for ever (saith the Lord ;)  
 " Here shall my pow'r and love be known,  
 " And blessings shall attend my word.
- 4 " Here will I meet the hungry poor,  
 " And fill their souls with living bread ;  
 " Sinners that wait before my door,  
 " With sweet provision shall be fed.
- 5 " Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,  
 " My priests, my ministers shall shine ;  
 " Not Aaron in his costly dress  
 " Made an appearance so divine.
- 6 " The saints, unable to contain  
 " Their inward joys, shall shout and sing ;  
 " The Son of David here shall reign,  
 " And Zion triumph in her King.
- 7 " [Jesus shall see a num'rous seed  
 " Born here, t' uphold his glorious name ;  
 " His crown shall flourish on his head,  
 " While all his foes are cloth'd with shame." ]

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PSALM 132. ver. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15---17. (C. M.)

*A Church established.*

1 [N]O sleep nor slumber to his eyes  
Good David would afford,  
Till he had found below the skies  
A dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,  
His ark was settled there ;  
To Zion the whole nation came,  
To worship thrice a year.

3 But we have no such lengths to go,  
Nor wander far abroad ;  
Where'er thy saints assemble now,  
There is a house for God.]

PAUSE.

4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,  
And enter to thy rest !  
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,  
Thus to be own'd and blest.

5 Enter with all thy glorious train,  
Thy Spirit and thy word ;  
All that the ark did once contain,  
Could no such grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,  
Here let thy praise be spread ;  
Bless the provisions of thy house,  
And fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the Son of David reign ;  
Let God's anointed shine ;  
Justice and truth his court maintain,  
With love and pow'r divine.

9 Here let him hold a lasting throne ;  
And as his kingdom grows,  
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,  
And shame confound his foes.

## PSALM 133. (C. M.)

*Brotherly Love*

- 1 **L**O, what an entertaining sight  
Are brethren that agree ;  
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite  
In bands of piety !
- 2 When streams of love from Christ the spring,  
Descend to ev'ry soul,  
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing,  
Shades and bedews the whole ;
- 3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet  
On Aaron's rev'rend head ;  
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,  
And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews  
That fall on Zion's hill,  
Where God his mildest glory shews,  
And makes his grace distil.

## PSALM 133. (S. M.)

*Communion of Saints.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D are the sons of peace,  
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;  
Whose kind designs to serve and please,  
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Bless'd is the pious house  
Where zeal and friendship meet,  
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus when on Aaron's head  
They pour'd the rich perfume,  
The oil through all his raiment spread,  
And pleasure fill'd the room.

- 4 Thus on the heav'nly hills,  
The saints are bless'd above,,  
Where joy like morning dew distills,  
And all the air is love.

PSALM 133. As the 122d Psalm.

*The Blessings of Friendship.*

- 1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see  
Kindred and friends agree,  
Each in their proper station move,  
And each fulfil their part,  
With sympathizing heart,  
In all the cares of life and love !
- 2 'Tis like the ointment shed  
On Aaron's sacred head,  
Divinely rich, divinely sweet :  
The oil through all the room  
Diffus'd a choice perfume,  
Ran through his robes, and bless'd his feet.
- 3 Like fruitful show'rs of rain,  
That water all the plain,  
Descending from the neighb'ring hills ;  
Such streams of pleasure roll  
Through ev'ry friendly soul,  
Where love like heav'nly dew distills,

*Repeat the first Stanza to complete the Tune.*

PSALM 134. (C. M.)

*Daily and Nightly Devotion.*

- 1 **Y**E that obey th' immortal King  
Attend his holy place ;  
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,  
And bless his wondrous grace.
- 2 Lift up your hands by morning light,  
And send your souls on high :  
Raise your admiring thoughts by night,  
Above the starry sky.

- 3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts  
 With rays of quick'ning grace ;  
 The God that spreads the heav'ns abroad,  
 And rules the swelling seas.

PS. 135. ver. 1---4, 14, 19---21. First Part. (L. M.)

*The Church God's House and Care.*

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,  
 While in his holy courts ye wait ;  
 Ye saints that to his house belong,  
 Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord ; the Lord is good ;  
 To praise his name is sweet employ ;  
 Isr'el he chose of old, and still  
 His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints ;  
 He treats his servants as his friends ;  
 And when he hears their sore complaints,  
 Repents the sorrows that he sends.
- 4 Through ev'ry age the Lord declares  
 His name and breaks th' oppressor's rod :  
 He gives his suff'ring servants rest,  
 And will be known th' Almighty God.
- 5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love :  
 People and priest, exalt his name :  
 Amongst his saints he ever dwells ;  
 His church is his Jerusalem.

PSALM 135. ver. 5---12. 2d Part. (L. M.)

*The Works of Creation, Providence, &c.*

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord, exalted high  
 Above all pow'rs, and ev'ry throne  
 Whate'er he please in earth or sea,  
 Or heav'n or hell, his hand hath done.



- 
- 2 At his command the vapours rise,  
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;  
He pours the rain, he brings the wind,  
And tempests from his airy store.
- 3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,  
O Egypt! through thy stubborn land;  
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,  
Fell dead by his avenging hand.
- 4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,  
He slew, and their whole country gave  
To Isr'el, whom his hand redeem'd,  
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!
- 5 His power the same, the same his grace,  
That saves us from the hosts of hell:  
And heav'n he gives us to possess,  
Whence those apostate angels fell.

## PSALM 135. (C. M.)

*Praise due to God, not to Idols.*

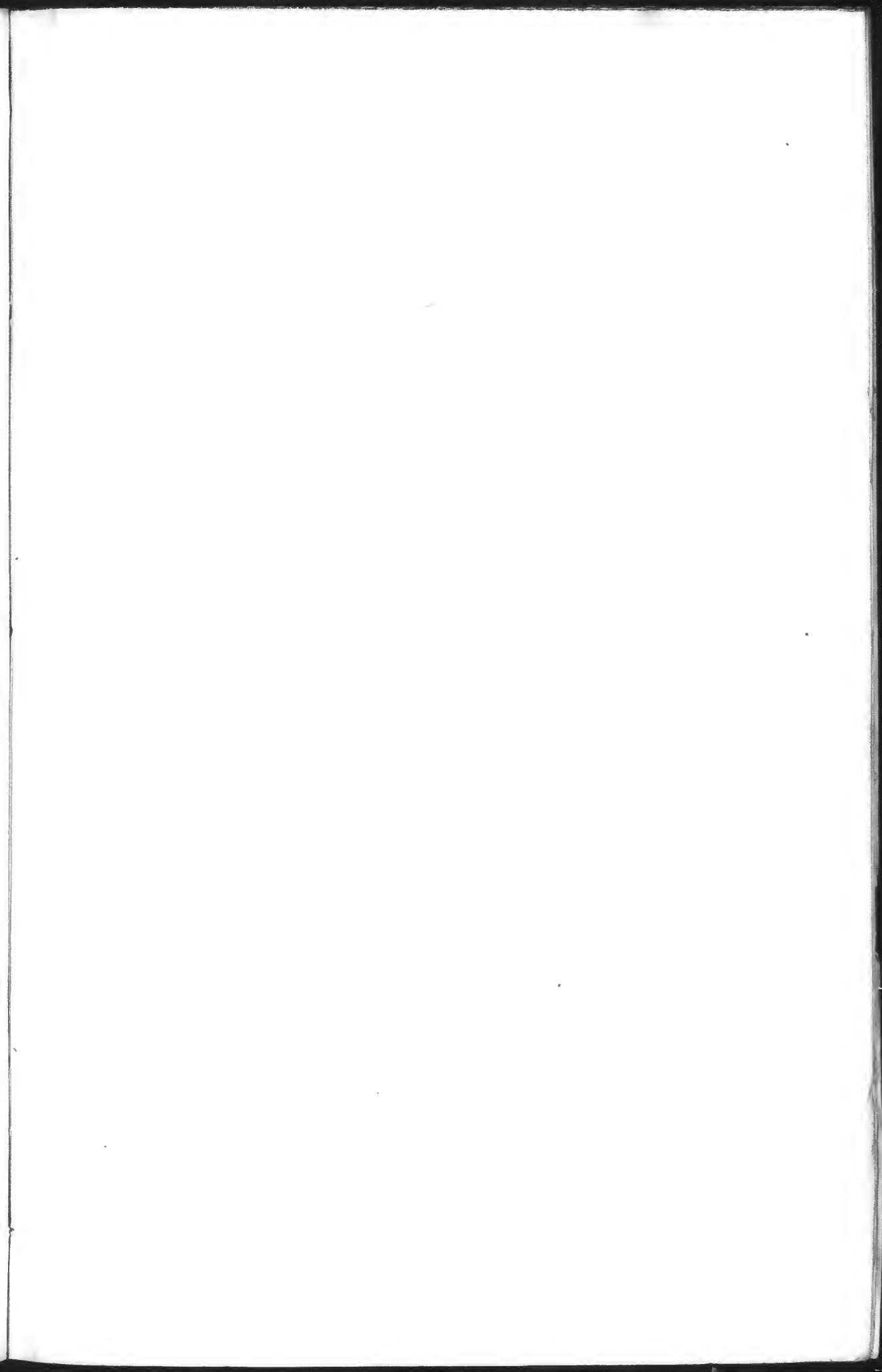
- 1 **A** WAKE ye saints; to praise your King,  
Your sweetest passions raise,  
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,  
Increasing with the praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord, and works unknown  
Are his divine employ;  
But still his saints are near his throne,  
His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heav'n, earth, and sea, confess his hand;  
He bids the vapours rise:  
Lightning and storm, at his command,  
Sweep through the sounding skies.
- 4 All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd,  
Is found with him alone;  
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd  
Where our Jehovah's known.

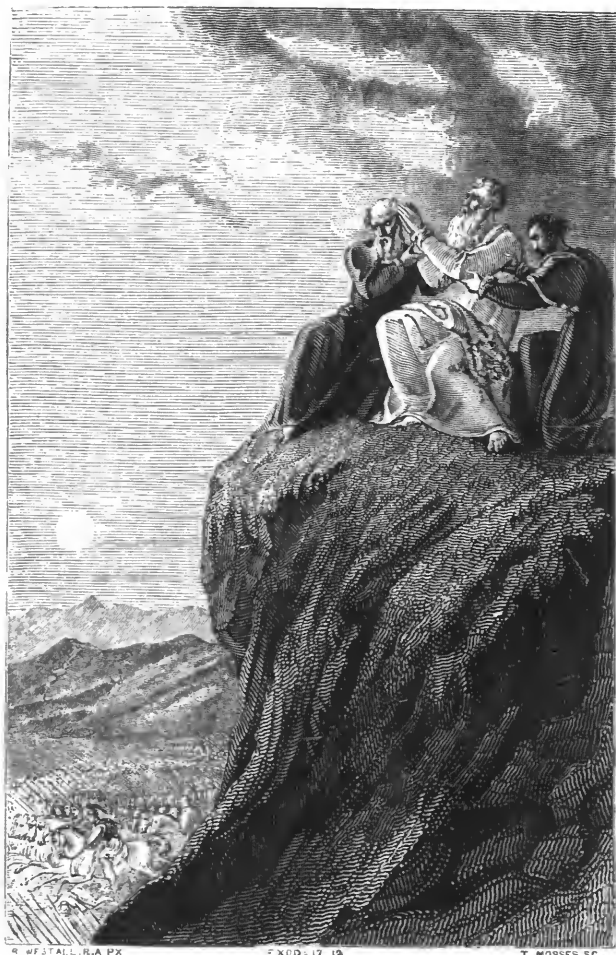
- 5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust  
Can give them show'rs of rain?  
In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,  
And pray to gold in vain.
- 6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,  
Such as their makers gave:  
Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,  
Nor hands have pow'r to save.
- 7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,  
Nor hear when mortals pray;  
Mortals, that wait for their relief,  
Are blind and deaf as they.]
- 8 O Britain, know the living God,  
Serve him with faith and fear;  
He makes thy churches his abode,  
And claims thine honours there.

## PSALM 136. (C. M.)

*God's Wonders in Creation, Providence, and Redemption.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, the sov'reign Lord;  
"His mercies still endure:"  
And be the King of kings ador'd;  
"His truth is ever sure."
- 2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!  
"How mighty is his hand!"  
Heav'n, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone:  
"How wide is his command!"
- 3 The sun supplies the day with light;  
"How bright his counsels shine!"  
The moon and stars adorn the night;  
"His works are all divine."
- 4 [He struck the sons of Egypt dead:  
"How dreadful is his rod!"  
And thence with joy his people led:  
"How gracious is our God!"





AMALEK OVERCOME.

- 5 He cleft the swelling sea in two ;  
    " His arm is great in might ;"  
And gave the tribes a passage through :  
    " His pow'r and grace unite !"
- 6 But Phar'oh's army there he drown'd ;  
    " How glorious are his ways !"  
And brought his saints thro' desert ground ;  
    " Eternal be his praise."
- 7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand ;  
    " Victorious is his sword ;"  
While Isr'el took the promis'd land :  
    " And faithful is his word." ]
- 8 He saw the nations dead in sin ;  
    " He felt his pity move ;"  
How sad a state the world was in !  
    " How boundless was his love !"
- 9 He sent to save us from our woe ;  
    " His goodness never fails ;"  
From death, and hell, and ev'ry foe :  
    " And still his grace prevails."
- 10 Give thanks to God the heav'nly King :  
    " His mercies still endure :"  
Let the whole earth his praises sing ,  
    " His truth is ever sure."

## PSALM 136. As the 148th Psalm.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most High  
The universal Lord ;  
The sov'reign King of kings ;  
And be his grace ador'd.  
    " His pow'r and grace  
    " Are still the same ;  
    " And let his name  
    " Have endless praise."

- 2 How mighty is his hand ;  
What wonders hath he done !  
He form'd the earth and seas,  
And spread the heav'ns alone.  
    " Thy mercy, Lord,  
    " Shall still endure :  
    " And ever sure  
    " Abides thy word."
- 3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,  
To crown the day with light :  
The moon and twinkling stars,  
To cheer the darksome night.  
    " His pow'r and grace  
    " Are still the same ;  
    " And let his name  
    " Have endless praise."
- 4 [He smote the first-born sons,  
The flow'r of Egypt, dead ;  
And thence his chosen tribes  
With joy and glory led.  
    " Thy mercy, Lord,  
    " Shall still endure ;  
    " And ever sure  
    " Abides thy word."
- 5 His pow'r and lifted rod  
Cleft the Red Sea in two,  
And for his people made  
A wondrous passage through.  
    " His pow'r and grace  
    " Are still the same ;  
    " And let his name  
    " Have endless praise."
- 6 But cruel Phar'oh there  
With all his host he drown'd ;  
And brought his Isr'el safe  
Through a long desert ground.

“ Thy mercy, Lord,  
 “ Shall still endure ;  
 “ And ever sure  
 “ Abides thy word.”

PAUSE.

7 The kings of Canaan fell  
 Beneath his dreadful hand ;  
 While his own servants took  
 Possession of their land.  
 “ His pow’r and grace  
 “ Are still the same ;  
 “ And let his name  
 “ Have endless praise.”

8 He saw the nations lie  
 All perishing in sin,  
 And pitied the sad state  
 The ruin’d world was in.  
 “ Thy mercy, Lord,  
 “ Shall still endure ;  
 “ And ever sure  
 “ Abides thy word.”

9 He sent his only Son  
 To save us from our woe,  
 From Satan, sin, and death,  
 And ev’ry hurtful foe.  
 “ His pow’r and grace  
 “ Are still the same ;  
 “ And let his name  
 “ Have endless praise.”

10 Give thanks aloud to God,  
 To God the heav’nly King ;  
 And let the spacious earth  
 His works and glories sing.

“ Thy mercy, Lord,  
“ Shall still endure ;  
“ And ever sure  
“ Abides thy word.”

## PSALM 136. Abridged. (L. M.)

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;  
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown ;  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When lords and kings are known no more
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
And fix'd the starry lights on high ;  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,  
He bids the moon direct the night :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,  
And brought them to the promis'd land ;  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,  
And felt his pity work within :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When death and sin shall reign no more.
- 7 He sent his Son with pow'r to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.



- 8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,  
And leads us to his heav'nly seat :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

## PSALM 138. (L. M.)

*Restoring and Preserving Grace.*

- 1 [WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue  
I'll praise my Maker in my song :  
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 Angels that make thy church their care  
Shall witness my devotions there,  
While holy zeal directs my eyes  
To thy fair temple in the skies.]
- 3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,  
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;  
Not all thy works and names below  
So much thy pow'r and glory show.
- 4 To God I cried when troubles rose ;  
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes ;  
He did my rising fears control,  
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.
- 5 The God of heav'n maintains his state,  
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great ;  
But from his throne descends to see  
The sons of humble poverty.
- 6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by thy hand :  
Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.

- 7 Grace will complete what grace begins,  
To save from sorrows or from sins ;  
The work that wisdom undertakes  
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM 139. First Part. (L. M.)

*The All-seeing God.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me  
through,  
Thine eye commands with piercing view  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known ;  
He knows the words I mean to speak,  
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling pow'r I stand ;  
On ev'ry side I find thy hand ;  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !  
What large extent ! what lofty height !  
My soul with all the pow'rs I boast  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 " O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
" Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !  
" Nor let my weaker passions dare  
" Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE THE FIRST.

- 6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,  
To quit thy service and thy love,  
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,  
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?

- 
- 7 If up to heav'n I take my flight,  
 'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;  
 Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,  
 And Satan groans beneath thy chains.
- 8 If mounted on a morning-ray  
 I fly beyond the western sea,  
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive  
 And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 9 Or should I try to shun thy sight  
 Beneath the spreading veil of night,  
 One glance of thine, one piercing ray,  
 Would kindle darkness into day.
- 10 " O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
 " Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;  
 " Nor let my weaker passions dare  
 " Consent to sin, for God is there."

## PAUSE THE SECOND.

- 11 The veil of night is no disguise,  
 No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;  
 Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon  
 Through midnight shades as blazing noon.
- 12 Midnight and noon in this agree,  
 Great God, they're both alike to thee ;  
 Not death can hide what God will spy,  
 And hell lies naked to his eye.
- 13 " O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
 " Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;  
 " Nor let my weaker passions dare  
 " Consent to sin, for God is there."

## PSALM 139. Second Part. (L. M.)

*The Wonderful Formation of Man.*

- 1 **T**WAS from thy hand, my God, I came,  
 A work of such a curious frame ;  
 In me thy fearful wonders shine,  
 And each proclaims thy skill divine.

- 2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,  
Which yet in dark confusion lay ;  
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,  
Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd  
And what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd,  
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart,)  
Was copied with unerring art.
- 4 At last, to show my Maker's name,  
God stamp'd his image on my frame,  
And in some unknown moment join'd  
The finish'd members to the mind.
- 5 There the young seeds of thought began,  
And all the passions of the man :  
Great God, our infant nature pays  
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.

- 6 Lord, since in my advancing age  
I've acted on life's busy stage,  
The thoughts of love to me surmount  
The pow'r of numbers to recount.
- 7 I could survey the ocean o'er,  
And count each sand that makes the shore,  
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace  
The num'rous wonders of thy grace.
- 8 These on my heart are still imprest,  
With these I give my eyes to rest ;  
And at my waking hour I find  
God and his love possess my mind.

PSALM 139. Third Part. (L. M.)

*Sincerity professed, and Grace tried.*

- 1 **M**Y God, what inward grief I feel  
When impious men transgress thy will !  
I mourn to hear their lips profane  
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

- 
- 2 Does not my soul detest and hate  
The sons of malice and deceit?  
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,  
I count them enemies to me.
- 3 Lord, search my soul, try ev'ry thought;  
Though my own heart accuse me not  
Of walking in a false disguise,  
I beg the trial of thine eyes.
- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?  
Do I indulge some unknown sin?  
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,  
And lead me in thy perfect way.

## PSALM 139. First Part. (c. m.)

*God is every where.*

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lay open to the Lord  
Before they're form'd within;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on ev'ry side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

## PAUSE.

- 6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire  
 Forgotten and unknown!  
 In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,  
 In heav'n thy glorious throne.
- 7 Should I suppress my vital breath,  
 To 'scape the wrath divine,  
 Thy voice would break the bars of death,  
 And make the grave resign.
- 8 If wing'd with beams of morning light.  
 I fly beyond the west,  
 Thy hand which must support my flight,  
 Would soon betray my rest.
- 9 If o'er my sins I think to draw  
 The curtains of the night,  
 Those flaming eyes that guard thy law  
 Would turn the shades to light.
- 10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,  
 Are both alike to thee:  
 O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r  
 From which I cannot flee!

## PSALM 139. Second Part. (C. M.)

*Ths Wisdom of God in the Formation of Man.*

- 1 **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,  
 And all my frame survey,  
 Lord, 'tis thy work; I own thy hand  
 Thus built my humble clay.
- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess'd  
 Where unborn nature grew;  
 Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,  
 And all my members drew.

- 3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd  
 The growth of ev'ry part ;  
 Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid  
 Was copied by thy art.
- 4 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,  
 Show me thy wond'rous skill ;  
 But I review myself, and find,  
 Diviner wonders still.
- 5 Thy awful glories round me shine,  
 My flesh proclaims thy praise ;  
 Lord, to thy works of nature join  
 Thy miracles of grace.

## PSALM 139. ver. 14, 17, 18. Third Part. (c. m.)

*The Mercies of God innumerable.*

An Evening Psalm.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,  
 They strike me with surprise ;  
 Not all the sands that spread the shore  
 To equal numbers rise.
- 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,  
 The product of thy skill,  
 And hourly blessings from thy hands  
 Thy thoughts of love reveal.
- 3 These on my heart by night I keep ;  
 How kind, how dear to me !  
 O may the hour that ends my sleep  
 Still find my thoughts with thee.

## PSALM 141. ver. 2, 3, 4, 5. (l. m.)

*Watchfulness and Brotherly Reproof.*

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

- 1 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,  
 Like morning incense in thine house,  
 And let my nightly worship rise  
 Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice

- 
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,  
 From ev'ry rash and heedless word;  
 Nor let my feet incline to tread  
 The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 O may the righteous, when I stray,  
 Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!  
 Their gentle words, like ointment shed,  
 Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them press'd with grief,  
 I'll cry to heav'n for their relief:  
 And by my warm petitions prove  
 How much I prize their faithful love.

## PSALM 142. (C. M.)

*God is the Hope of the Helpless.*

- 1 **T**O God I made my sorrows known,  
 From God I sought relief:  
 In long complaints before his throne  
 I pour'd out all my grief.
- 2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,  
 My heart began to break;  
 My God, who all my burdens knows,  
 He knows the way I take.
- 3 On ev'ry side I cast mine eye,  
 And found my helpers gone,  
 While friends and strangers pass'd me by  
 Neglected or unknown.
- 4 Then did I raise a louder cry,  
 And call'd thy mercy near,  
 "Thou art my portion when I die,  
 Be thou my refuge here."
- 5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,  
 Now let thine ear attend,  
 And make my foes who vex me know  
 I've an Almighty Friend.



- 
- 5 From my sad prison set me free,  
Then shall I praise thy name,  
And holy men shall join with me  
Thy kindness to proclaim.

## PSALM 143. (L. M.)

*Complaint of heavy Afflictions.*

- 1 **M**Y righteous Judge, my gracious God,  
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,  
And cry for succour from thy throne,  
O make thy truth and mercy known.
- 2 Let judgment not against me pass ;  
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace ;  
Should justice call us to thy bar,  
No man alive is guiltless there.
- 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see  
The mighty woes that burden me ;  
Down to the dust my life is brought,  
Like one long buried and forgot.
- 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen ;  
My heart is desolate within :  
My thoughts in musing silence trace  
The ancient wonders of thy grace.
- 5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope  
To bear my sinking spirits up ;  
I stretch my hands to God again,  
And thirst like parched lands for rain.
- 6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn ;  
When will thy smiling face return ?  
Shall all my joys on earth remove,  
And God for ever hide his love ?
- 7 My God, thy long delay to save  
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave ;  
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye ;  
Make haste to help before I die.

- 8 The night is witness to my tears,  
Distressing pains, distressing fears ;  
O might I hear thy morning voice,  
How would my wearied pow'rs rejoice !
- 9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,  
And lift my heavy soul on high ;  
For thee sit waiting all the day,  
And wear the tiresome hours away.
- 10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show  
Which is the path my feet should go ;  
If snares and foes beset the road,  
I flee to hide me near my God.
- 11 Teach me to do thy holy will,  
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill :  
Let the good Spirit of thy love  
Conduct me to thy courts above.
- 12 Then shall my soul no more complain ;  
The tempter then shall rage in vain ;  
And flesh, that was my foe before,  
Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM 144. ver. 1, 2. First Part. (C. M.)

*Assistance and Victory in the Spiritual Warfare.*

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,  
My Saviour and my shield ;  
He sends his Spirit with his word  
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,  
He makes my soul his care,  
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,  
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine  
Doth my weak courage raise ;  
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,  
And his shall be the praise.

PS. 144. ver. 3, 4, 5, 6. Second Part. (C. M.)

*The Vanity of Man, and Condescension of God.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man,  
Born of the earth at first!  
His life a shadow, light and vain,  
Still hasting to the dust.
- 2 O what is feeble dying man,  
Or any of his race,  
That God should make it his concern  
To visit him with grace!
- 3 That God who darts his lightnings down,  
Who shakes the worlds above,  
And mountains tremble at his frown,  
How wondrous is his love!

PSALM 144. ver. 12---15. Third Part. (L. M.)

- 1 **H**APPY the city, where their sons  
Like pillars round a palace set,  
And daughters bright as polish'd stones  
Give strength and beauty to the state.
- 2 Happy the country, where the sheep,  
Cattle, and corn, have large increase;  
Where men securely work or sleep,  
Nor sons of plunder break the peace.
- 3 Happy the nations thus endow'd;  
But more divinely bless'd are those  
On whom the all-sufficient God  
Himself, with all his grace, bestows.

PSALM 145. (L. M.)

*The Greatness of God.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days;  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue  
Till death and glory raise the song.

- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;  
And ev'ry setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim :  
Thy bounty flows an endless stream :  
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,  
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,  
And speak thy majesty divine ;  
Let Britain round her shores proclaim  
The sound and honour of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise ;  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds !  
Vast and unsearchable thy ways !  
Vast and immortal be thy praise !

PS. 145. ver. 1---7, 11---13. First Part. (c. m.)

*The Greatness of God.*

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless thy name,  
My King, my God of love ;  
My work and joy shall be the same  
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,  
And let his praise be great :  
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,  
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;  
And while my lips rejoice,  
The men that hear my sacred song  
Shall join my cheerful voice.

- 
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,  
And children learn thy ways ;  
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,  
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date  
Shall through the world be known ;  
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state  
With public splendour shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,  
Thy saints are rul'd by love ;  
And thine eternal kingdom stands,  
Though rocks and hills remove.

## PSALM 145. Second Part. (c. m.)

*The Goodness of God.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
My God, my heav'nly King ;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodness to the skies ;  
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food.  
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !  
How slow thine anger moves !  
But soon he sends his pard'ning word  
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures with all their endless race  
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim ;  
But saints that taste thy richer grace  
Delight to bless thy name.

## PSALM 145. ver. 14, 17, &amp;c. Third Part. (c. m.)

*Mercy to Sufferers.*

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,  
Thou sov'reign Lord of all ;  
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,  
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,  
Or virtue lies distress'd  
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,  
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our tott'ring days,  
And guides our giddy youth ;  
Holy and just are all his ways,  
And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pains his servants feel,  
He hears his children cry,  
And their best wishes to fulfil  
His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His mercy never shall remove  
From men of heart sincere ;  
He saves the souls, whose humble love  
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,  
And pierce their hearts with pain ;  
But none that serve the Lord shall say,  
"They sought his aid in vain."]
- 7 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,  
And spread his fame abroad ;  
Let all the sons of Adam raise  
The honours of their God.]

## PSALM 146. (L. M.)

*Praise to God for his Goodness, &c.*

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join  
In work so pleasant, so divine,  
Now while the flesh is mine abode,  
And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs  
While immortality endures :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last.
- 3 Why should I make a man my trust ?  
Princes must die, and turn to dust ;  
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,  
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.
- 4 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Isr'el's God : he made the sky,  
And earth and seas, with all their train,  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 5 His truth for ever stands secure ;  
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor :  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,  
And grants the pris'ner safe release.
- 6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind :  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless.
- 7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell ;  
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;  
Praise him in everlasting strains.

## PSALM 146. As the 113th Psalm.

*Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.*

- 1 **I**'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?  
Princes must die, and turn to dust :  
Vain is the help of flesh and blood :  
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,  
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,  
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Isr'el's God : he made the sky,  
And earth and seas, with all their train :  
His truth for ever stands secure ;  
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell ;  
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :  
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,  
In this exalted work engage ;  
Praise him in everlasting strains.



- 
- 6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

## PSALM 147. First Part. (L. M.)

*The divine Nature, Providence, and Grace.*

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ; 'tis good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise ;  
His nature and his works invite  
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,  
And gathers nations to his name :  
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,  
And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,  
He counts their numbers, calls their names :  
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,  
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might ;  
And all his glories infinite :  
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,  
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

- 5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,  
Who spreads his clouds all round the sky ;  
There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
And clothes the smiling fields with corn :  
The beasts with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens when they cry.

- 7 What is the creature's skill or force,  
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,  
The nimble wit, the active limb?  
All are too mean delights for him :
- 8 But saints are lovely in his sight ;  
He views his children with delight :  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
And looks and loves his image there.

## PSALM 147. Second Part. (L. M.)

*Summer and Winter.*

- 1 **O** Britain, praise thy mighty God,  
And make his honours known abroad ;  
He bid the ocean round thee flow ;  
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.
- 2 Thy children are secure and blest ;  
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest :  
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,  
And adds his blessing to their meat.
- 3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,  
Thine early and thy latter rains :  
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,  
And thus the springing corn defends.
- 4 With hoary frost he strews the ground ;  
His hail descends with clatt'ring sound .  
Where is the man so vainly bold,  
That dares defy his dreadful cold ?
- 5 He bids the southern breezes blow,  
The ice dissolves, the waters flow :  
But he hath nobler works and ways  
To call the Britons to his praise.
- 6 To all the isle his laws are shown,  
His gospel through the nation known  
He hath not thus reveal'd his word  
To ev'ry land : Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 147. ver. 7---9, 13---18. (C. M.)

*The Seasons of the Year.*

- 1 **W**ITH songs and honours sounding loud  
Address the Lord on high:  
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,  
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his show'rs of blessings down  
To cheer the plains below ;  
He makes the grass the mountains crown,  
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,  
He hears the ravens cry ;  
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,  
Should raise his honours high.
- 4 His steady counsels change the face  
Of the declining year ;  
He bids the sun cut short his race,  
And wintry days appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow  
Descend and clothe the ground .  
The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
In icy fetters bound.
- 6 When from his dreadful stores on high  
He pours the rattling hail,  
The wretch that dares this God defy  
Shall find his courage fail.
- 7 He sends his word and melts the snow,  
The fields no longer mourn ;  
He calls the warmer gales to blow  
And bids the spring return.
- 8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
Obey his mighty word ;  
With songs and honours sounding loud,  
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

## PSALM 148. Proper Metre.

*Praise to God from all Creatures.*

- 1 **Y**E tribes of Adam, join  
With heav'n, and earth, and seas,  
And offer notes divine  
To your Creator's praise :  
Ye holy throng  
Of angels bright,  
In worlds of light  
Begin the song.
- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,  
And moon that rules the night,  
Shine to your Maker's praise,  
With stars of twinkling light :  
His pow'r declare,  
Ye floods on high,  
And clouds that fly  
In empty air.
- 3 The shining worlds above  
In glorious order stand,  
Or in swift courses move  
By his supreme command :  
He spake the word,  
And all their frame  
From nothing came  
To praise the Lord.
- 4 He mov'd their mighty wheels  
In unknown ages past,  
And each his word fulfils  
While time and nature last :  
In diff'rent ways  
His works proclaim  
His wondrous name,  
And speak his praise.

## PAUSE.

- 5 Let all the earth-born race  
And monsters of the deep,  
The fish that cleave the seas,  
Or in their bosom sleep,  
From sea and shore  
Their tribute pay,  
And still display  
Their Maker's pow'r.
- 6 Ye vapours, hail, and snow,  
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,  
And stormy winds that blow,  
To execute his word :  
When lightnings shine,  
Or thunders roar,  
Let earth adore  
His hand divine.
- 7 Ye mountains near the skies,  
With lofty cedars there,  
And trees of humbler size,  
That fruit and plenty bear ;  
Beasts wild and tame,  
Birds, flies, and worms,  
In various forms  
Exalt his name.
- 8 Ye kings, and judges, fear  
The Lord, the sov'reign King ;  
And while you rule us hear,  
His heav'nly honours sing :  
Nor let the dream  
Of pow'r and state  
Make you forget  
His pow'r supreme.

- 9 Virgins and youths, engage  
 To sound his praise divine,  
 While infancy and age  
 Their feeble voices join :  
     Wide as he reigns  
     His name be sung  
     By ev'ry tongue  
     In endless strains.
- 10 Let all the nations fear  
 The God that rules above,  
 He brings his people near,  
 And makes them taste his love :  
     While earth and sky  
     Attempt his praise,  
     His saints shall raise  
     His honours high.

## PSALM 148. Paraphrased. (L. M.)

*Universal Praise to God.*

- 1 **L** OUD hallelujahs to the Lord,  
 From distant worlds where creatures  
     dwell ;  
 Let heav'n begin the solemn word,  
 And sound it dreadful down to hell.

*Note, This Psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th Psalm, if these two lines be added to every stanza, (viz.)*

Each of his works his name displays,  
 But they can ne'er fulfil his praise.

*Otherwise it must be sung to the usual Tunes of the Long Metre.*

- 2 The Lord ! how absolute he reigns !  
 Let ev'ry angel bend the knee ;  
 Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,  
 And speak how fierce his terrors be.

- 
- 3 High on a throne his glories dwell,  
An awful throne of shining bliss :  
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell  
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.
- 4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame  
In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;  
And the sweet whisper of his name  
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.
- 5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree  
To join their praise with blazing fire :  
Let the firm earth and rolling sea  
In this eternal song conspire.
- 6 Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill ;  
Valleys, lie low before his eye ;  
And let his praise from ev'ry hill  
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.
- 7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,  
Bend your high branches and adore :  
Praise him, ye beasts, in diff'rent strains :  
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.
- 8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme,  
Nature demands a song from you :  
While the dumb fish that cut the stream  
Leap up, and mean his praises too.
- 9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,  
When nature all around you sings ?  
O for a shout from old and young,  
From humble swains, and lofty kings !
- 10 Wide as his vast dominion lies  
Make the Creator's name be known ;  
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,  
And sound it lofty as his throne.

- 
- 11 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word,  
 O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!  
 But saints who best have known the Lord  
 Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 12 Speak of the wonders of that love  
 Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord:  
 From all below and all above,  
 Loud Hallelujahs to the Lord.

## PSALM 148. (S. M.)

*Universal Praise.*

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry creature join  
 To praise th' eternal God;  
 Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,  
 And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,  
 And moon with paler rays,  
 Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,  
 Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,  
 And fix'd their wondrous frame;  
 By his command they stand or move,  
 And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapours when ye rise,  
 Or fall in show'rs or snow,  
 Ye thunders murm'ring round the skies,  
 His pow'r and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,  
 Agree to praise the Lord,  
 When ye in dreadful storms conspire  
 To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above  
 His honours be exprest;  
 But saints that taste his saving love,  
 Should sing his praises best.



## PAUSE THE FIRST.

- 7 Let earth and ocean know  
They owe their Maker praise ;  
Praise him, ye wat'ry worlds below,  
And monsters of the seas.
- 8 From mountains near the sky  
Let his high praise resound,  
From humble shrubs and cedars high,  
And vales and fields around.
- 9 Ye lions of the wood,  
And tamer beasts that graze,  
Ye live upon his daily food,  
And he expects your praise.
- 10 Ye birds of lofty wing,  
On high his praises bear ;  
Or sit on flow'ry boughs, and sing  
Your Maker's glory there.
- 11 Ye creeping ants and worms,  
His various wisdom show,  
And flies in all your shining swarms,  
Praise him that drest you so.
- 12 By all the earth-born race  
His honours be exprest,  
But saints that know his heav'nly grace,  
Should learn to praise him best.

## PAUSE THE SECOND:

- 13 Monarchs of wide command,  
Praise ye th' eternal King ;  
Judges, adore that sov'reign hand  
Whence all your honours spring.
- 14 Let vig'rous youth engage  
To sound his praises high ;  
While growing babes and with'ring age  
Their feeble voices try.

- 15 United zeal be shown  
His wondrous fame to raise ;  
God is the Lord : his name alone  
Deserves our endless praise.
- 16 Let nature join with art,  
And all pronounce him blest ;  
But saints that dwell so near his heart,  
Should sing his praises best.

## PSALM 149. (C. M.)

*Praise God, all his Saints ; or, the Saints judging the World.*

- 1 **A**LL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,  
And let your songs be new ;  
Amidst the church with cheerful voice  
His later wonders shew.
- 2 The Jews, the people of his grace,  
Shall their Redeemer sing ;  
And Gentile nations join the praise,  
While Zion owns her King.
- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,  
Whom sinners treat with scorn ;  
The meek that lie despis'd in dust  
Salvation shall adorn.
- 4 Saints should be joyful in their King,  
Ev'n on a dying bed ;  
And like the souls in glory sing,  
For God shall raise the dead.
- 5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,  
Their hands shall wield the sword ;  
And vengeance shall attend their songs,  
The vengeance of the Lord.
- 6 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,  
And bids the world appear,  
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,  
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then shall they rule with iron rod,  
Nations that dar'd rebel ;  
And join the sentence of their God,  
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

8 The royal sinners bound in chains,  
New triumphs shall afford ;  
Such honour for the saints remain :  
Praise ye and love the Lord.

PSALM 150. ver. 1, 2, 6. (C. M.)

*A Song of Praise.*

- 1 **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise,  
His grace he there reveals ;  
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,  
For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,  
While you rehearse his deeds ;  
But the great work of saving love  
Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,  
Proclaim your Maker blest ;  
Yet when my voice expires in death,  
My soul shall praise him best.

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THE

**CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.**

---

*Long Metre.*

TO God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,  
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

*Common Metre.*

LET God the Father and the Son,  
And Spirit, be ador'd,  
Where there are works to make him known,  
Or saints that love the Lord.

*Common Metre, where the Tune includes two Stanzas.*

- 1 THE God of mercy be ador'd,  
Who calls our souls from death,  
Who saves by his redeeming Word,  
And new-creating Breath.
- 2 To praise the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit all divine,  
The One in Three, and Three in One,  
Let saints and angels join.

*Short Metre.*

YE angels round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, praise the Son,  
And bless the Spirit too.

*As the 113th Psalm.*

NOW to the great and sacred Three,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
Eternal praise and glory giv'n,  
Through all the worlds where God is known,  
By all the angels near the throne,  
And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

*As the 148th Psalm.*

TO God the Father's throne  
Perpetual honours raise,  
Glory to God the Son,  
To God the Spirit praise;  
With all our pow'rs,  
Eternal King,  
Thy name we sing,  
While faith adores.

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# HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

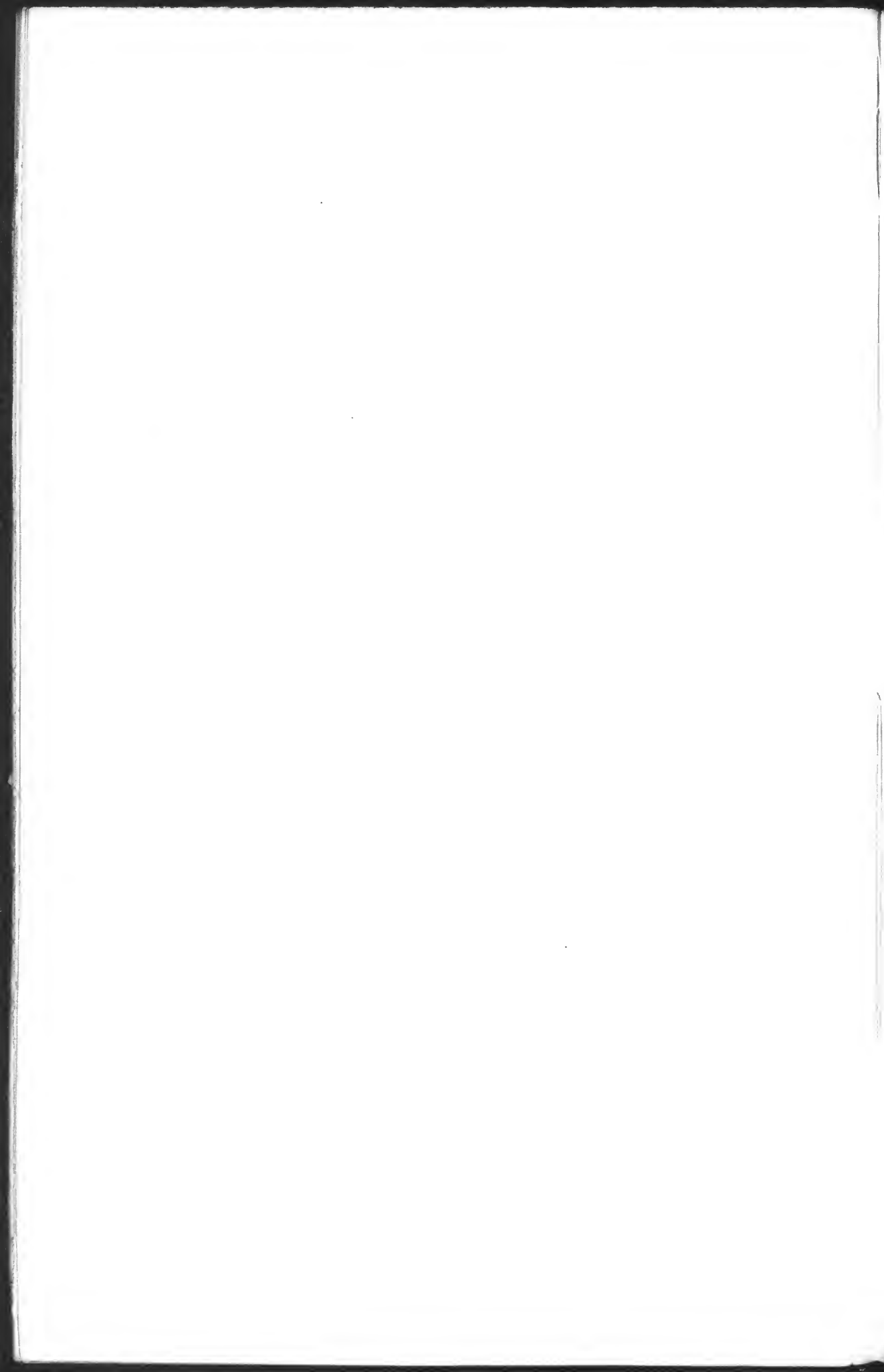
- I. COLLECTED FROM THE SCRIPTURES.
- II. COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.
- III. PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY I. WATTS, D.D.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

SEVERAL ADDITIONAL HYMNS,

SELECTED FROM THE DOCTOR'S WORKS.



THE  
**P R E F A C E**

TO THE  
*H Y M N S.*

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**W**HILE we sing the praises of our God in his Church, we are employed in that part of worship which of all others is the nearest akin to heaven ; and it is pity that this, of all others, should be performed the worst upon earth. The Gospel brings us nearer to the heavenly state than all the former dispensations of God amongst men : and in these last days of the Gospel we are brought almost within sight of the kingdom of our Lord ; yet we are very much unacquainted with the songs of the New Jerusalem, and unpractised in the work of praise. To see the dull indifference, the negligent and the thoughtless air, that sits upon the faces of a whole assembly while the psalm is on their lips, might tempt even a charitable observer to suspect the fervency of inward religion ; and it is much to be feared, that the minds of most of the worshippers are absent or unconcerned. Perhaps the modes of preaching, in the best churches, still want some degrees of reformation ; nor are the methods of prayer so perfect as to stand in need of no correction or improvement : but of all our religious solemnities, psalmody is the most unhappily managed. That very action, which should elevate us to the most delightful and divine sensations, doth not only flatten our devotion, but too often awakens our regret, and touches all the springs of uneasiness within us.

I have been long convinced, that one great occasion of this evil arises from the matter and words to which we confine all our songs. Some of them are almost opposite to the spirit of the Gospel : many of them foreign to the state of the New Testament, and widely different from the present circumstances of Christians. Hence it comes to pass, that when spiritual affections are excited within us, and our souls are raised a little above this earth in the beginning of a psalm, we are checked on a sudden in our ascent toward heaven, by some expressions that are most suited to the days of carnal ordinances, and fit only to be sung in the worldly sanctuary. When we are just entering into an evangelic frame, by some of the glories of the Gosple presented in the brightest figures of Judaism, yet the very

next line perhaps which the clerk parcels out unto us, hath something in it so extremely Jewish and cloudy, that it darkens our sight of God the Saviour. Thus, by keeping too close to David in the House of God, the vail of Moses is thrown over our hearts. While we are kindling into divine love, by the meditations of the loving-kindness of God, and the multitude of his tender mercies, within a few verses some dreadful curse against men is proposed to our lips : that God would add iniquity unto their iniquity, nor let them come into his righteousness, but blot them out of the book of the living, Psalm lxix. 26, 27, 28 ; which is so contrary to the new commandment of loving our enemies ; and even under the Old Testament is best accounted for, by referring it to the spirit of prophetic vengeance. Some sentences of the Psalmist, that are expressive of the temper of our own hearts, and the circumstances of our lives, may compose our spirits to seriousness, and allure us to a sweet retirement within ourselves ; but we meet with a following line, which so peculiarly belongs but to one action or hour of the life of David or of Asaph, that breaks off our song in the midst ; and our consciences are affrighted, lest we should speak a falsehood unto God : thus the powers of our souls are shocked on a sudden, and our spirits ruffled, before we have time to reflect that this may be sung only as a history of ancient saints ; and, perhaps, in some instances, that salvo is hardly sufficient neither ; besides, it almost always spoils the devotion, by breaking the uniform thread of it : for while our lips and our hearts run on sweetly together, applying the words to our own case, there is something of divine delight in it ; but at once we are forced to turn off the application abruptly, and our lips speak nothing but the heart of David. Thus our own hearts are as it were forbid the pursuit of the song, and then the harmony and the worship grow dull of mere necessity.

Many ministers, and many private christians, have long groaned under this inconvenience, and have wished, rather than attempted, a reformation ; at their importunate and repeated requests, I have, for some years past, devoted many hours of leisure to this service. Far be it from my thoughts to lay aside the book of Psalms in public worship ; few can pretend so great a value for them as myself : it is the most noble, most devotional, and divine collection of poesy ; and nothing can be supposed more proper to raise a pious soul to heaven than some parts of that book ; never was a piece of experimental divinity so nobly written, and so justly revered and admired : but

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it must be acknowledged still, that there are a thousand lines in it which were not made for a church in our days, to assume as its own : there are also many deficiencies of light and glory, which our Lord Jesus and his apostles have supplied in the writings of the New Testament : and with this advantage I have composed these Spiritual Songs, which are now presented to the world. Nor is the attempt vain-glorious or presuming ; for in respect of clear evangelical knowledge, the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than all the Jewish prophets. Matt. xi. 11.

Now let me give a short account of the following composures.

The greatest part of them are suited to the general state of the Gospel, and the most common affairs of Christians: I hope there will be very few found but what may properly be used in a religious assembly, and not one of them but may well be adapted to some seasons, either of private or of public worship. The most frequent tempers and changes of our spirit, and conditions of our life, are here copied, and the breathings of our piety expressed according to the variety of our passions, our love, our fear, our hope, our desire, our sorrow, our wonder, and our joy, as they are refined into devotion, and act under the influence and conduct of the blessed Spirit ; all conversing with God the Father, by the new and living way of access to the throne, even the person and the mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ. To him also, even to the Lamb that was slain, and now lives, I have addressed many a song ; for thus doth the holy scriptures instruct and teach us to worship, in the various short patterns of Christian psalmody described in the Revelation. I have avoided the more obscure and controverted points of Christianity, that we might all obey the direction of the word of God, and sing his praises with understanding, Psalm xlvii. 7. The contentions and distinguishing words of sects and parties are secluded, that whole assemblies might assist at the harmony, and different churches join in the same worship without offence.

If any expression occur to the reader, that savour of an opinion different from his own, yet he may observe, these are generally such as are capable of an extensive sense, and may be used with a charitable latitude. I think it is most agreeable, that what is provided for public singing, should give to sincere consciences as little disturb-

ance as possible. However, where any unpleasing word is found, he that leads the worship may substitute a better, for (blessed be God) we are not confined to the words of any man in our public solemnities.

The whole book is written in four sorts of metre, and fitted to the most common tunes. I have seldom permitted a stop in the middle of a line, and seldom left the end of a line without one to comport a little with the unhappy mixture of reading and singing, which cannot presently be reformed. The metaphors are generally sunk to the level of vulgar capacities. I have aimed at ease of numbers and smoothness of sound, and endeavoured to make the sense plain and obvious. If the verse appears so gentle and flowing as to incur the censure of feebleness, I may honestly affirm, that sometimes it cost me labour to make it so: some of the beauties of poesy are neglected, and some wilfully defaced: I have thrown out the lines that were too sonorous, and have given an allay to the verse, lest a more exalted turn of thought or language should darken or disturb the devotion of the weakest souls. But hence it comes to pass, that I have been forced to lay aside many hymns after they were finished, and utterly exclude them from this volume, because of the bolder figures of speech that crowded themselves into the verse, and a more unconfined variety of number, which I could not easily restrain.

These, with many other divine and moral composures, are now printed in a second edition of the poems entitled *Horæ Lyricæ*; for as in that book I have endeavoured to please and profit the politer part of mankind, without offending the plainer sort of Christians, so in this it has been my labour to promote the pious entertainment of souls truly serious, even of the meanest capacity, and at the same time (if possible) not to give disgust to persons of richer sense, and nicer education; and I hope, in the present volume, this end will appear to be pursued with much greater happiness than in the first impression of it, though the world assures me the former has not much reason to complain.

The whole is divided into three Books.

In the first, I have borrowed the sense and much of the form of the song from some particular portions of scripture, and have

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paraphrased most of the doxologies in the New Testament that contain any thing in them peculiarly evangelical ; and many parts of the Old Testament also, that have a reference to the times of the Messiah. In these I expect to be often censured for a too religious observance of the words of scripture, whereby the verse is weakened and debased according to the judgment of the critics : but as my whole design was to aid the devotion of Christians, so more especially in this part : and I am satisfied I shall hereby attain two ends, viz. assist the worship of all serious minds, to whom the expressions of scripture are ever dear and delightful ; and gratify the taste and inclination of those who think nothing must be sung unto God, but the translations of his own word. Yet you will always find in this paraphrase dark expressions enlightened, and the Levitical ceremonies and Hebrew forms of speech changed into the worship of the Gospel, and explained in the language of our time and nation ; and what would not bear such an alteration is omitted and laid aside. After this manner should I rejoice to see a good part of the book of Psalms fitted for the use of our churches, and David converted into a Christian : but because I cannot persuade others to attempt this glorious work, I have suffered myself to be persuaded to begin it, and have, through divine goodness, already proceeded half way through.

The second part consists of Hymns, whose form is of mere human composure ; but I hope the sense and materials will always appear divine. I might have brought some text or other, and applied it to the margin of every verse, if this method had been as useful as it was easy. If there be any poems in the book that are capable of giving delight to persons of a more refined taste and polite education, perhaps they may be found in this part ; but except they lay aside the humour of criticism, and enter into a devout frame, every ode here already despairs of pleasing. I confess myself to have been too often tempted away from the more spiritual designs I proposed, by some gay and flowery expressions that gratified the fancy ; the bright images too often prevailed above the fire of divine affection ; and the light exceeded the heat : yet, I hope, in many of them the reader will find, that devotion dictated the song, and the head and hand were nothing but interpreters and secretaries to the heart : nor is the magnificence or boldness of the figures comparable to that divine licence which is found in the eighteenth and sixty-eighth Psalms, several chapters of Job, and other poetical parts of scripture : and

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in this respect I may hope to escape the reproof of those who pay a sacred reverence to the Holy Bible.

I have prepared the third part only for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, that, in imitation of our blessed Saviour, we might sing an hymn after we have partaken of the bread and wine. Here you will find some paraphrases of scripture, and some other compositions. There are above an hundred hymns in the two former parts, that may very properly be used in this ordinance, and sometimes perhaps appear more suitable than any of these last ; but there are expressions generally used in these, which confine them only to the Table of the Lord ; and therefore I have distinguished and set them by themselves.

If the Lord, who inhabits the praises of Israel, should refuse to smile upon this attempt for the reformation of psalmody among the churches, yet I humbly hope that his blessed Spirit will make these composures useful to private Christians ; and if they may but attain the honour of being esteemed pious meditations, to assist the devout and the retired soul in the exercises of love, faith, and joy, it will be a valuable compensation of my labours : my heart shall rejoice at the notice of it, and my God shall receive the glory. This was my hope and view in the first publication ; and it is now my duty to acknowledge to him with thankfulness, how useful he has made these compositions already, to the comfort and edification of societies, and of private persons : and upon the same grounds I have a better prospect, and a bigger hope, of much more service to the church, by the large improvements of this edition, if the Lord who dwells in Zion shall favour it with his continued blessing.

*Note.* In all the longer hymns, and in some of the shorter, there are several stanzas included in crotchets, thus, [ ] ; which stanzas may be left out in singing, without disturbing the sense.



# HYMNS.

## BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

### HYMN 1. (C. M.)

*A New Song to the Lamb that was slain. Rev. v. 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.*

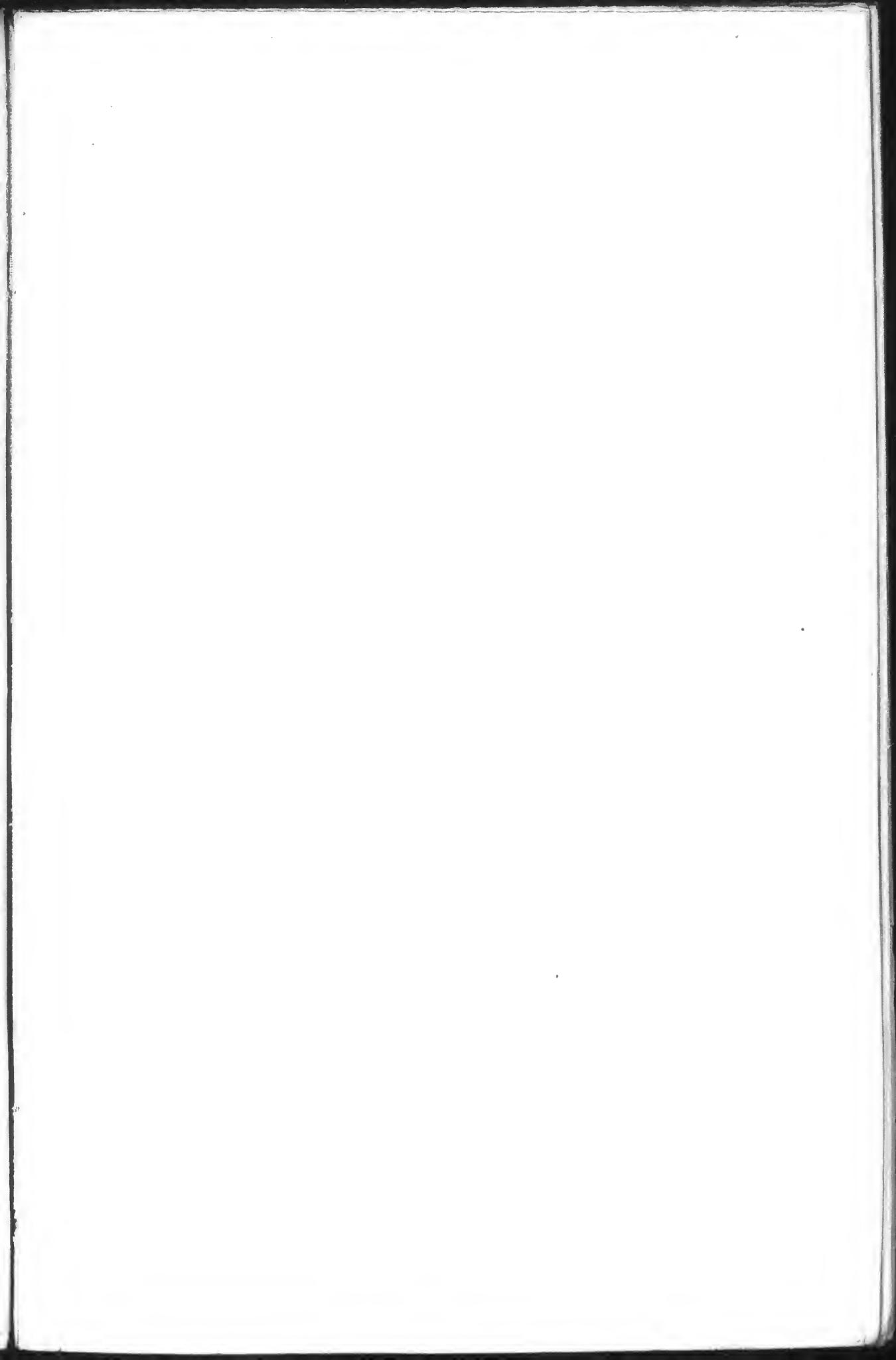
- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb  
Amidst his Father's throne ;  
Prepare new honours for his name,  
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,  
The church adore around,  
With vials full of odours sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of the saints,  
And these the hymns they raise ;  
Jesus is kind to our complaints,  
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 [Eternal Father, who shall look  
Into thy secret will ?  
Who but the Son shall take that book,  
And open ev'ry seal ?
- 5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,  
The Son deserves it well ;  
Lo, in his hand the sov'reign keys  
Of heav'n, and death, and hell !]
- 6 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid ;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
For ever on thy head.

- 7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,  
Hast set the pris'ners free,  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.
- 8 The worlds of nature and of grace  
Are put beneath thy pow'r ;  
Then shorten these delaying days,  
And bring the promis'd hour.

## HYMN 2. (L. M.)

*The Deity and Humanity of Christ, John i. 1, &c. Col. i. 16.*

- 1 **E**RE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,  
From everlasting was the Word ;  
With God he was ; the Word was God,  
And must divinely be ador'd.
- 2 By his own pow'r were all things made ;  
By him supported all things stand ;  
He is the whole creation's head,  
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,  
He led the host of morning stars ;  
(Thy generation who can tell,  
Or count the number of thy years ?)
- 4 But lo, he leaves these heav'nly forms,  
The Word descends and dwells in clay,  
That he may hold converse with worms,  
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,  
Th' eternal Father's only Son ;  
How full of truth ! how full of grace !  
When through his eyes the Godhead shone.
- 6 Archangels leave their high abode,  
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell  
The loves of our descending God,  
The glories of Immanuel.





THE ANGEL ANNOUNCING THE NATIVITY.

## HYMN 3. (S. M.)

*The Nativity of Christ, Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii. 10, &c.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the grace appears,  
The promise is fulfill'd ;  
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,  
And Jesus is the child.
- 2 [The Lord, the highest God,  
Calls him his only Son ;  
He bids him rule the lands abroad,  
And gives him David's throne.
- 3 O'er Jacob shall he reign  
With a peculiar sway ;  
The nations shall his grace obtain,  
His kingdom ne'er decay.]
- 4 To bring the glorious news,  
A heav'nly form appears ;  
He tells the shepherds of their joys,  
And banishes their fears.
- 5 "Go, humble swains," said he,  
"To David's city fly ;  
"The promis'd Infant born to-day,  
"Doth in a manger lie."
- 6 "With looks and hearts serene  
"Go visit Christ your King ;"  
And straight a flaming troop was seen ;  
The shepherds heard them sing :
- 7 "Glory to God on high !  
"And heav'nly peace on earth,  
"Good-will to men, to angels joy,  
"At the Redeemer's birth."
- 8 [In worship so divine,  
Let saints employ their tongues,  
With the celestial host we join,  
And loud repeat their songs ;

- 9 “Glory to God on high!  
 “And heav’nly peace on earth,  
 “Good-will to men, to angels joy,  
 “At our Redeemer’s birth!”]

## HYMN 4. (L. M.)

*The inward Witness to Christianity, 1 John v. 10.*

- 1 **Q**UESTIONS and doubts be heard no  
 more,  
 Let Christ and joy be all our theme :  
 His Spirit seals his gospel sure,  
 To ev’ry soul that trusts in him.
- 2 Jesus, thy witness speaks within ;  
 The mercy which thy words reveal  
 Refines the heart from sense and sin,  
 And stamps its own celestial seal.
- 3 ’Tis God’s inimitable hand  
 That moulds and forms the heart anew ;  
 Blasphemers can no more withstand,  
 But bow and own thy doctrine true.
- 4 The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood,  
 Finds peace and pardon at the cross ;  
 The sinful soul, averse to God,  
 Believes and loves his Maker’s laws.
- 5 Learning and wit may cease their strife,  
 When miracles with glory shine ;  
 The voice that calls the dead to life  
 Must be almighty, and divine.

## HYMN 5. (C. M.)

*Submission to Afflictive Providences, Job i. 21.*

- 1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,  
 And crept to life at first,  
 We to the earth return again,  
 And mingle with our dust.

- 
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
And fondly call our own,  
Are but short favours borrow'd now,  
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them in the grave,  
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)  
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions then,  
Let each rebellious sigh  
Be silent at his sov'reign will,  
And ev'ry murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
Its praises shall be spread,  
And we'll adore the justice too,  
That strikes our comforts dead.

## HYMN 6. (C. M.)

*Triumph over Death, Job xix. 25—27.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, I own thy sentence just,  
And nature must decay;  
I yield my body to the dust,  
To dwell with fellow-clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,  
And trample on the tombs;  
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,  
My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear  
High on a royal seat,  
And death, the last of all his foes,  
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
- 4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,  
And gnaw my wasting flesh,  
When God shall build my bones again,  
He clothes them all afresh.

- 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face  
With strong immortal eyes,  
And feast upon thy unknown grace,  
With pleasure and surprise

## HYMN 7. (C. M.)

*The Invitation of the Gospel ; or, Spiritual Food and Clothing,  
Isaiah lv. 1, 2, &c.*

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,  
And ev'ry heart rejoice,  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind ;
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die ;  
Here you may quench your raging thirst,  
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join ;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,  
Who work with mighty pain,  
To weave a garment of your own,  
That will not hide your sin ;
- 7 Come naked, and adorn your souls  
In robes prepar'd by God,  
Wrought by the labours of his Son,  
And dy'd in his own blood.]



- 8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love  
Are everlasting mines,  
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,  
And boundless as our sins.
- 9 The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day ;  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies  
And drive our wants away.

## HYMN 8. (C. M.)

*The Safety and Protection of the Church, Isa. xxvi. 1—6.*

- 1 **H**OW honourable is the place  
Where we adoring stand,  
Zion, the glory of the earth,  
And beauty of the land !
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend  
The city where we dwell ;  
The walls of strong salvation made,  
Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,  
The doors wide open fling ;  
Enter ye nations, that obey  
The statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,  
And live in perfect peace ;  
You that have known Jehovah's name,  
And ventur'd on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,  
And banish all your fears ;  
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,  
Eternal as his years.
- 6 [What though the rebels dwell on high,  
His arm shall bring them low ;  
Low as the caverns of the grave,  
Their lofty heads shall bow.]

- 7 [On Babylon our feet shall tread,  
In that rejoicing hour ;  
The ruins of her walls shall spread  
A pavement for the poor.]

## HYMN 9. (C. M.)

*The Promises of the Covenant of Grace, Isa. lv. 1, 2. Zech. xiii. 1.  
Mic. vii. 19. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.*

- 1 **I**N vain we lavish out our lives,  
To gather empty wind ;  
The choicest blessings earth can yield,  
Will starve a hungry mind.
- 2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls  
With more substantial meat,  
With such as saints in glory love,  
With such as angels eat.
- 3 Our God will ev'ry want supply,  
And fill our hearts with peace !  
He gives by cov'nant and by oath  
The riches of his grace.
- 4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,  
And wash away our stains,  
In the dear fountain that his Son  
Pour'd from his dying veins.
- 5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,  
Though black as hell before :  
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,  
And shall be found no more.
- 6 And lest pollution should o'erspread  
Our inward pow'rs again,  
His Spirit shall bedew our souls,  
Like purifying rain.]
- 7 Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,  
That terrors cannot move,  
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,  
Shall be dissolv'd by love.

- 8 Or he can take the flint away  
That would not be refin'd,  
And, from the treasures of his grace,  
Bestow a softer mind.
- 9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,  
And deep engrave his law,  
And ev'ry motion of our souls  
To swift obedience draw.
- 10 Thus will he pour salvation down,  
And we shall render praise ;  
We the dear people of his love,  
And he our God of grace.

## HYMN 10. (S. M.)

*The Blessedness of Gospel Times*, Isa. lii. 2, 7, 8, 9, 10.  
Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill !  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !  
How sweet the tidings are !  
" Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,  
" He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heav'nly light,  
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
But died without the sight !
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

- 6     The Lord makes bare his arm  
        Through all the earth abroad ;  
        Let ev'ry nation now behold  
        Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 11. (L. M.)

*The Humble enlightened, and Carnal Reason humbled, Luke x. 21, 22.*

- 1     **T**HERE was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,  
        And spoke his joy in words of praise ;  
        " Father, I thank thee, mighty God,  
        " Lord of the earth, and heav'ns, and seas ;
- 2     " I thank thy sov'reign pow'r and love,  
        " That crowns my doctrine with success ;  
        " And makes the babes in knowledge learn  
        " The heights, and breadths, and lengths of  
        grace.
- 3     " But all his glory lies conceal'd  
        " From men of prudence and of wit ;  
        " The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,  
        " And their own pride resists the light.
- 4     " Father, 'tis thus, because thy will  
        " Chose and ordain'd it should be so ;  
        " 'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,  
        " And lay the haughty scorner low.
- 5     " There's none can know the Father right,  
        " But those who learn it from the Son ;  
        " Nor can the Son be well receiv'd  
        " But where the Father makes him known."
- 6     Then let our souls adore our God,  
        That deals his graces as he please ;  
        Nor gives to mortals an account  
        Or of his actions, or decrees.

## HYMN 12. (C. M.)

*Free Grace in revealing Christ, Luke x. 21.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, the man of constant grief,  
A mourner all his days,  
His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,  
And tun'd his joy to praise.
- 2 " Father, I thank thy wondrous love,  
" That hath reveal'd thy Son  
" To men unlearned, and to babes  
" Hast made thy gospel known.
- 3 " The myst'ries of redeeming grace  
" Are hidden from the wise,  
" While pride and carnal reas'nings join  
" To swell and blind their eyes."
- 4 Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth  
His great decrees fulfil,  
And orders all his works of grace  
By his own sov'reign will.

## HYMN 13. (L. M.)

*The Son of God incarnate, Isaiah ix. 2, 6, 7.*

- 1 **T**HE lands that long in darkness lay,  
Now have beheld a heav'nly light;  
Nations that sat in death's cold shade  
Are blest with beams divinely bright.
- 2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born;  
Behold th' expected child appear,  
What shall his names or titles be?  
" The Wonderful, the Counsellor."
- 3 [This infant is the mighty God,  
Come to be suckled and ador'd;  
Th' eternal Father, Prince of Peace,  
The Son of David, and his Lord.]

- 4 The government of earth and seas  
Upon his shoulders shall be laid ;  
His wide dominions shall increase,  
And honours to his name be paid.
- 5 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit  
High on his father David's throne,  
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,  
And reign to ages yet unknown.

## HYMN 14. (L. M.)

*The Triumph of Faith ; or Christ's unchangeable Love,  
Rom. viii. 33, &c.*

- 1 **W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn ?  
'Tis God that justifies their souls,  
And mercy, like a mighty stream,  
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?  
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead ;  
And the salvation to fulfil,  
Behold him rising from the dead !
- 3 He lives ! he lives ! and sits above,  
For ever interceding there ;  
Who shall divide us from his love ?  
Or, what should tempt us to despair ?
- 4 Shall persecution or distress,  
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?  
He that hath lov'd us bears us through,  
And makes us more than conq'rors too.
- 5 Faith hath an overcoming pow'r,  
It triumphs in the dying hour ;  
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,  
Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,  
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,  
Shall cause his mercy to remove,  
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

## HYMN 15. (L. M.)

*Our own Weakness, and Christ our Strength, 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.*

- 1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,  
"Strength shall be equal to thy day ;"  
Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,  
That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me ;  
When I am weak, then am I strong,  
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear  
All suff'rings, if my Lord be there ;  
Seet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
While his left hand my head sustains.
- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,  
And we attempt the work alone,  
When new temptations spring and rise,  
We find how great our weakness is.
- 5 [So Samson, when his hair was lost,  
Met the Philistines to his cost ;  
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,  
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.]

## HYMN 16. (C. M.)

*Hosanna to Christ, Matt. xxi. 9. Luké xix. 38, 40*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the royal Son  
Of David's ancient line !  
His nature's two, his person one,  
Mysterious and divine.
- 2 The root of David here we find,  
And offspring is the same ;  
Eternity and time are join'd  
In our Immanuel's name.

- 3 Blest he that comes to wretched men  
With peaceful news from heav'n  
Hosannas of the highest strain  
To Christ the Lord be giv'n!
- 4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take  
Th' Hosanna on their tongues,  
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break  
Their silence into songs.

## HYMN 17. (C. M.)

*Victory over Death, 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.*

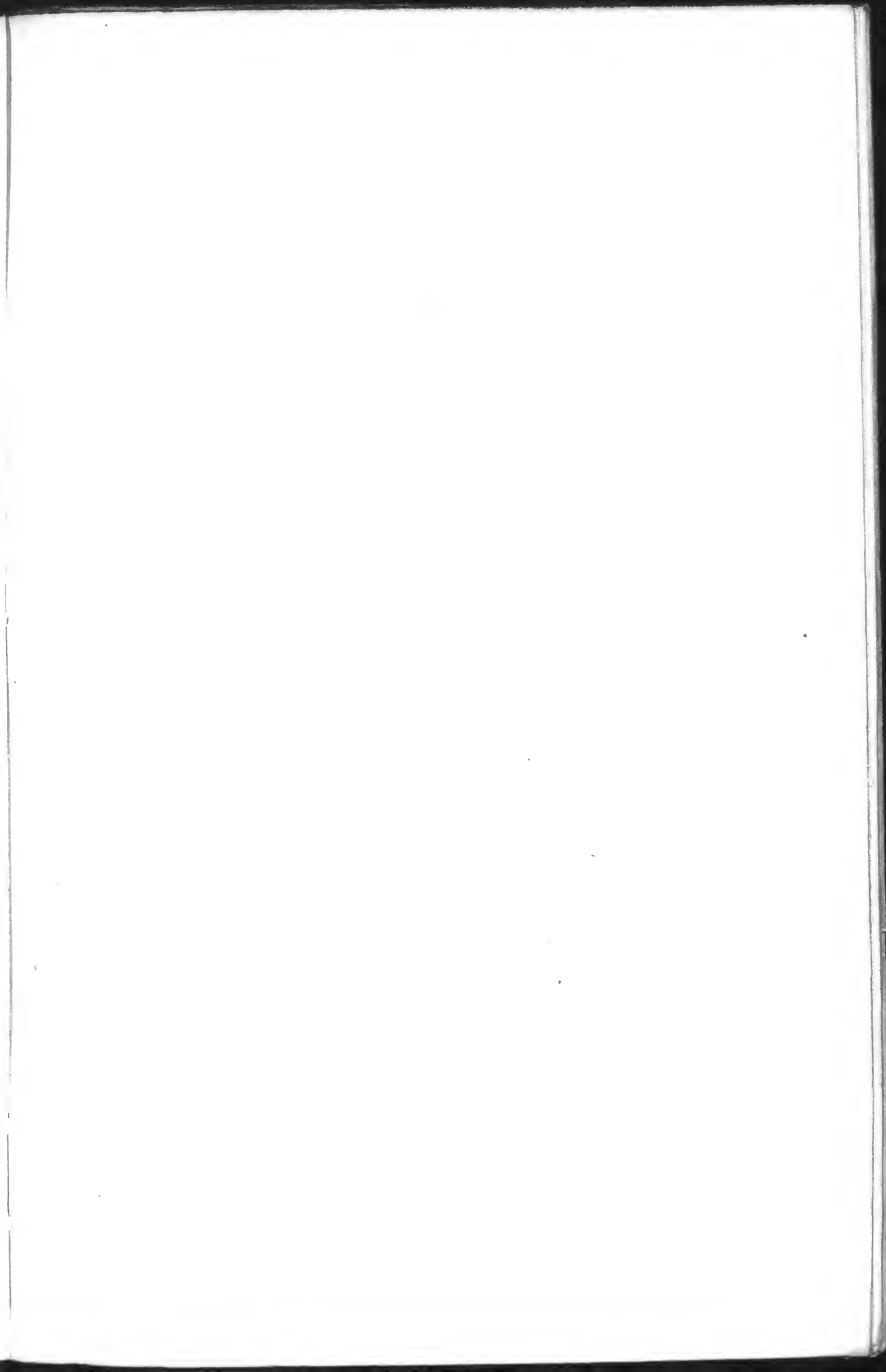
- 1 **O** FOR an overcoming faith  
To cheer my dying hours,  
To triumph o'er the monster death,  
And all his frightful pow'rs!
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,  
My quiv'ring lips should sing,  
Where is thy boasted victory, grave?  
And where the monster's sting?
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,  
Death hath no sting besides;  
The law gives sin its damning pow'r,  
But Christ my ransom died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory  
Immortal thanks be paid,  
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,  
Through Christ our living Head.

## HYMN 18. (C. M.)

*Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord, Rev. xiv. 13.*

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims  
For all the pious dead,  
Sweet is the savour of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.







SIMEON BLESSING CHRIST.

- 2 They die in Jesus and are blest,  
How kind their slumbers are!  
From sufferings and from sins releast,  
And freed from ev'ry snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord;  
The labours of their mortal life  
End in a large reward.

## HYMN 19. (C. M.)

*The Song of Simeon; or, Death made desirable, Luke ii. 27, &c.*

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy temple we appear,  
As happy Simeon came,  
And hope to meet our Saviour here;  
O make our joys the same!
- 2 With what divine and vast delight  
The good old man was fill'd,  
When fondly in his wither'd arms  
He clasp'd the holy child;
- 3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried,  
"Behold, thy servant dies;  
"I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,  
"And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 "This is the light prepar'd to shine  
"Upon the Gentile lands,  
"Thine Isr'el's glory and their hope,  
"To break their slavish bands."
- 5 [Jesus! the vision of thy face  
Hath overpow'ring charms;  
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,  
If Christ be in my arms.
- 6 Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,  
How sweet my minutes roll!  
A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
And glory in my soul.]

## HYMN 20. (C. M.)

*Spiritual Apparel.—The Robe of Righteousness, and Garments of Salvation, Isaiah lxi. 10.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my heart, arise my tongue,  
Prepare a tuneful voice,  
In God, the life of all my joys,  
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,  
And made salvation mine ;  
Upon a poor polluted worm  
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot  
Should on my soul be found,  
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,  
And cast it all around.
- 4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds  
What earthly princes wear !  
These ornaments how bright they shine !  
How white the garments are !
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,  
And hope, and ev'ry grace ;  
But Jesus spent his life to work  
The robe of righteousness.
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd  
By the great Sacred Three !  
In sweetest harmony of praise  
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

## HYMN 21. (C. M.)

*A Vision of the Kingdom of Christ among Men, Rev. xxi. 1—4.*

- 1 **L**O, what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes !  
The earth and sea are pass'd away,  
And the old rolling skies.

- 2 From the third heav'n where God resides,  
That holy, happy place  
The New Jerusalem comes down  
Adorn'd with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing,  
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat  
"Of your descending King.
- 4 "The God of glory down to men,  
"Removes his blest abode;  
"Men, the dear objects of his grace,  
"And he the loving God.
- 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
"From ev'ry weeping eye,  
"And pains, and groans, and griefs, and  
fears,  
"And death itself shall die."
- 6 How long, dear Saviour! O how long  
Shall this bright hour delay?  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.

## HYMN 22. (C. M.)

*Flesh and Spirit, Rom. viii. 1.*

- 1 **W**HAT vain desires, and passions vain,  
Attend this mortal clay!  
Oft have they pierc'd my soul with pain,  
And drawn my heart astray.
- 2 How have I wander'd from my God!  
And, following sin and shame,  
In this vile world of flesh and blood  
Defil'd my nobler frame!
- 3 For ever blessed be thy grace,  
That form'd my soul anew,  
And made it of an heav'n-born race,  
Thy glory to pursue.

- 4 My spirit holds perpetual war,  
And wrestles and complains ;  
But views the happy moment near  
That shall dissolve its chains.
- 5 Cheerful in death I close my eyes,  
To part with ev'ry lust ;  
And charge my flesh whene'er it rise  
To leave them in the dust.
- 6 My purer spirit shall not fear  
To put this body on ;  
Its tempting pow'rs no more are there,  
Its lusts and passions gone !

## HYMN 23. (L. M.)

*A hopeful Youth falling short of Heaven, Mark x. 21.*

- 1 **M**UST all the charms of nature then  
So hopeless to salvation prove ?  
Can hell demand, can heav'n condemn,  
The man whom Jesus deigns to love ?
- 2 The man who sought the ways of truth,  
Paid friends and neighbours all their due  
(A modest, sober, lovely youth)  
And thought he wanted nothing new.
- 3 But mark the change ! thus spake the Lord ;  
"Come, part with earth for heav'n to-day."  
The youth, astonish'd at the word,  
In silent sadness went his way.
- 4 Poor virtues that he boasted so,  
This test unable to endure ;  
Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,  
To make his land and money sure !
- 5 Ah foolish choice of treasures here !  
Ah fatal love of tempting gold !  
Must this base world be bought so dear ?  
Are life and heav'n so cheaply sold ?

- 6 In vain the charms of nature shine  
If this vile passion govern me ;  
Transform my soul, O love divine !  
And make me part with all for thee.

## HYMN 24. (L. M.)

*The rich Sinner dying, Psalm xlix. 6, 9. Eccl. viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.*

- 1 **I**N vain the wealthy mortals toil,  
And heap their shining dust in vain,  
Look down and scorn the humble poor,  
And boast their lofty hills of gain.
- 2 Their golden cordials cannot ease  
Their pained hearts or aching heads,  
Nor fright nor bribe approaching death,  
From glitt'ring roofs and downy beds.
- 3 The ling'ring, the unwilling soul,  
The dismal summons must obey,  
And bid a long, a sad farewell  
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.
- 4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,  
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones ;  
Their bones without distinction lie  
Amongst the heap of meaner bones.

## HYMN 25. (L. M.)

*A Vision of the Lamb, Rev. v. 6—9.*

- 1 **A**LL mortal vanities begone,  
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears ;  
Behold amidst th' eternal throne  
A vision of the Lamb appears.
- 2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,  
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore :  
Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,  
To speak his wisdom and his pow'r

- 3 Lo, he receives a sealed book  
From him that sits upon the throne ;  
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look  
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]
- 4 All the assembling saints around  
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,  
And in new songs of gospel sound  
Address their honours to his name.
- 5 [The joy, the shout, the harmony,  
Flies o'er the everlasting hills ;  
" Worthy art thou alone (they cry)  
" To read the book, to loose the seals."]
- 6 Our voices join the heav'nly strain,  
And with transporting pleasure sing,  
" Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
" To be our teacher and our King !"
- 7 His words of prophecy reveal  
Eternal counsels, deep designs ;  
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil  
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.
- 8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell  
With thine invaluable blood ;  
And wretches that did once rebel,  
Are now made fav'rites of their God.
- 9 Worthy for ever is the Lord,  
That died for treasons not his own,  
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,  
And dwell upon his Father's throne !

## HYMN 26. (C. M.)

*Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of Christ, 1 Peter 3—5.*

- 1 **B**LEST be the everlasting God,  
The Father of our Lord ;  
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,  
His majesty ador'd.



- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,  
And call'd him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope  
That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require  
Our flesh to see the dust,  
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,  
So all his foll'wers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine  
Reserv'd against that day ;  
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,  
And cannot waste away.
- 5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept  
Till the salvation come ;  
We walk by faith, as strangers here,  
Till Christ shall call us home.

## HYMN 27. (C. M.)

*Assurance of Heaven ; or, a Saint prepared to die, 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.*

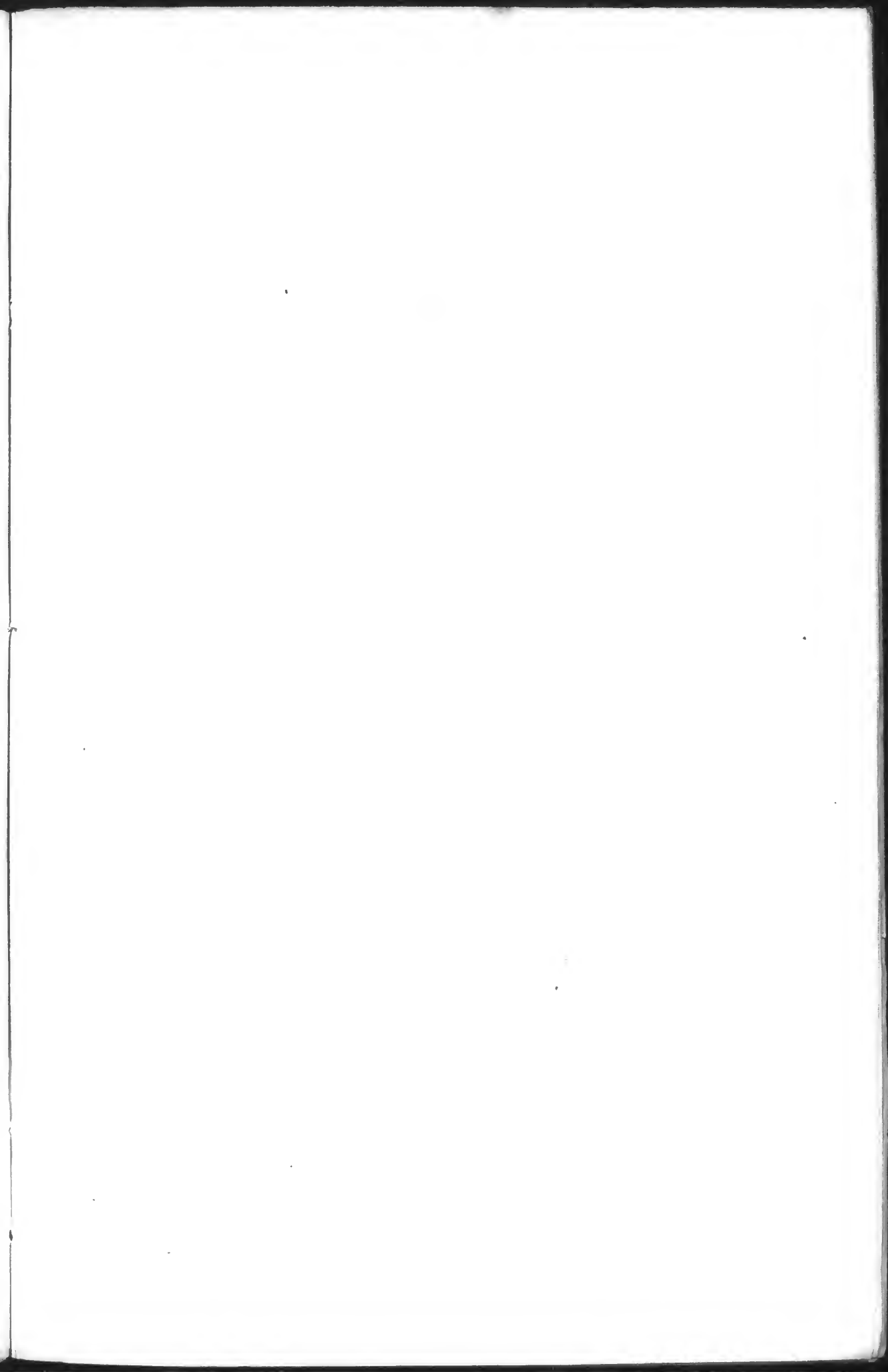
- 1 [**D**EATH may dissolve my body now,  
And bear my spirit home :  
Why do my minutes move so slow,  
Nor my salvation come ?
- 2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought  
The battles of the Lord,  
Finish'd my course and kept the faith,  
And wait the sure reward.]
- 3 God has laid up in heav'n for me  
A crown which cannot fade ;  
The righteous Judge, at that great day,  
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed  
This prize for me alone ;  
But all that love, and long to see,  
Th' appearance of his Son.

- 
- 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe  
From ev'ry ill design ;  
And to his heav'nly kingdom keep  
This feeble soul of mine.
- 6 God is my everlasting aid,  
And hell shall rage in vain ;  
To him be highest glory paid,  
And endless praise---Amen.

## HYMN 28. (C. M.)

*The Triumph of Christ over the Enemies of his Church,  
Isaiah lxiii. 1, 2, 3, &c.*

- 1 **W**HAT mighty man, or mighty God,  
Comes travelling in state  
Along the Idumean road,  
Away from Bozrah's gate ?
- 2 The glory of his robes proclaim  
'Tis some victorious king :  
" 'Tis I, the Just, th' Almighty One,  
" That your salvation bring."
- 3 " Why, mighty Lord," thy saints inquire,  
" Why thine apparel's red ?  
" And all thy vesture stain'd like those  
" Who in the wine-press tread ?"
- 4 " I by myself have trod the press,  
" And crush'd my foes alone,  
" My wrath has struck the rebels dead,  
" My fury stamp'd them down.
- 5 " 'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes  
" With joyful scarlet stains ;  
" The triumph that my raiment wears,  
" Sprung from their bleeding veins.
- 6 " Thus shall the nations be destroy'd  
" That dare insult my saints ;  
" I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,  
" An ear for their complaints."





DESTRUCTION OF LABEL.

## HYMN 29. (C. M.)

*The Second Part ; or, The Ruin of Antichrist, ver. 4—7.*

- 1 “ **I** LIFT my banner,” saith the Lord,  
“ Where antichrist has stood ;  
“ The city of my gospel foes  
“ Shall be a field of blood.
- 2 “ My heart has studied just revenge,  
“ And now the day appears,  
“ The day of my redeem’d is come,  
“ To wipe away their tears.
- 3 “ Quite weary is my patience grown,  
“ And bids my fury go ;  
“ Swift as the lightning it shall move,  
“ And be as fatal too.
- 4 “ I call for helpers, but in vain ;  
“ Then has my gospel none ?  
“ Well, mine own arm has might enough,  
“ To crush my foes alone.
- 5 “ Slaughter and my devouring sword  
“ Shall walk the streets around,  
“ Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,  
“ And stagger to the ground.”
- 6 Thy honours, O victorious King !  
Thine own right-hand shall raise,  
While we thy awful vengeance sing,  
And our deliv’rer praise.

## HYMN 30. (L. M.)

*Prayer for Deliverance answered, Isa. xxvi. 3—20.*

- 1 **I**N thine own ways, O God of love,  
We wait the visits of thy grace ;  
Our soul’s desire is to thy name,  
And the remembrance of thy face.

- 2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,  
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night ;  
My earnest cries salute the skies  
Before the dawn restores the light.
- 3 Look how rebellious men deride  
The tender patience of my God ;  
But they shall see thy lifted hand,  
And feel the scourges of thy rod.
- 4 Hark ! the Eternal rends the sky,  
A mighty voice before him goes,  
A voice of music to his friends,  
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.
- 5 Come, children, to your Father's arms,  
Hide in the chambers of my grace,  
Till the fierce storms be overblown,  
And my revenging fury cease.
- 6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,  
And drink the blood of haughty kings,  
While heav'nly peace around my flock  
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

## HYMN 31. (C. M.)

*Hidden Life of a Christian, Col. iii. 3.*

- 1 **O** HAPPY soul, that lives on high,  
While men lie groaning here !  
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,  
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,  
While peace and joy combine  
To form a life whose holy springs  
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God ;  
His God in secret sees :  
Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
He dwells in heav'nly peace.

- 
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,  
Beyond this world and time,  
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.
- 5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne  
To raise his figure here ;  
Content and pleas'd to live unknown,  
Till Christ his life appear.
- 6 He looks to heav'n's eternal hill  
To meet that glorious day ;  
But patient waits his Saviour's will  
To fetch his soul away.

## HYMN 32. (C. M.)

*Strength from Heaven, Isa. xl. 27—30.*

- 1 **WHENCE** do our mournful thoughts arise?  
And where's our courage fled ?  
Has restless sin and raging hell  
Struck all our comforts dead ?
- 2 Have we forgot th' Almighty name  
That form'd the earth and sea ?  
And can an all-creating arm  
Grow weary or decay ?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting might  
In our Jehovah dwell ;  
He gives the conquest to the weak,  
And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal pow'rs shall fade and die,  
And youthful vigour cease ;  
But we that wait upon the Lord  
Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,  
And taste the promis'd bliss  
Till their unwearied feet arrive  
Where perfect pleasure is.

HYMN 33.    (L. M.)

*The Gospel and Power of God to Salvation, Rom. i. 16.*

- 1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do  
That seeks relief for all his woe?  
Where shall the guilty conscience find  
Ease for the torment of the mind?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n,  
Or form our natures fit for heav'n?  
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin  
Make their own pow'rs and passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,  
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;  
'Tis there such pow'r and glory dwell  
As saves rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,  
That bears our fainting spirits up;  
We read the grace, we trust the word,  
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines,  
Where nature's golden treasure shines;  
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,  
All nature's gold appears but dross.
- 6 Should vile blasphemers with disdain  
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,  
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,  
And sing and triumph in his name.

HYMN 34.    (C. M.)

*None excluded from Hope, Rom. i. 16.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy blessings are not few,  
Nor is thy gospel weak;  
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,  
And bow th' aspiring Greek.



- 
- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage  
Doth thy salvation flow ;  
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,  
The lofty or the low.
- 3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,  
The poor may take their share ;  
No mortal has a just pretence  
To perish in despair.
- 4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,  
Nor boast your native pow'rs ;  
But to his sov'reign grace submit,  
And glory shall be yours.
- 5 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,  
He'll form your souls anew ;  
His gospel and his heart have room  
For rebels such as you.
- 6 His doctrine is almighty love ;  
There's virtue in his name  
To turn the raven to a dove,  
The lion to a lamb.

## HYMN 35. (C. M.)

*Truth, Sincerity, &c.* Phil. iv. 8.

- 1 **L**ET those who bear the Christian name  
Their holy vows fulfil ;  
The saints, the foll'wers of the Lamb.  
Are men of honour still.
- 2 True to the solemn oath they take,  
Though to their hurt they swear,  
Constant and just to all they speak,  
For God and angels hear.
- 3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,  
Nor flatt'ring words devise ;  
They know the God of truth can see  
Through ev'ry false disguise.

4 They hate th' appearance of a lie  
In all the shapes it wears ;  
They love the truth ; and when they die,  
Eternal life is theirs.

5 While hypocrites and liars fly  
Before the Judge's frown,  
His faithful friends, who fear a lie,  
Receive th' immortal crown.

HYMN 37. (C. M.)

*A lovely Carriage.*

- 1 **O** 'TIS a lovely thing to see  
A man of prudent heart,  
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree,  
To act a useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife, and wars begin  
In little angry souls,  
Mark how the sons of peace come in,  
And quench the kindling coals.
- 3 Their minds are humble, mild, and meek,  
Nor let their fury rise ;  
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,  
Nor pride exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their frame is prudence mix'd with love,  
Good works fulfill their day ;  
They join the serpent with the dove,  
But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Saviour of mankind ;  
Such pleasures he pursu'd ;  
His flesh and blood were all refin'd,  
His soul divinely good.
- 6 Lord, can these plants of virtue grow  
In such a heart as mine ?  
Thy grace my nature can renew,  
And make my soul like thine.

## HYMN 37. (C. M.)

*Zeal and Fortitude.*

- 1 **D**O I believe what Jesus saith,  
And think his gospel true?  
Lord, make me bold to own my faith,  
And practise virtue too.
- 2 Suppress my shame, subdue my fear,  
Arm me with heav'nly zeal,  
That I may make thy pow'r appear,  
And works of praise fulfil.
- 3 If men shall see my virtue shine,  
And spread my name abroad,  
Thine is the pow'r, the praise is thine,  
My Saviour and my God.
- 4 Thus when the saints in glory meet,  
Their lips proclaim thy grace;  
They cast their honours at thy feet,  
And own their borrow'd rays.
- PAUSE.
- 5 Are we the soldiers of the cross?  
The foll'wers of the Lamb?  
And shall we fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?
- 6 Now must we fight if we would reign;  
Increase our courage, Lord!  
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 7 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer, though they're slain,  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And shall with Jesus reign.
- 8 When that illustr'ous day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine,  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 38. (L. M.)

*The universal Law of Equity, Matt. viii. 12.*

- 1 **B**LESSED Redeemer, how divine,  
How righteous is this rule of thine!  
"To do to all men just the same  
"As we expect or wish from them."
- 2 This golden lesson, short and plain,  
Gives not the mind nor mem'ry pain;  
And ev'ry conscience must approve  
This universal law of love.
- 3 How blest would ev'ry nation be,  
Thus rul'd by love and equity!  
All would be friends without a foe,  
And form a paradise below.
- 4 Jesus, forgive us, that we keep  
Thy sacred law of love asleep;  
No more let envy, wrath, and pride,  
But thy blest maxims, be our guide.

HYMN 39. (C. M.)

*God's tender Care of his Church, Isaiah xlix. 13, &c.*

- 1 **N**OW shall my inward joys arise,  
And burst into a song;  
Almighty love inspires my heart,  
And pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 God on his thirsty Zion-hill  
Some mercy-drops has thrown,  
And solemn oaths have bound his love  
To show'r salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,  
Suspensions, and complaints?  
Is he a God, and shall his grace  
Grow weary of his saints?

- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget  
The infant of her womb,  
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts  
Her suckling have no room?
- 5 "Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature change,  
"And mothers monsters prove,  
"Zion still dwells upon the heart  
"Of everlasting Love.
- 5 "Deep on the palms of both my hands  
"I have engrav'd her name;  
"My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,  
"And build her broken frame."

## HYMN 40. (L. M.)

*The Business and Blessedness of glorified Saints, Rev. vii. 13, &c.*

- 1 " **W**HAT happy men, or angels, these,  
"That all their robes are spotless white?  
"Whence did this glorious troop arrive  
"At the pure realms of heav'nly light?"
- 2 From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,  
And seas of their own blood they came:  
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,  
Flowing from Christ, the dying Lamb.
- 3 Now they approach th' Almighty's throne  
With loud Hosannas night and day,  
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One,  
Measure their blest eternity.
- 4 No more shall hunger pain their souls;  
He bids their parching thirst be gone,  
And spreads the shadow of his wings,  
To screen them from the scorching sun.
- 5 The Lamb that fills the middle throne  
Shall shed around his milder beams;  
There shall they feast on his rich love,  
And drink full joys from living streams.

- 6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew  
Through the vast round of endless years,  
And the soft hand of sov'reign grace  
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

.HYMN 41. (C. M.)

*The same ; or, The Martyrs glorified, Rev. vii. 13, &c.*

- 1 “**T**HESE glorious minds, how bright they  
shine !  
“ Whence all their white array ?  
“ How came they to the happy seats  
“ Of everlasting day ?”
- 2 From tort’ring pains to endless joys  
On fi’ry wheels they rode,  
And strangely wash’d their raiment white  
In Jesus’ dying blood.
- 3 Now they approach a spotless God,  
And bow before his throne ;  
Their warbling harps and sacred songs  
Adore the Holy One.
- 4 The unveil’d glories of his face  
Amongst his saints reside,  
While the rich treasure of his grace  
Sees all their wants supplied.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,  
And hunger flee as fast ;  
The fruit of life’s immortal tree  
Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heav’nly flock  
Where living fountains rise,  
And love divine shall wipe away  
The sorrows of their eyes.

## HYMN 42. (C. M.)

*Divine Wrath and Mercy, Nahum i. 1, &c.*

- 1 **A**DORE and tremble, for our God  
Is "a consuming fire ;"  
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,  
And raise his vengeance higher.
- 2 Almighty vengeance, how it burns!  
How bright his fury glows!  
Vast magazines of plagues and storms  
Lie treasur'd for his foes.
- 3 Those heaps of wrath, by slow degrees,  
Are forc'd into a flame,  
But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze!  
And rend all nature's frame.
- 4 At his approach the mountains flee,  
And seek a wat'ry grave ;  
The frightened sea makes haste away,  
And shrinks up ev'ry wave.
- 5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks  
Are swift as hailstones hurl'd ;  
Who dares engage his fi'ry rage  
That shakes the solid world ?
- 6 Yet, mighty God, thy sov'reign grace  
Sits regent on the throne,  
The refuge of thy chosen race  
When wrath comes rushing down.
- 7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings  
A fi'ry tempest pour,  
While we, beneath thy shelt'ring wings,  
Thy just revenge adore.

## HYMN 43. (L. M.)

*The Christian's Treasure, 1 Cor. iii. 21.*

- 1 **H**OW vast the treasure we possess !  
How rich thy bounty, King of grace !  
This world is ours, and worlds to come ;  
Earth is our lodge, and heav'n our home.
- 2 All things are ours ; the gifts of God ;  
The purchase of a Saviour's blood :  
While the good Spirit shows us how  
To use and to improve them too.
- 3 If peace and plenty crown my days,  
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise ;  
If bread of sorrows be my food,  
Those sorrows work my lasting good.
- 4 I would not change my blest estate  
For all the world calls good or great ;  
And while my faith can keep her hold,  
I envy not the sinner's gold.
- 5 Father, I wait thy daily will :  
Thou shalt divide my portion still ;  
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,  
Till death and heav'n reveal the rest.

## HYMN 44. (C. M.)

*The true Improvement of Life.*

- 1 **A**ND is this life prolong'd to me ?  
Are days and seasons giv'n ?  
O let me then prepare to be  
A fitter heir of heav'n.
- 2 In vain these moments shall not pass,  
These golden hours be gone ;  
Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace,  
I bow before thy throne.



- 3 Now cleanse my soul from ev'ry sin,  
By my Redeemer's blood ;  
Now let my flesh and soul begin  
The honours of my God.
- 4 Let me no more my soul beguile  
With sin's deceitful toys ;  
Let cheerful hope, increasing still,  
Approach to heav'nly joys.
- 5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim  
The wonders of thy praise,  
And spread the savour of thy name  
Where'er I spend my days.
- 6 On earth let my example shine,  
And when I leave this state,  
May heav'n receive this soul of mine  
To bliss supremely great.

## HYMN 45. (C. M.)

*The last Judgment, Rev. xxi. 5—8.*

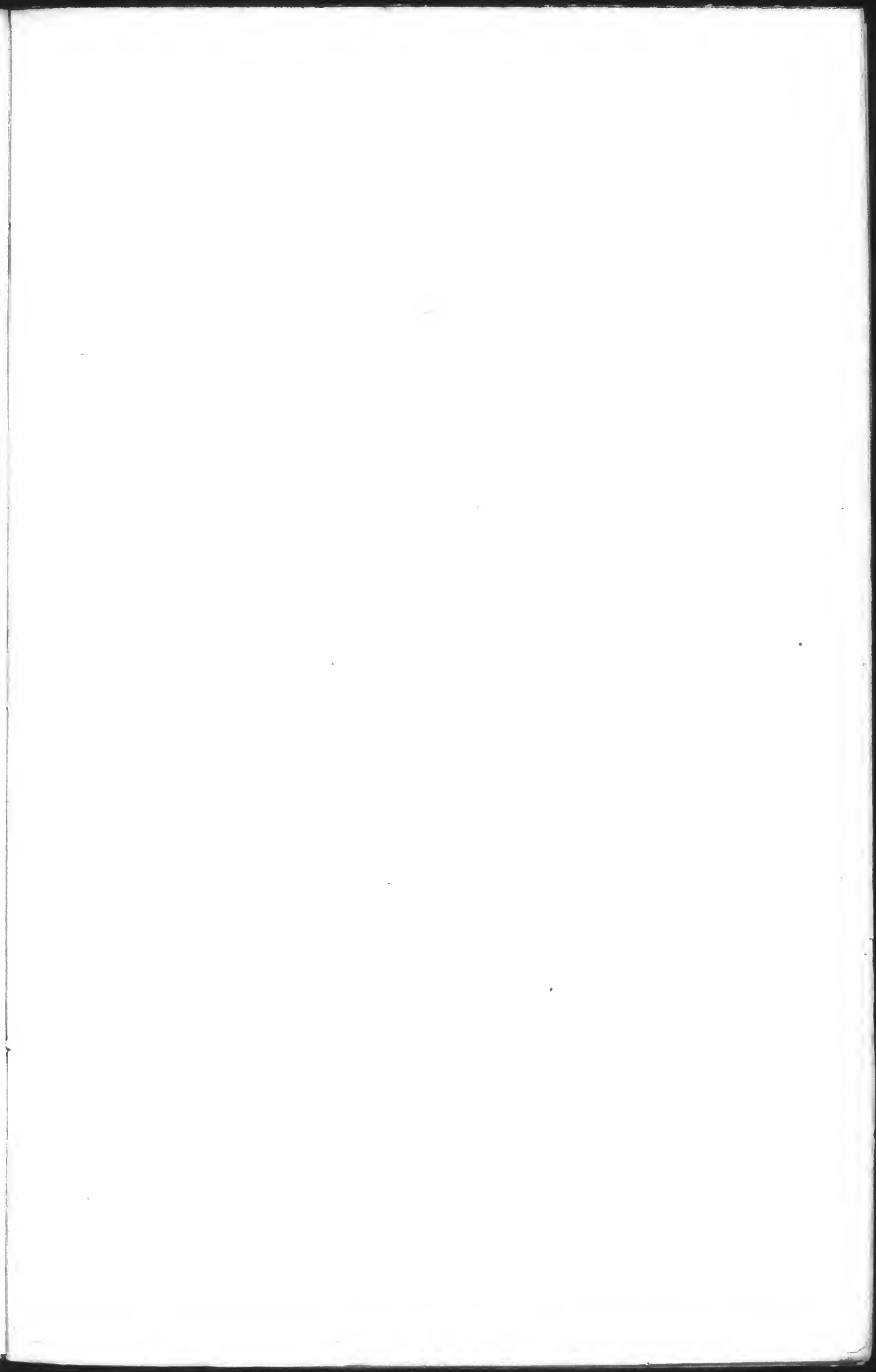
- 1 **S**EE where the great incarnate God  
Fills a majestic throne,  
While from the skies his awful voice  
Bears the last judgment down.
- 2 ["I am the first, and I the last,  
"Through endless years the same ;  
"I AM, is my memorial still,  
"And my eternal name.
- 3 "Such favours as a God can give  
"My royal grace bestows ;  
"Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams  
"Where life and pleasure flows.]
- 4 ["The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,  
"I'll own him for a son ;  
"The whole creation shall reward  
"The conquests he has won.

- 5 " But bloody hands and hearts unclean,  
    " And all the lying race,  
    " The faithless and the scoffing crew,  
    " That spurn at offer'd grace ;
- 6 " They shall be taken from my sight,  
    " Bound fast in iron chains,  
    " And headlong plung'd into the lake  
    " Where fire and darkness reigns." ]
- 7 O may I stand before the Lamb,  
    When earth and seas are fled !  
And hear the Judge pronounce my name  
    With blessings on my head !
- 8 May I with those for ever dwell,  
    Who here were my delight,  
While sinners, banish'd down to hell,  
    No more offend my sight.

## HYMN 46. (L. M.)

*The Privileges of the Living above the Dead.*

- 1 **A** WAKE my zeal, awake my love,  
    To serve my Saviour here below,  
In works which perfect saints above,  
    And holy angels, cannot do.
- 2 Awake my charity, to feed  
    The hungry soul, and clothe the poor ;  
In heav'n are found no sons of need,  
    There all these duties are no more.
- 3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul !  
    Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,  
Daily thy rising sins control,  
    And be thy vict'ries ever new.
- 4 The land of triumph lies on high,  
    There are no foes t' encounter there,  
Lord, I would conquer till I die,  
    And finish all the glorious war.





DEATH OF KINDRED.

- 5 Let ev'ry flying hour confess  
I gain thy gospel fresh renown ;  
And when my life and labours cease  
May I possess the promis'd crown !

## HYMN 47. (C. M.)

*Death of Kindred improved.*

- 1 **M**UST friends and kindred drop and die,  
And helpers be withdrawn ?  
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,  
Counts up our comforts gone ?
- 2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God,  
Our helper and our friend ;  
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road,  
Till all our trials end.
- 3 O may our feet pursue the way  
Our pious fathers led !  
With love and holy zeal obey  
The counsels of the dead.
- 4 Let us be wean'd from all below,  
Let hope our grief expel,  
While death invites our souls to go  
Where our best kindred dwell.

## HYMN 48. (L. M.)

*The Christian Race, Isaiah xl. 28, &c.*

- 1 **A**WAKE our souls, away our fears,  
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone ;  
Awake and run the heav'nly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;  
But they forget the mighty God.  
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.---

- 3 Thee, mighty God ! whose matchless pow'r  
Is ever new, and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

## HYMN 49. (C. M.)

*The Works of Moses and the Lamb, Rev. xv. 3.*

- 1 **H**OW strong thine arm is, mighty God !  
Who would not fear thy name ?  
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are !  
Who would not love the Lamb ?
- 2 He has done more than Moses did,  
Our prophet and our King ;  
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,  
And taught our lips to sing.
- 3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,  
Th' Egyptian host was drown'd ;  
But his own blood hides all our sins,  
And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert Isr'el went,  
With manna they were fed ;  
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,  
And calls it living bread.
- 5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,  
Yet never reach'd the place ;  
But Christ shall bring his foll'wers home,  
To see his Father's face.

- 6 Then shall our love and joy be full,  
And feel a warmer flame,  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

## HYMN 50. (C. M.)

*The Song of Zecharias, &c. Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.*

- 1 **N**OW be the God of Isr'el blest,  
Who makes his truth appear,  
His mighty hand fulfils his word,  
And all the oaths he sware.
- 2 Now he bedews old David's root  
With blessings from the skies ;  
He makes the branch of promise grow,  
The promis'd horn arise.
- 3 [John was the prophet of the Lord,  
To go before his face ;  
The herald which our Saviour-God  
Sent to prepare his ways.
- 4 He makes the great salvation known,  
He speaks of pardon'd sins ;  
While grace divine, and heav'nly love,  
In its own glory shines.
- 5 " Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,  
" That takes our guilt away ;  
" I saw the Spirit o'er his head,  
" On his baptizing day.]
- 6 " Be ev'ry vale exalted high,  
" Sink ev'ry mountain low ;  
" The proud must stoop, and humble souls  
" Shall his salvation know.
- 7 " The heathen realms, with Isr'el's land  
" Shall join in sweet accord ;  
" And all that's born of man shall see  
" 'The glory of the Lord.

- 8 “ Behold the morning-star arise,  
“ Ye that in darkness sit ;  
“ He marks the path that leads to peace,  
“ And guides our doubtful feet.

HYMN 51. (S. M.)

*Persevering Grace, Jude 24, 25.*

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his Almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls  
Unblemish'd and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer-God  
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

HYMN 52. (C. M.)

*Baptism, Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.*

- 1 **T**'WAS the commission of our Lord,  
“ Go, teach the nations, and baptize.”  
The nations have receiv'd the word  
Since he ascended to the skies



- 2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,  
With grace and pardon in his hands,  
And sends his cov'nant, with his seals,  
To bless the distant British lands.
- 3 "Repent, and be baptiz'd," he saith,  
"For the remission of your sins;"  
And thus our sense assists our faith,  
And shows us what his gospel means.
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,  
As water makes the body clean;  
And the good Spirit from our God  
Descends like purifying rain.
- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,  
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;  
O may the great Eternal Three  
In heav'n our solemn vows record!

## HYMN 53. (L. M.)

*The Holy Scriptures*, Heb. i. 1, 2. Tim. iii. 15, 16.  
Psalm cxlvii. 19, 20.

- 1 **G**OD, who in various methods told  
His mind and will to saints of old,  
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,  
To teach us in these latter days.
- 2 Our nation reads the written word,  
That book of life, that sure record;  
The bright inheritance of heav'n  
Is by the sweet conveyance giv'n.
- 3 God's kindest thoughts are here exprest,  
Able to make us wise and blest;  
The doctrines are divinely true,  
Fit for reproof and comfort too.
- 4 Ye British isles, who read his love  
In long epistles from above,  
(He hath not sent his sacred word  
To ev'ry land) Praise ye the Lord.

## HYMN 54. (L. M.)

*Electing Grace ; or, Saints Beloved in Christ, Eph. i. 3, &c.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, we bless thy Father's name ;  
Thy God and ours are both the same.  
What heav'nly blessings from his throne  
Flow down to sinners through his Son !
- 2 " Christ be my first elect," he said,  
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,  
Before he gave the mountains birth,  
Or laid foundations for the earth.
- 3 Thus did eternal Love begin  
To raise us up from death and sin ;  
Our characters were then decreed,  
" Blameless in love, a holy seed."
- 4 Predestinated to be sons,  
Born by degrees but chose at once ;  
A new regenerated race,  
To praise the glory of his grace.
- 5 With Christ our Lord we share our part  
In the affections of his heart ;  
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,  
Till he forgets his first-belov'd.

## HYMN 55. (C. M.)

*Hezekiah's Song ; or, Sickness and Recovery, Isaiah xxxviii. 9, &c.*

- 1 **W**HEN we are rais'd from deep distress  
Our God deserves a song ;  
We take the pattern of our praise  
From Hezekiah's tongue.
- 2 The gates of the devouring grave  
Are open'd wide in vain,  
If he that holds the keys of death  
Commands them fast again.

- 3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse  
Our minds with slavish fears,  
"Our days are past, and we shall lose  
"The remnant of our years."
- 4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,  
Or like a dove we mourn,  
With bitterness instead of joys,  
Afflicted and forlorn.
- 5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,  
And no disease withstands;  
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,  
And fly at his commands.
- 6 If half the strings of life should break,  
He can our frame restore;  
He casts our sins behind his back,  
And they are found no more.

## HYMN 56. (C. M.)

*The Song of Moses and the Lamb; or, Babylon falling, Rev. xv. 3.  
and xvi. 19. and xvii. 6.*

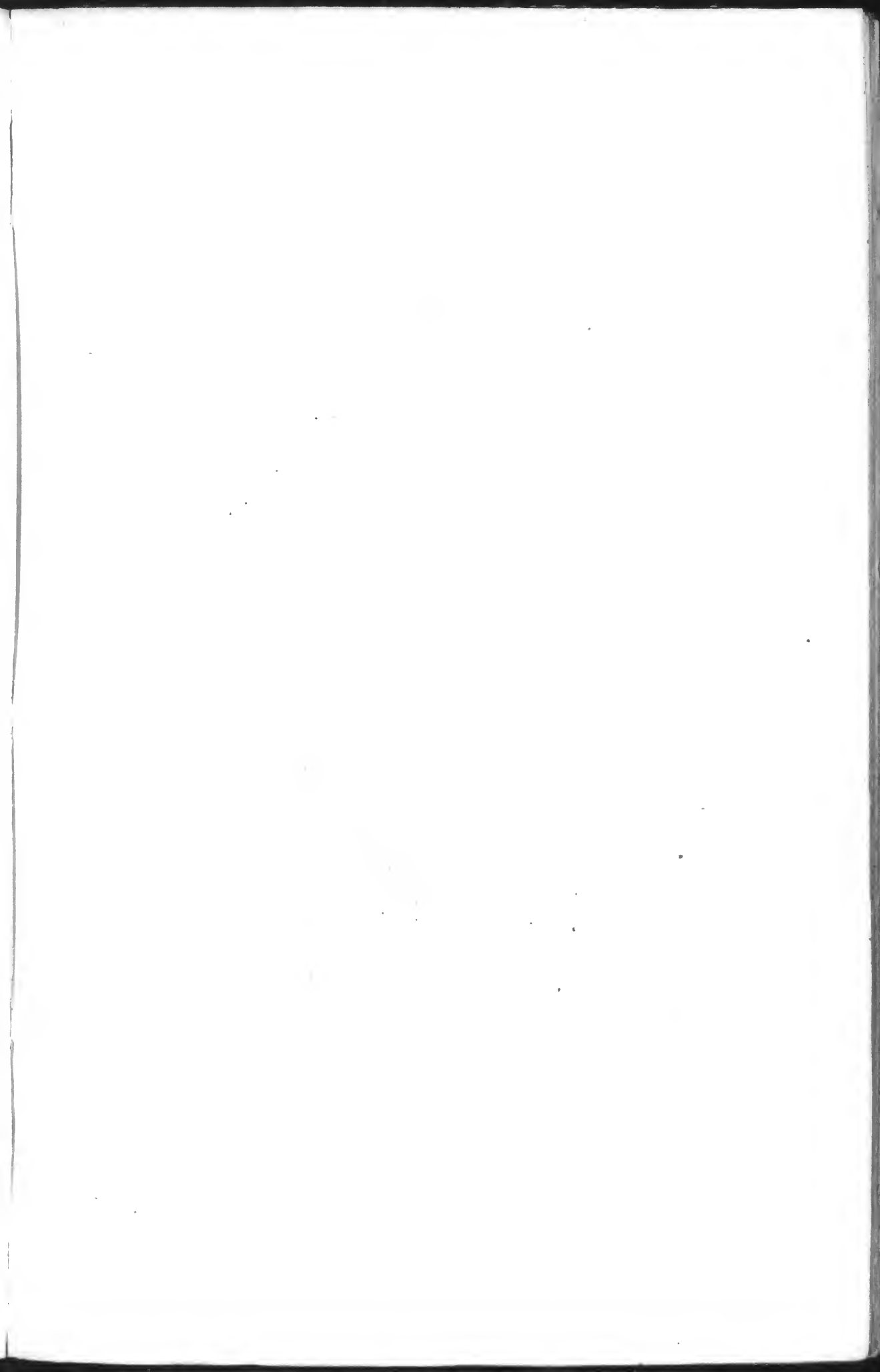
- 1 **WE** sing the glories of thy love,  
We sound thy dreadful name;  
The Christian church unites the songs  
Of Moses and the Lamb.
- 2 Great God, how wondrous are thy works  
Of vengeance and of grace!  
Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,  
How just and true thy ways!
- 3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,  
Or worship at thy throne?  
Thy judgments speak thine holiness  
Through all the nations known.
- 4 Great Babylon, that rules the earth,  
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,  
Her crimes shall speedily awake  
The fury of our God.

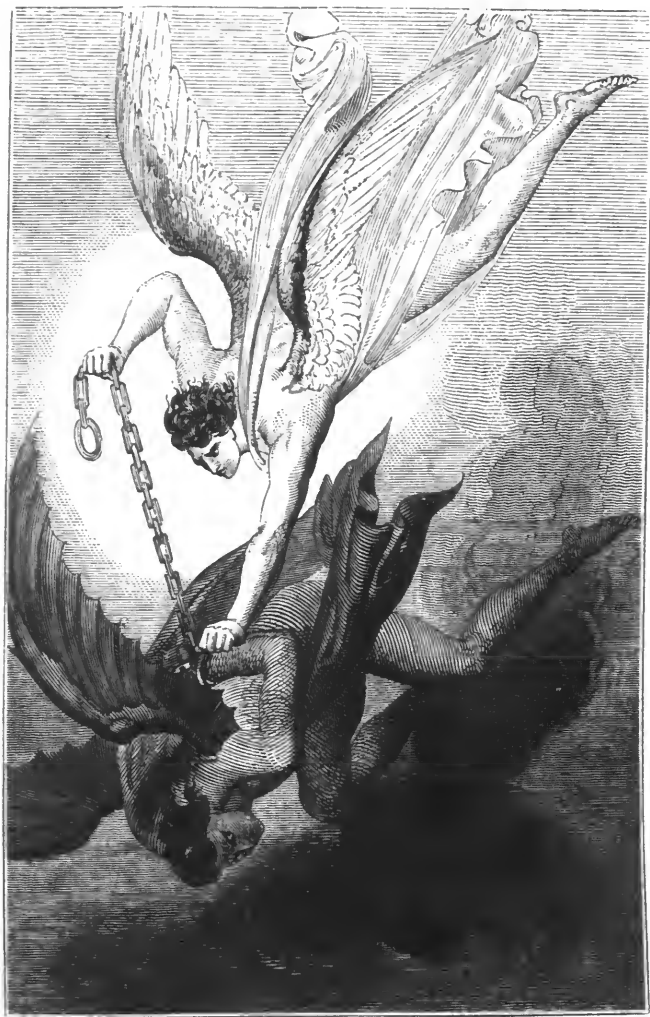
- 5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,  
 And she must drink the dregs ;  
 Strong is the Lord, her sov'reign Judge,  
 And shall fulfil the plagues.

HYMN 57. (C. M.)

*Original Sin ; or, The first and second Adam, Rom. v. 12, &c.  
 Psalm li. 5. Job xiv. 4.*

- 1 **B**ACKWARD with humble shame we look  
 On our original ;  
 How is our nature dash'd and broke  
 In our first father's fall !
- 2 To all that's good, averse and blind,  
 But prone to all that's ill ;  
 What dreadful darkness veils our mind !  
 How obstinate our will !
- 3 [Conceiv'd in sin (O wretched state !)  
 Before we draw our breath ;  
 The first young pulse begins to beat  
 Iniquity and death.
- 4 How strong in our degen'rate blood  
 The old corruption reigns,  
 And, mingling with the crooked flood,  
 Wanders through all our veins !]
- 5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root  
 Will all the branches be ;  
 How can we hope for living fruit  
 From such a deadly tree ?
- 6 What mortal pow'r from things unclean  
 Can pure productions bring ?  
 Who can command a vital stream  
 From an infected spring ?]
- 7 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love  
 Can make our nature clean,  
 While Christ and grace prevail above  
 The tempter, death, and sin.





THE DEVIL VANQUISHED.

- 8 The second Adam shall restore  
The ruins of the first ;  
Hosanna to that sov'reign Pow'r,  
That new creates our dust !

HYMN 58. (C. M.)

*The Devil vanquished ; or, Michael's War with the Dragon,*  
Rev. xii. 7.

- 1 **L**ET mortal tongues attempt to sing  
The wars of heav'n, when Michael  
stood  
Chief gen'ral of th' Eternal King,  
And fought the battles of our God.
- 2 Against the dragon and his host  
The armies of the Lord prevail ;  
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,  
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.
- 3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,  
Down to the earth his legions fell ;  
Then was the trump of triumph blown,  
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.
- 4 Now is the hour of darkness past,  
Christ hath assum'd his reigning pow'r ;  
Behold the great accuser cast  
Down from the skies to rise no more.
- 5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,  
Thine armies trod the tempter down ;  
'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name  
They gain'd the battle and renown.
- 6 Rejoice, ye heav'ns ; let ev'ry star  
Shine with new glories round the sky ;  
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,  
Raise your Deliv'rer's name on high.

## HYMN 59. (L. M.)

*Babylon fallen, Rev. xviii. 20, 21.*

- 1 **I**N Gabriel's hand a mighty stone  
Lies, a fair type of Babylon ;  
" Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints,  
" God shall avenge your long complaints."
- 2 He said, and dreadful as he stood,  
He sunk the millstone in the flood ;  
" Thus terribly shall Babel fall,  
" Thus, and no more be found at all."

## HYMN 60. (L. M.)

*The Virgin Mary's Song ; or, the promised Messiah born,  
Luke i. 46, &c.*

- 1 **O**UR souls shall magnify the Lord,  
In God the Saviour we rejoice ;  
While we repeat the Virgin's song,  
May the same Spirit tune our voice !
- 2 [The Highest saw her low estate,  
And mighty things his hand hath done ;  
His over-shadowing pow'r and grace,  
Makes her the mother of his Son.
- 3 Let ev'ry nation call her blest,  
And endless years prolong her fame ;  
But God alone must be ador'd ;  
Holy and rev'rend is his name.]
- 4 To those that fear and trust the Lord,  
His mercy stands for ever sure ;  
From age to age his promise lives,  
And the performance is secure.
- 5 He spake to Abra'm and his seed,  
" In thee shall all the earth be blest ;"  
The mem'ry of that ancient word  
Lay long in his eternal breast.



- 6 But now no more shall Isr'el wait,  
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn :  
Lo the desire of nations comes ;  
Behold, the promis'd Seed is born.

## HYMN 61. (L. M.)

*Christ coming to Judgment, Rev. i. 5—7.*

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord, that makes us know  
The wonders of his dying love,  
Be humble honours paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,  
And wash'd us in his richest blood :  
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,  
To Jesus, our superior King,  
Be everlasting pow'r confest,  
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,  
And ev'ry eye shall see him move ;  
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,  
Then he displays his pard'ning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the day ;  
Come, Lord ; nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

## HYMN 62. (C. M.)

*Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the Creation,  
Rev. v. 11, &c.*

- 1 **C**OME let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one

- 2 “ Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,  
    “ To be exalted thus ;”  
    “ Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,  
    “ For he was slain for us.”
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
    Honour and pow’r divine ;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
    Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
    And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
    And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,  
    To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
    And to adore the Lamb.

## HYMN 63. (L. M.)

*Christ’s Humiliation and Exaltation, Rev. v. 12.*

- 1 **W**HAT equal honour shall we bring  
    To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,  
When all the notes that angels sing,  
    Are far inferior to thy name ?
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of Peace that groan’d and died,  
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign  
    At his almighty Father’s side.
- 3 Pow’r and dominion are his due,  
Who stood condemn’d at Pilate’s bar ;  
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,  
    Though he was charg’d with madness here.
- 4 All riches are his native right,  
Yet he sustain’d amazing loss ;  
To him ascribe eternal might,  
    Who left his weakness on the cross.

- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,  
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;  
While glory shines around his head,  
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched men ;  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And ev'ry creature say, Amen.

## HYMN 64. (S. M.)

*Adoption, 1 John iii. 1. Gal. iv. 6.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD what wondrous grace  
The Father hath bestow'd  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God !
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,  
That we should be unknown ;  
The Jewish world knew not their King ;  
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear,  
How great we must be made ;  
But when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our head.
- 4 A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure.  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,  
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath the throne ;  
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,  
And thou the kindred own.

## HYMN 65. (L. M.)

*The Kingdoms of the World become the Kingdoms of our Lord,  
Rev. xi. 15—18.*

- 1 **L**ET the seventh angel sound on high,  
Let shouts be heard through all the sky;  
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,  
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
- 2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,  
Who wast, and art, and art to come;  
Jesus the Lamb, who once was slain,  
For ever live, for ever reign!
- 3 The angry nations fret and roar,  
That they can slay the saints no more;  
On wings of vengeance flies our God,  
To pay the long arrears of blood.
- 4 Now must the rising dead appear,  
Now the decisive sentence hear;  
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord  
Receive an infinite reward.

## HYMN 66. (C. M.)

*Christ the King at his Table, Sol. Song i. 2, &c.*

- 1 **L**ET him embrace my soul, and prove  
Mine interest in his heav'nly love;  
The voice that tells me, "Thou art mine,"  
Exceeds the blessing of the vine.
- 2 On thee th' anointed Spirit came,  
And spreads the savour of thy name:  
That oil of gladness and of grace  
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.
- 3 Jesus, allure me by thy charms,  
My soul shall fly into thy arms!  
Our wand'ring feet thy favours bring  
To the fair chambers of the King.

- 4 [Wonder and pleasure tune our voice  
To speak thy praises and our joys ;  
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine  
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]
- 5 Though in ourselves deform'd we are,  
And black as Kedar's tents appear,  
Yet when we put thy beauties on,  
Fair as the courts of Solomon.
- 6 [While at his table sits the King,  
He loves to see us smile and sing ;  
Our graces are our best perfume,  
And breathe like spikenard round the room.]
- 7 As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,  
Such is a dying Christ to me ;  
And while he makes my soul his guest,  
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.
- 8 [No beams of cedar or of fir,  
Can with thy courts on earth compare ;  
And here we wait until thy love  
Raise us to nobler seats above.]

## HYMN 67. (L. M.)

*Seeking the Pastures of Christ the Shepherd, Sol. Song i. 7.*

- 1 **T**HOU whom my soul admires above  
All earthly joy, and earthly love,  
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,  
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow ?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,  
That from the sun defends thy flock ?  
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,  
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one  
That turns aside to paths unknown ?  
My constant feet would never rove,  
Would never seek another love.

- 4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see ;  
Thy sweetest pastures here they be ;  
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,  
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and  
tears.
- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,  
And bids me drink his richest blood ;  
Here to these hills my soul will come,  
Till my Beloved leads me home.]

## HYMN 68. (L. M.)

*The Banquet of Love, Sol. Song ii. 1—7.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the rose of Sharon here,  
The lily which the valleys bear ;  
Behold the Tree of Life, that gives  
Refreshing fruit, and healing leaves
- 2 Amongst the thorns so lilies shine ;  
Amongst wild gourds the noble vine ;  
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,  
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.
- 3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat,  
To shield me from the burning heat ;  
Of heav'nly fruit he spreads a feast,  
To feed my eyes and please my taste.
- 4 [Kindly he brought me to the place  
Where stands the banquet of his grace,  
He saw me faint, and o'er my head  
The banner of his love he spread.
- 5 With living bread and gen'rous wine,  
He cheers this sinking heart of mine ;  
And op'ning his own heart to me,  
He shows his thoughts how kind they be.]
- 6 O never let my Lord depart,  
Lie down and rest upon my heart ;  
I charge my sins not once to move,  
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

## HYMN 69. (L. M.)

*Christ appearing to his Church, and seeking her Company,  
Sol. Song ii. 8, &c.*

- 1 **T**HE voice of my Beloved sounds  
Over the rocks and rising grounds ;  
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,  
He leaps, he flies to my relief.
- 2 Now through the veil of flesh I see ;  
With eyes of love he looks at me ;  
Now in the gospel's clearest glass  
He shows the beauties of his face.
- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,  
Both with his beauties and his tongue ;  
" Rise," saith my Lord, " make haste away,  
" No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 " The Jewish wintry state is gone,  
" The mists are fled, the spring comes on,  
" The sacred turtle-dove we hear  
" Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 " Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root  
" Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit."  
Lo, we are come to taste the wine;  
Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.
- 6 And when we hear our Jesus say,  
" Rise up, my love, make haste away !"  
Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,  
And leave all earthly loves behind.

## HYMN 70. (L. M.)

*Christ inviting, and the Church answering the Invitation,  
Sol. Song ii. 14, &c.*

- 1 [**H**ARK! the Redeemer from on high  
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh ;  
From caves of darkness and of doubt,  
He gently speaks, and calls us out

- 2 " My dove, who hidest in the rock,  
" Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,  
" Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,  
" And let thy voice delight mine ear.
- 3 " Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet  
" My graces in thy count'nance meet ;  
" Through the vain world thy face despise,  
" 'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."
- 4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives  
The hope thine invitation gives ;  
To thee our joyful lips shall raise  
The voice of prayer and of praise.]
- 5 [I am my love's, and he is mine ;  
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join ?  
Nor let a motion nor a word,  
Nor thought arise to grieve my Lord.
- 6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,  
Amongst the lilies where he feeds ?  
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white  
Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.
- 7 Till the day break, and shadows flee,  
Till the sweet dawning light I see,  
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,  
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.
- 8 Be like a hart on mountains green,  
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin ;  
Nor guilt nor unbelief divide  
My love, my Saviour, from my side.]

## HYMN 71. (L. M.)

*Christ found in the Street, and brought to the Church,  
Sol. Song iii. 1—5.*

- 1 **O**FTEN I seek my Lord by night,  
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight ;  
With warm desire and restless thought  
I seek him oft, but find him not.



- 
- 2 Then I arise, and search the street,  
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet ;  
I ask the watchmen of the night,  
“ Where did you see my soul’s delight ?”
- 3 Sometimes I find him in my way,  
Directed by a heav’nly ray ;  
I leap for joy to see his face,  
And hold him fast in mine embrace.
- 4 [I bring him to my mother’s home,  
Nor does my Lord refuse to come  
To Sion’s sacred chambers, where  
My soul first drew the vital air.
- 5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,  
Pierc’d for my sake with deadly smart ;  
I give my soul to him, and there  
Our loves their mutual tokens share.]
- 6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,  
Approach not to disturb my joys ;  
Nor sin, nor hell, come near my heart,  
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

## HYMN 72. (L. M.)

*The Coronation of Christ, and Espousals of the Church,  
Sol. Song, iii. 2.*

- 1 **D**AUGHTERS of Sion, come, behold  
The crown of honour and of gold,  
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,  
Plac’d on the head of Solomon.
- 2 Jesus, thou everlasting King  
Accept the tribute which we bring ;  
Accept the well-deserv’d renown,  
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 3 Let ev’ry act of worship be  
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;  
Like the dear hour when from above  
We first receiv’d thy pledge of love.

- 
- 4 The gladness of that happy day,  
Our hearts would wish it long to stay,  
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
- 5 Each foll'wing minute as it flies,  
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,  
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name  
At the great supper of the Lamb.
- 6 O that the months would roll away,  
And bring that coronation day!  
The King of grace shall fill the throne,  
With all his Father's glories on.

## HYMN 73. (L. M.)

*The Church's Beauty in the Eyes of Christ,*  
Sol. Song iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 9, 8.

- 1 **K**IND is the speech of Christ our Lord,  
Affection sounds in ev'ry word,  
"Lo, thou art fair, my love," he cries,  
"Not the young doves have sweeter eyes."
- 2 " [Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice  
" Salutes mine ear with secret joys ;  
" No spice so much delights the smell,  
" Nor milk nor honey taste so well. ]
- 3 " Thou art all fair, my bride, to me,  
" I will behold no spot in thee :"  
What mighty wonders love performs,  
And puts a comeliness on worms !
- 4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,  
He makes us white, and calls us fair ;  
Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,  
His graces and his righteousness.
- 5 " My sister and my spouse," he cries,  
" Bound to my heart by various ties,  
" Thy pow'rful love my heart detains  
" In strong delight and pleasing chains."

- 6 He calls me from the leopards' den,  
From this wild world of beasts and men,  
To Sion where his glories are ;  
Not Lebanon is half so fair.
- 7 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,  
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,  
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,  
When Christ invites my soul away.

## HYMN 74. (L. M.)

*The Church the Garden of Christ, Sol. Song iv. 12—15. and v. 1.*

- 1 **W**E are a garden wall'd around,  
Chosen and made peculiar ground ,  
A little spot inclos'd by grace  
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand  
Planted by God the Father's hand ;  
And all his springs in Sion flow  
To make the young plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heav'nly wind ! and come,  
Blow on this garden of perfume :  
Spirit divine ! descend and breathe  
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,  
To entertain our Saviour-God ;  
And faith, and love, and joy appear,  
And ev'ry grace be active here.
- 5 [Let my Beloved come and taste  
His pleasant fruits at his own feast ;  
" I come, my spouse, I come," he cries,  
With love and pleasure in his eyes.
- 6 Our Lord into his garden comes,  
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes,  
And calls us to a feast divine,  
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.

- 7 “ Eat of the tree of life, my friends,  
“ The blessings that my Father sends ;  
“ Your taste shall all my dainties prove,  
“ And drink abundance of my love.”
- 8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,  
And sing the bounties of our Lord :  
But the rich food on which we live  
Demands more praise than tongues can give.]

## HYMN 75. (L. M.)

*The Description of Christ the Beloved, Sol. Song v. 9—16.*

- 1 **T**HE wond’ring world inquires to know  
Why I should love my Jesus so :  
“ What are his charms,” say they, “ above  
“ The objects of a mortal love?”
- 2 Yes! my Beloved to my sight  
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white ;  
All human beauties, all divine,  
In my Beloved meet and shine.
- 3 White is his soul, from blemish free ;  
Red with the blood he shed for me ;  
The fairest of ten thousand fairs ;  
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.
- 4 [His head the finest gold excels ;  
There wisdom in perfection dwells,  
And glory like a crown adorns  
Those temples once beset with thorns.
- 5 Compassions in his heart are found,  
Hard by the signals of his wound ;  
His sacred side no more shall bear  
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]
- 6 [His hands are fairer to behold  
Than di’monds set in rings of gold ;  
Those heav’nly hands that on the tree  
Were nail’d, and torn, and bled for me!

- 7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees,  
Loaded with sins and agonies,  
Now on the throne of his command  
His legs like marble pillars stand.]
- 8 [His eyes are majesty and love,  
The eagle temper'd with the dove ;  
No more shall trickling sorrows roll  
Through those dear windows of his soul.
- 9 His mouth that pour'd out long complaints,  
Now smiles and cheers his fainting saints ;  
His countenance more graceful is  
Than Lebanon with all its trees.]
- 10 All over glorious is my Lord,  
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd ;  
His worth if all the nations knew,  
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

## HYMN 76. (L. M.)

*Christ dwells in Heaven, but visits on Earth, Sol. Song vi. 1, 2, 3, 12.*

- 1 **W**HEN strangers stand and hear me tell  
What beauties in my Saviour dwell ;  
Where he is gone, they fain would know,  
That they may seek and love him too.
- 2 My best-beloved keeps his throne  
On hills of light, in worlds unknown ;  
But he descends, and shows his face  
In the young gardens of his grace.
- 3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,  
Where fruitful trees in order stand ;  
He feeds among the spicy beds,  
Where lilies show their spotless heads.
- 4 He has engross'd my warmest love,  
No earthly charms my soul can move ;  
I have a mansion in his heart,  
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]

- 5 [He takes my soul ere I'm aware,  
And shows me where his glories are ;  
No chariot of Amminadib  
The heav'nly rapture can describe.
- 6 O may my spirit daily rise  
On wings of faith above the skies,  
Till death shall make my last remove,  
To dwell for ever with my love.]

## HYMN 77. (L. M.)

*The Love of Christ to the Church, in his Language and Provisions,  
Sol. Song, vii. 5—13.*

- 1 **N**OW in the gall'ries of his grace  
Appears the King, and thus he says ;  
“ How fair my saints are in my sight !  
“ My love, how pleasant for delight !”
- 2 Kind is thy language, sov'reign Lord,  
There's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word ;  
From that dear mouth a stream divine  
Flows, sweeter than the choicest wine.
- 3 Such wondrous love awakes the lip  
Of saints that were almost asleep,  
To speak the praises of thy name,  
And make our cold affections flame
- 4 These are the joys he lets us know  
In fields and villages below ;  
Gives us a relish of his love,  
But keeps his noblest feast above.
- 5 In Paradise within the gates  
An higher entertainment waits ;  
Fruits new and old laid up in store,  
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

## HYMN 78. (L. M.)

*The Strength of Christ's Love, Sol. Song viii. 5—7, &c.*

- 1 [ **W**HO is this fair one in distress,  
That travels from the wilderness?  
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,  
On her beloved Lord she leans.
- 2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,  
Bought with the treasure of his blood;  
And her request, and her complaint,  
Is but the voice of ev'ry saint.]
- 3 " O let thy name engraven stand,  
" Both on thy heart and on thy hand;  
" Seal me upon thine arm, and wear  
" That pledge of love for ever there.
- 4 " Stronger than death thy love is known,  
" Which floods of wrath could never drown,  
" And hell and earth in vain combine  
" To quench a fire so much divine.
- 5 " But I am jealous of my heart,  
" Lest it should once from thee depart;  
" Then let thy name be well imprest  
" As a fair signet on my breast.
- 6 " Till thou hast brought me to thy home,  
" Where fears and doubts can never come,  
" Thy count'nance let me often see,  
" And often thou shalt hear from me.
- 7 " Come, my Beloved, haste away,  
" Cut short the hours of thy delay;  
" Fly like a youthful hart or roe,  
" Over the hills where spices grow."

## HYMN 79. (L. M.)

*A Morning Hymn, Psalm xix. 5, 8. and lxxiii. 24, 25.*

- 1 **G**OD of the morning! at whose voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east  
The circuit of his race begins,  
And, without weariness or rest,  
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 Oh! like the sun, may I fulfil  
Th' appointed duties of the day,  
With ready mind and active will  
March on and keep my heav'nly way.
- 4 [But I shall rove, and lose the race,  
If God, my sun, should disappear,  
And leave me in this world's wide maze,  
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.]
- 5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,  
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;  
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me thy counsels for my guide;  
And then receive me to thy bliss;  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

## HYMN 80. (L. M.)

*An Evening Hymn, Psalm iv. 8. and iii. 5, 6. and cxliii. 8.*

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,  
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,  
And ev'ry evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.



- 
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I perhaps am near my home ;  
But he forgives my follies past,  
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,  
Peace is the pillow for my head ;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 In vain the sons of earth or hell  
Tell me a thousand frightful things,  
My God in safety makes me dwell  
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear ;  
O may thy presence ne'er depart !  
And in the morning make me hear  
The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 6 Thus when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

## HYMN 81. (L. M.)

*A Song for Morning or Evening, Lam. iii. 23. Isaiah xlv. 7.*

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love !  
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,  
To thee I consecrate my days ;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

## HYMN 82. (L. M.)

*God far above Creatures; or, Man vain and mortal, Job iv. 17—21.*

- 1 **S**HALL the vile race of flesh and blood  
 Contend with their Creator, God?  
 Shall mortal worms presume to be  
 More holy, wise, or just than he?
- 2 Behold, he puts his trust in none  
 Of all the spirits round his throne;  
 Their natures when compar'd with his,  
 Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they  
 Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!  
 Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,  
 We faint and perish like the moth.
- 4 From night to day, from day to night,  
 We die by thousands in thy sight;  
 Buried in dust whole nations lie  
 Like a forgotten vanity.
- 5 Almighty Pow'r, to thee we bow;  
 How frail are we, how glorious thou!  
 No more the sons of earth shall dare  
 With an eternal God compare.

## HYMN 83. (C. M.)

*Afflictions and Death under Providence, Job v. 6—8.*

- 1 **N**OT from the dust affliction grows,  
 Nor troubles rise by chance;  
 Yet we are born to cares and woes;  
 A sad inheritance!
- 2 As sparks break out from burning coals,  
 And still are upwards borne;  
 So grief is rooted in our souls,  
 And man grows up to mourn

- 3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,  
And trust his promis'd grace ;  
He rules me by his well-known laws  
Of love and righteousness.
- 4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore  
Shall spoil my future peace,  
For death and hell can do no more  
Than what my Father please.

## HYMN 84. (L. M.)

*Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength in Christ, Isaiah xlv. 21—25*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH speaks ! let Isr'el hear,  
Let all the earth rejoice and fear ;  
While God's eternal Son proclaims  
His sov'reign honours and his names :
- 2 " I am the last, and I the first,  
" The Saviour God, and God the just ;  
" There's none beside pretends to show  
" Such justice and salvation too.
- 3 " [Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,  
" Just on the verge of death and hell,  
" Look up to me from distant lands,  
" Light, life, and heav'n, are in my hands.
- 4 " I by my holy name have sworn,  
" Nor shall the word in vain return ;  
" To me shall all things bend the knee,  
" And ev'ry tongue shall swear to me.]
- 5 " In me alone shall men confess  
" Lies all their strength and righteousness  
" But such as dare despise my name,  
" I'll clothe them with eternal shame.
- 6 " In me, the Lord, shall all the seed  
" Of Isr'el from their sins be freed,  
" And, by their shining graces, prove  
" Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

HYMN 85. (S. M.)

*The same.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord on high proclaims  
His Godhead from his throne!  
“ Mercy and justice are the names  
“ By which I will be known.
- 2 “ Ye dying souls that sit  
“ In darkness and distress,  
“ Look from the borders of the pit  
“ To my recov’ring grace.”
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound ;  
Their thankful tongues shall own  
“ Our righteousness and strength is found  
“ In thee, the Lord, alone.”
- 4 In thee shall Isr’el trust,  
And see their guilt forgiv’n ;  
God will pronounce the sinners just,  
And take the saints to heav’n.

HYMN 86. (C. M.)

*God holy, just, and sovereign, Job ix. 2—10.*

- 1 **H**OW should the sons of Adam’s race  
Be pure before their God ?  
If he contend in righteousness,  
We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 To vindicate my words and thoughts  
I’ll make no more pretence ;  
Not one of all my thousand faults  
Can bear a just defence.
- 3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise ;  
What vain presumers dare  
Against their Maker’s hand to rise,  
Or tempt th’ unequal war ?

- 4 [Mountains, by his almighty wrath,  
From their old seats are torn ;  
He shakes the earth from south to north,  
And all her pillars mourn.
- 5 He bids the sun forbear to rise,  
Th' obedient sun forbears ;  
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,  
And seals up all the stars.
- 6 He walks upon the stormy sea,  
Flies on the stormy wind ;  
There's none can trace his wondrous way,  
Or his dark footsteps find.]

## HYMN 87. (L. M.)

*God dwells with the Humble and Penitent, Isa. lvii. 15, 16.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the high and lofty One,  
“ I sit upon my holy throne :  
“ My name is God, I dwell on high ;  
“ Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 “ But I descend to worlds below  
“ On earth I have a mansion too ;  
“ The humble spirit and contrite  
“ Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 “ The humble soul my words revive,  
“ I bid the mourning sinner live,  
“ Heal all the broken hearts I find,  
“ And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 “ [When I contend against their sin  
“ I make them know how vile they've been ;  
“ But should my wrath for ever smoke  
“ Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.”
- 5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,  
Lest we should faint, despair, and die !  
Thus shall our better thoughts approve  
The methods of thy chast'ning love.]

HYMN 88. (L. M.)

*Life the Day of Grace and Hope, Eccl. ix. 4, &c.*

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time t'insure the great reward,  
And while the lamp holds out to burn  
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 [Life is the hour that God has giv'n  
To'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.]
- 3 The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie;  
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,  
Their envy buried in the dust;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue,  
Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd  
In the cold grave to which we haste;  
But darkness, death, and long despair  
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 89. (L. M.)

*Youth and Judgment, Eccl. xi. 9.*

- 1 **Y**E sons of Adam, vain and young,  
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,  
Taste the delights your souls desire,  
And give a loose to all your fire.

- 
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,  
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine ;  
Enjoy the day of mirth ; but know,  
There is a day of judgment too.
- 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,  
His book records your secret faults ;  
The works of darkness you have done  
Must all appear before the sun.
- 4 The vengeance to your follies due  
Should strike your hearts with terror thro' ;  
How will you stand before his face,  
Or answer for his injur'd grace ?
- 5 Almighty God ! turn off their eyes  
From these alluring vanities ;  
And let the thunder of thy word  
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

## HYMN 90. (C. M.)

*The same.*

- 1 **L**O, the young tribes of Adam rise,  
And through all nature rove,  
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,  
And taste the joys they love.
- 2 They give a loose to wild desires ;  
But let the sinners know  
The strict account that God requires  
Of all the works they do.
- 3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,  
The frightened earth and seas  
Avoid the fury of his eye,  
And flee before his face.
- 4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,  
And stand the fiery test ?  
I give all mortal joys away  
To be for ever blest.

## HYMN 91. (L. M.)

*Advice to Youth, Eccl. xii. 1, 7. Isa. lxxv. 20.*

- 1 **N**OW in the heat of youthful blood  
Remember your Creator God ;  
Behold, the months come hast'ning on,  
When you shall say, " My joys are gone !"
- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,  
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
Down to the regions of the dead,  
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again,  
The soul in agonies of pain  
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,  
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King ! I fear thy name,  
Teach me to know how frail I am ;  
And when my soul must hence remove,  
Give me a mansion in thy love.

## HYMN 92. (S. M.)

*Christ the Wisdom of God, Prov. viii. 1, 22—32.*

- 1 **S**HALL Wisdom cry aloud,  
And not her speech be heard ?  
The voice of God's eternal Word,  
Deserves it no regard ?
- 2 " I was his chief delight,  
" His everlasting Son,  
" Before the first of all his works,  
" Creation was begun.
- 3 " [Before the flying clouds,  
" Before the solid land,  
" Before the fields, before the floods,  
" I dwelt at his right-hand.



- 4    “ When he adorn’d the skies,  
      “ And built them I was there,  
      “ To order when the sun should rise  
      “ And marshal ev’ry star.
- 5    “ When he pour’d out the sea,  
      “ And spread the flowing deep,  
      “ I gave the flood a firm decree  
      “ In its own bounds to keep.]
- 6    “ Upon the empty air  
      “ The earth was balanc’d well ;  
      “ With joy I saw the mansion where  
      “ The sons of men should dwell.
- 7    “ My busy thoughts at first  
      “ On their salvation ran,  
      “ Ere sin was born, or Adam’s dust  
      “ Was fashion’d to a man.
- 8    “ Then come, receive my grace,  
      “ Ye children, and be wise ;  
      “ Happy the man that keeps my ways ;  
      “ The man that shuns them dies.”

## HYMN 93. (L. M.)

*Christ, or Wisdom, obeyed or resisted, Prov. viii. 34—46.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Wisdom of the Lord,  
      “ Blest is the man that hears my word,  
      “ Keeps daily watch before my gates,  
      “ And at my feet for mercy waits.
- 2    “ The soul that seeks me shall obtain  
      “ Immortal wealth and heav’nly gain ;  
      “ Immortal life is his reward,  
      “ Life and the favour of the Lord.
- 3    “ But the vile wretch that flies from me  
      “ Doth his own soul an injury ;  
      “ Fools that against my grace rebel  
      “ Seek death, and love the road to hell.”

## HYMN 94. (C. M.)

*Justification by Faith, not by Works; or, The Law condemns,  
Grace justifies, Rom. iii. 19—22.*

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men  
On their own works have built;  
Their hearts by nature all unclean,  
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths  
Without a murm'ring word,  
And the whole race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law  
To justify us now,  
Since to convince and to condemn  
Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!  
When in thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just.

## HYMN 148. (C. M.)

*Regeneration, John i. 13. and iii. 3, &c.*

- 1 **N**OT all the outward forms on earth,  
Nor rites that God has giv'n,  
Nor will of men, nor blood, nor birth,  
Can raise a soul to heav'n.
- 3 The sov'reign will of God alone  
Creates us heirs of grace;  
Born in the image of his Son,  
A new peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,  
Blows on the sons of flesh,  
New-models all the carnal mind,  
And forms the man afresh.

- 4 Our quicken'd souls awake, and rise  
From the long sleep of death ;  
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,  
And praise employs our breath.

## HYMN 96. (C. M.)

*Election excludes Boasting, 1 Cor. i. 26—31.*

- 1 **B**UT few among the carnal wise,  
But few of noble race,  
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,  
Almighty King of grace !
- 2 He takes the men of meanest name  
For sons and heirs of God :  
And thus he pours abundant shame  
On honourable blood.
- 3 He calls the fool, and makes him know  
The myst'ries of his grace,  
To bring aspiring wisdom low,  
And all its pride abase.
- 4 Nature has all its glories lost,  
When brought before his throne ;  
No flesh shall in his presence boast,  
But in the Lord alone.

## HYMN 97. (L. M.)

*Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c. 1 Cor. i. 30.*

- 1 **B**URIED in shadows of the night,  
We lie till Christ restores the light ;  
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,  
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,  
Till his atoning blood appears ;  
Then we awake from deep distress,  
And sing, " The Lord our righteousness."

- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,  
His Spirit makes our natures clean ;  
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,  
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,  
Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;  
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess  
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness ;  
Thou art our mighty All, and we  
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

## HYMN 98. (S. M.)

*The same.*

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night  
That hangs upon our eyes,  
Till Christ with his reviving light  
Over our souls arise !
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread  
To meet the wrath of heav'n ;  
But, in his righteousness array'd  
We see our sins forgiv'n.
- 3 Unholy and impure  
Are all our thoughts and ways ;  
His hands infected nature cure  
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The pow'rs of hell agree  
To hold our souls in vain ;  
He sets the sons of bondage free,  
And breaks the cursed chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways  
To bring us near to God ;  
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,  
And thine atoning blood.

## HYMN 99. (C. M.)

*Stones made Children of Abraham, Matt. iii. 9.*

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes that rebels place  
Upon their birth and blood,  
Descended from a pious race ;  
(Their fathers now with God.)
- 2 He from the caves of earth and hell  
Can take the hardest stones,  
And fill the house of Abra'm well  
With new-created sons.
- 3 Such wond'rous pow'r doth he possess,  
Who form'd our mortal frame,  
Who call'd the world from emptiness ;  
The world obey'd and came.

## HYMN 100. (L. M.)

*Believe and be saved, John iii. 16—18.*

- 1 **N**OT to condemn the sons of men  
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear ;  
No weapons in his hands are seen.  
No flaming sword, nor thunder, there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,  
He lov'd the race of man so well,  
He sent his Son to bear our load  
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,  
Trust in his mighty name, and live ;  
A thousand joys his lips afford,  
His hands a thousand blessings give.
- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies  
On rebels who refuse the grace ;  
Who God's eternal Son despise,  
The hottest hell shall be their place.

## HYMN 101. (L. M.)

*Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner, Luke xv. 7—10.*

- 1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise  
Through all the courts of paradise,  
To see a prodigal return,  
To see an heir of glory born ?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve  
The fruit of his eternal love ;  
The Son with joy looks down and sees  
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view  
The holy soul he form'd anew ;  
And saints and angels join to sing  
The growing empire of their King.

## HYMN 102. (L. M.)

*The Beatitudes, Matt. v. 3—12.*

- 1 [**B**LEST are the humble souls that see  
Their emptiness and poverty :  
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,  
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.]
- 2 [Blest are the men of broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;  
The blood of Christ divinely flows,  
A healing balm for all their woes.]
- 3 [Blest are the meek, who stand afar  
From rage and passion, noise and war ;  
God will secure their happy state,  
And plead their cause against the great.]
- 4 [Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,  
Hunger and long for righteousness ;  
They shall be well supplied, and fed  
With living streams, and living bread.]

- 5 [Blest are the men whose bowels move  
And melt with sympathy and love ;  
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain  
Like sympathy and love again.]
- 6 [Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean  
From the defiling pow'rs of sin ;  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
A God of spotless purity.]
- 7 [Blest are the men of peaceful life,  
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;  
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,  
The sons of God, the God of peace.]
- 8 [Blest are the suff'ers who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,  
Glory and joy are their reward.]

## HYMN 103. (C. M.)

*Not ashamed of the Gospel, 2 Tim. i. 12.*

- 1 **I**'M not asham'd to own my Lord,  
Or to defend his cause,  
Maintain the honour of his word,  
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God ! I know his name,  
His name is all my trust,  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands,  
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name  
Before his Father's face,  
And in the New Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

## HYMN 104. (C. M.)

*A State of Nature and of Grace, 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.*

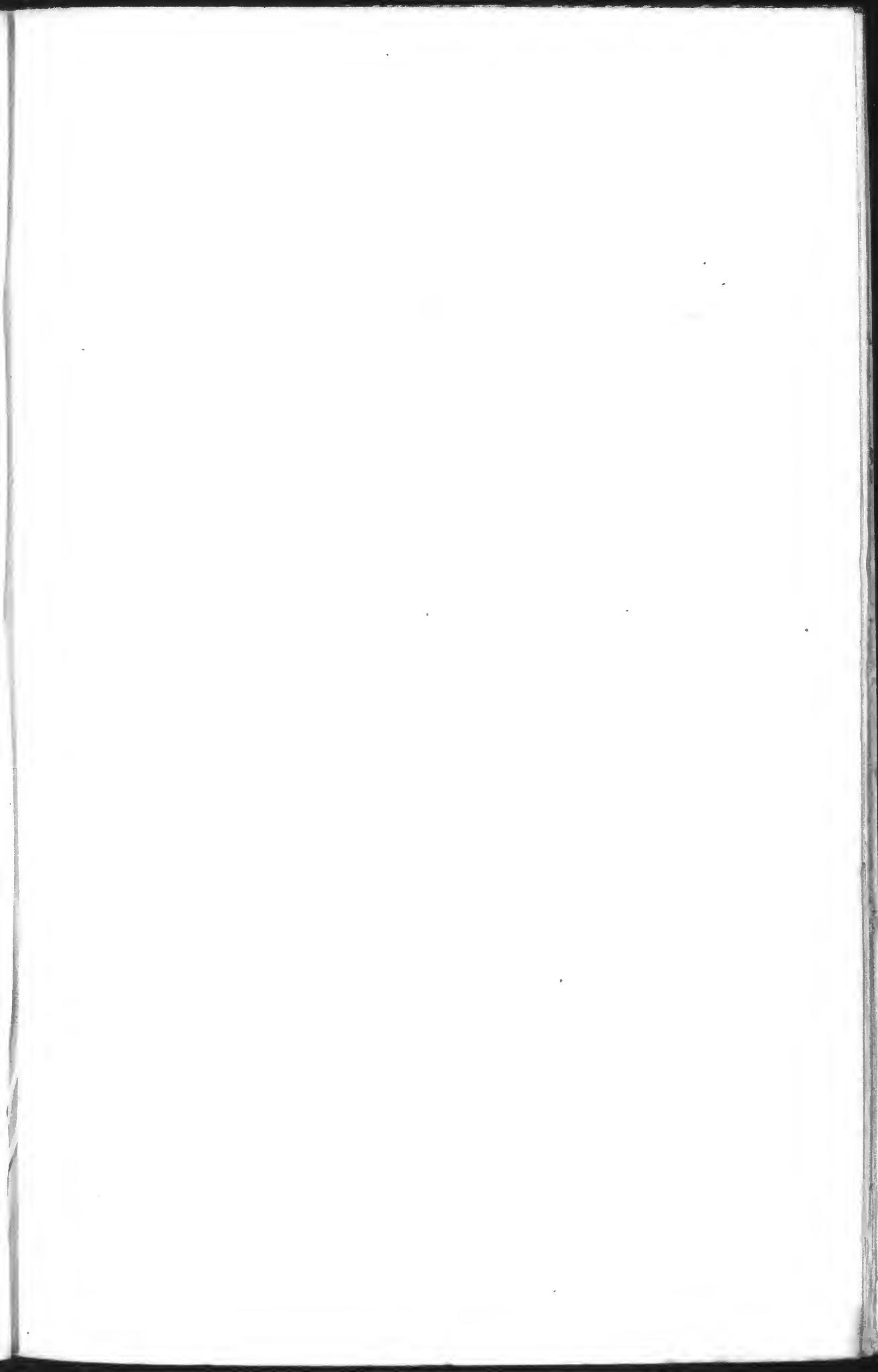
- 1 **N**OT the malicious or profane,  
The wanton or the proud ;  
Nor thieves, nor sland'ers, shall obtain  
The kingdom of our God.
- 2 Surprising grace ! And such were we  
By nature and by sin,  
Heirs of immortal misery,  
Unholy and unclean.
- 3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,  
We're pardon'd through his name ;  
And the good Spirit of our God  
Has sanctified our frame.
- 4 O for a persevering pow'r  
To keep thy just commands !  
We would defile our hearts no more,  
No more pollute our hands.

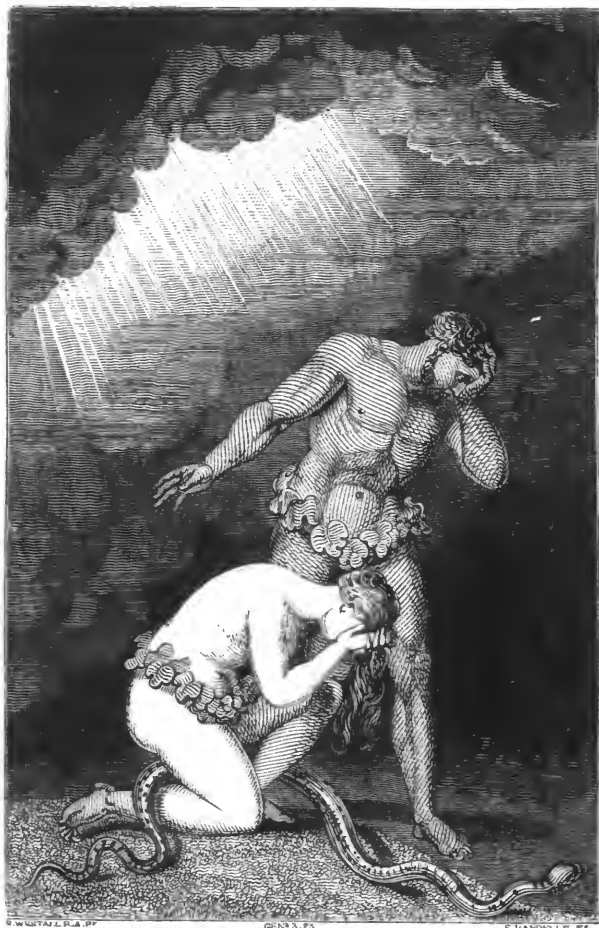
## HYMN 105. (C. M.)

*Heaven invisible and holy, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.*

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Nor sense nor reason known,  
What joys the Father hath prepar'd  
For those that love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
Reveals a heav'n to come ;  
The beams of glory in his word  
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,  
And all the region peace ;  
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,  
Can see or taste the bliss.







THE FALL OF MAN.

- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame ;  
None shall obtain admittance there  
But foll'wers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,  
There all their names are found ;  
The hypocrite in vain shall strive  
To tread the heav'nly ground.

## HYMN 106. (S. M.)

*Dead to Sin by the Cross of Christ, Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.*

- 1 **S**HALL we go on to sin  
Because thy grace abounds,  
Or crucify the Lord again,  
And open all his wounds ?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God !  
Nor let it e'er be said,  
That we whose sins are crucified  
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,  
Since Christ has made us free,  
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,  
And bought our liberty.

## HYMN 107. (L. M.)

*The Fall and Recovery of Man ; or, Christ and Satan at Enmity,  
Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.*

- 1 **D**ECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,  
Adam our head, our Father, fell,  
When Satan, in the serpent hid,  
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.
- 2 Death was the threat'ning : death began  
To take possession of the man ;  
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,  
And heavy curses smote the ground,

- 3 But Satan found a worse reward ;  
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,  
“ Let everlasting hatred be  
“ Betwixt the woman’s seed and thee.
- 4 “ The woman’s seed shall be my Son,  
“ He shall destroy what thou hast done ;  
“ Shall break thy head, and only feel  
“ Thy malice raging at his heel.
- 5 [He spake ; and bid four thousand years  
Roll on ; at length his Son appears ;  
Angels with joy descend to earth,  
And sing the young Redeemer’s birth.
- 6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies ;  
But as he hung ’twixt earth and skies,  
He gave their prince a fatal blow,  
And triumph’d o’er the pow’rs below.]

## HYMN 108. (S. M.)

*Christ unseen and beloved, 1 Pet. i. 8.*

- 1 **N**OT with our mortal eyes  
Have we beheld the Lord,  
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,  
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight  
Of our Redeemer’s face,  
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight  
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,  
Our joys divinely grow  
Unspeakable, like those above,  
And heav’n begins below.

## HYMN 109. (L. M.)

*The Value of Christ and his Righteousness, Phil. ii. 7—9.*

- 1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done ;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss ;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;  
O may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake !
- 4 The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne ;  
But faith can answer thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

## HYMN 110. (C. M.)

*Death and immediate Glory, 2 Cor v. 5—8.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a house not made with hands,  
Eternal and on high,  
And here my spirit waiting stands  
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay  
Must be dissolv'd and fall ;  
Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
Thy heav'nly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,  
That forms thee fit for heav'n ;  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

- 
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,  
Faith lives upon his word ;  
But while the body is our home  
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,  
But we had rather see ;  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with thee.

## HYMN 111. (C. M.)

*Salvation by Grace, Titus iii. 3—7.*

- 1 [**L**ORD, we confess our num'rous faults  
How great our guilt has been !  
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,  
For ever love his name,  
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways  
Of folly, sin, and shame.]
- 3 ['Tis not by works of righteousness  
Which our own hands have done ;  
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,  
Abounding through his Son.]
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God  
That all our hopes begin ;  
'Tis by the water and the blood  
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,  
Who hung upon the tree,  
The Spirit is sent down to breathe  
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew ;  
And justified by grace,  
We shall appear in glory too,  
And see our Father's face.

## HYMN 112. (C. M.)

*The Brazen Serpent ; or, Looking to Jesus, John iii. 14—16.*

- 1 **S**O did the Hebrew prophet raise  
The brazen serpent high,  
The wounded felt immediate ease,  
The camp forbore to die.
- 2 “ Look upward in the dying hour,  
“ And live,” the prophet cries ;  
But Christ performs a nobler cure  
When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,  
High in the heav’ns he reigns ;  
Here sinners, by th’ old serpent stung,  
Look, and forget their pains.
- 4 When God’s own Son is lifted up  
A dying world revives,  
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,  
Th’ expiring Gentile lives.

## HYMN 113. (C. M.)

*Abraham’s Blessing on the Gentiles, Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8.  
Mark x. 14.*

- 1 **H**OW large the promise, how divine,  
To Abra’m and his seed !  
“ I’ll be a God to thee and thine,  
“ Supplying all their need.”
- 2 The words of his extensive love  
From age to age endure ;  
The Angel of the cov’nant proves,  
And seals the blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms  
To our great fathers giv’n ;  
He takes young children to his arms,  
And calls them heirs of heav’n.

- 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways !  
His love endures the same ;  
Nor from the promise of his grace  
Blots out the children's name.

## HYMN 114. (C. M.)

*The same. Rom. xi. 16, 17.*

- 1 **G**ENTILES by nature, we belong  
To the wild olive-wood ;  
Grace takes us from the barren tree,  
And grafts us in the good.
- 2 With the same blessings grace endows  
The Gentile and the Jew ;  
If pure and holy be the root,  
Such are the branches too.
- 3 Then let the children of the saints  
Be dedicate to God ;  
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,  
And wash them in thy blood.
- 4 Thus to the parents and their seed  
Shall thy salvation come,  
And num'rous households meet at last  
In one eternal home.

## HYMN 115. (C. M.)

*Conviction of Sin by the Law, Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,  
And felt no inward dread !  
I was alive without the law,  
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright,  
But since the precept came  
With a convincing pow'r and light,  
I find how vile I am.



- 3 [My guilt appear'd but small before,  
Till terribly I saw  
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,  
Was thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,  
My sins reviv'd again ;  
I had provok'd a dreadful God,  
And all my hopes were slain.]
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,  
Under the pow'r of sin ;  
I cannot do the good I would,  
Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with ev'ry breath  
For some kind pow'r to save,  
To break the yoke of sin and death,  
And thus redeem the slave.

## HYMN 116. (L. M.)

*Love to God and our Neighbour, Matt. xii. 37—40.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the first, the great command,  
“ Let all thy inward pow'rs unite  
“ To love thy Maker and thy God,  
“ With utmost vigour and delight.
- 2 “ Then shall thy neighbour next in place  
“ Share thine affections and esteem,  
“ And let thy kindness to thyself  
“ Measure and rule thy love to 'him.’”
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,  
This did the prophets preach and prove,  
For want of this the law is broke,  
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.
- 4 But oh ! how base our passions are !  
How cold our charity and zeal !  
Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,  
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

## HYMN 117. (L. M.)

*Election sovereign and free, Rom. ix. 21—24.*

- 1 [**B**EHOLD the potter and the clay,  
He forms his vessels as he please ;  
Such is our God, and such are we,  
The subjects of his high decrees.
- 2 Doth not the workman's pow'r extend  
O'er all the mass, which part to choose,  
And mould it for a nobler end,  
And which to leave for viler use ?]
- 3 May not the sov'reign Lord on high  
Dispense his favours as he will,  
Choose some to life, while others die,  
And yet be just and gracious still ?
- 4 [What if to make his terror known,  
He lets his patience long endure,  
Suffring vile rebels to go on,  
And seal their own destruction sure ?
- 5 What if he means to show his grace,  
And his electing love employs  
To mark out some of mortal race,  
And form them fit for heav'nly joys ?]
- 6 Shall man reply against the Lord,  
And call his Maker's ways unjust,  
The thunder of whose dreadful word  
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust ?
- 7 But, O my soul, if truth so bright  
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,  
Yet still his written will obey,  
And wait the great decisive day.
- 8 Then shall he make his justice known,  
And the whole world, before his throne,  
With joy, or terror, shall confess  
The glory of his righteousness.

## HYMN 118. (S. M.)

*Sins against the Law and Gospel*, John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6.  
and x. 28, 29.

- 1 **T**HE Law by Moses came,  
But peace, and truth, and love,  
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,  
Descending from above.
- 2 Amidst the house of God  
Their different works were done ;  
Moses a faithful servant stood,  
But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands  
Be strict obedience paid ;  
O'er all his Father's house he stands  
The sov'reign and the head.
- 4 The man that durst despise  
The law that Moses brought,  
Behold ! how terribly he dies  
For his presumptuous fault.
- 5 But sorer vengeance falls  
On that rebellious race,  
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,  
And dare resist his grace.

## HYMN 119. (C. M.)

*The different Success of the Gospel*, 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16.  
1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

- 1 **C**HRIST and his cross is all our theme ;  
The myst'ries that we speak  
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,  
And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls enlighten'd from above,  
With joy receive the word ;  
They see what wisdom, pow'r, and love,  
Shines in their dying Lord.

- 3 The vital savour of his name  
Restores their fainting breath ;  
But unbelief perverts the same  
To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,  
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,  
In vain Apollos sows the ground,  
And Paul may plant in vain.

## HYMN 120. (C. M.)

*Faith of things unseen, Heb. xi. 1, &c.*

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence  
Of things beyond our sight,  
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,  
And dwells in heav'nly light.
- 2 It sets times past in present view,  
Brings distant prospects home,  
Of things a thousand years ago,  
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made  
By God's almighty Word ;  
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,  
By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,  
Built by th' eternal hands ;  
And faith assures us, though we die,  
That heav'nly building stands.

## HYMN 121. (C. M.)

*Children devoted to God, Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33*

*(For those who practise Infant Baptism.)*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the mercy of the Lord,  
" I'll be a God to thee ;  
" I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they  
" Shall be a seed for me."

- 2 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace,  
And gave his sons to God ;  
But water seals the blessing now,  
That once was seal'd with blood.
- 3 Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house,  
When she receiv'd the word ;  
Thus the believing jailor gave  
His household to the Lord.
- 4 Thus later saints, eternal King !  
Thine ancient truth embrace ;  
To thee their infant offspring bring,  
And humbly claim thy grace.

## HYMN 122. (L. M.)

*Believers buried with Christ in Baptism, Rom. vi. 3; 4, &c.*

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,  
That we are buried with the Lord,  
Baptiz'd into his death, and then  
Put off the body of our sin ?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,  
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death ;  
So from the grave did Christ arise,  
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign  
Over our mortal flesh again ;  
The various lusts we serv'd before,  
Shall have dominion now no more.

## HYMN 123. (C. M.)

*The repenting Prodigal, Luke xv. 13, &c.*

**B**EHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine  
Had wasted his estate,  
He begs a share amongst the swine,  
To taste the husks they eat !

- 2 “ I die with hunger here,” he cries,  
    “ I starve in foreign lands,  
    “ My father’s house has large supplies,  
    “ And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 “ I’ll go, and with a mournful tongue  
    “ Fall down before his face,  
    “ Father, I’ve done thy justice wrong,  
    “ Nor can deserve thy grace.”
- 4 He said, and hasten’d to his home,  
    To seek his father’s love ;  
    The father saw the rebel come,  
    And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,  
    Embrac’d and kiss’d his son ;  
    The rebel’s heart with sorrow brake  
    For follies he had done.
- 6 “ Take off his clothes of shame and sin,”  
    (The father gives command)  
    “ Dress him in garments white and clean,  
    “ With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 “ A day of feasting I ordain,  
    “ Let mirth and joy abound ;  
    “ My son was dead, and lives again,  
    “ Was lost, and now is found.”

## HYMN 124. (L. M.)

*The first and second Adam. Rom. v. 13, &c.*

- 1 **D**EEP in the dust before thy throne  
    Our guilt and our disgrace we own ;  
    Great God, we own th’ unhappy name  
    Whence sprung our nature and our shame ;
- 2 Adam the sinner : at his fall,  
    Death like a conq’ror siez’d us all ;  
    A thousand new-born babes are dead  
    By fatal union to their head.

- 3 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,  
Behold the terrors of thy law,  
We sing the honours of thy grace,  
That sent to save our ruin'd race.
- 4 We sing thine everlasting Son,  
Who join'd our nature to his own ;  
Adam the second, from the dust  
Raises the ruins of the first.
- 5 [By the rebellion of one man  
Through all his seed the mischief ran ;  
And by one man's obedience now,  
Are all his seed made righteous too.
- 6 Where sin did reign, and death abound,  
There have the sons of Adam found  
Abounding life ; there glorious grace  
Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.]

## HYMN 125. (C. M.)

*Christ's Compassion to the Weak and Tempted, Heb. iv. 15, 16.  
and v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.*

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above ;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure  
The great Redeemer stood,  
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,  
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh  
Pour'd out his cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What ev'ry member bears.

- 5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
     But raise it to a flame ;  
 The bruised reed he never breaks,  
     Nor scorns the meanest name.]
- 6 Then let our humble faith address  
     His mercy and his pow'r,  
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
     In the distressing hour.

HYMN 126.    (L. M.)

*Charity and Uncharitableness, Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.*

- 1 **N**OT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress,  
     Compose the kingdom of our Lord,  
 But peace and joy and righteousness,  
     Faith and obedience to his word.
- 2 When weaker Christians we despise  
     We do the gospel mighty wrong,  
 For God the gracious and the wise  
     Receives the feeble with the strong.
- 3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence :  
     Meekness and love our souls pursue  
 Nor shall our practice give offence  
     To saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

HYMN 127.    (L. M.)

*Christ's Invitation to Sinners ; or, Humility and Pride,  
 Matt. xi. 28, 30.*

- 1 “ **C**OME hither, all ye weary souls,  
     “ Ye heavy laden sinners, come  
     “ I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
     “ And raise you to my heav'nly home.”
- 2 “ They shall find rest that learn of me ;  
     “ I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;  
     “ But passion rages like the sea,  
     “ And pride is restless as the wind.



- 3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
"My yoke, and bear it with delight;  
"My yoke is easy to his neck,  
"My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command,  
With faith and hope and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.

## HYMN 128. (L. M.)

*The Apostle's Commission, Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.*

- 1 "GO preach my gospel," (saith the Lord)  
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;  
"He shall be sav'd that trusts my word,  
"He shall be damn'd that won't believe.
- 2 "[I'll make your great commission known,  
"And ye shall prove my gospel true  
"By all the works that I have done,  
"By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,  
"Go cast out devils in my name;  
"Nor let my prophets be afraid,  
"Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.]
- 4 "Teach all the nations my commands,  
"I'm with you till the world shall end;  
"All pow'r is trusted to my hands,  
"I can destroy, and I defend."
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head,  
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode;  
They to the farthest nations spread  
The grace of their ascended God.

## HYMN 129. (L. M.)

*Submission and Deliverance ; or, Abraham offering his Son,  
Gen. xxii. 6, &c.*

- 1 **S**AINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word  
Give up your comforts to the Lord ;  
He shall restore what you resign,  
Or grant you blessings more divine.
- 2 So Abra'm with obedient hand  
Led forth his son at God's command ;  
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,  
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.
- 3 " Abra'm, forbear !" the angel cried,  
" Thy faith is known, thy love is tried ;  
" Thy son shall live, and in thy seed  
" Shall the whole earth be blest indeed."
- 4 Just in the last distressing hour  
The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r ;  
The mount of danger is the place  
Where we shall see surprising grace.

## HYMN 130. (L. M.)

*Love and Hatred, Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.*

- 1 **N**OW by the bowels of my God,  
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,  
By his last groans, his dying blood,  
I charge my soul to love the saints.
- 2 Clamour, and wrath, and war, begone ;  
Envy and spite, for ever cease ;  
Let bitter words no more be known,  
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.
- 3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,  
Flies from the realms of noise and strife ;  
Why should we vex and grieve his love,  
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life ?



ABRAHAM OFFERING ISAAC.



- 4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,  
Through all our lives let mercy run ;  
So God forgives our num'rous faults,  
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

## HYMN 131. (L. M.)

*The Pharisee and Publican, Luke xviii. 10, &c.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD how sinners disagree,  
The Publican and Pharisee !  
One doth his righteousness proclaim,  
The other owns his guilt and shame.
- 2 This man at humble distance stands,  
And cries for grace with lifted hands ;  
That boldly rises near the throne,  
And talks of duties he has done.
- 3 'The Lord their diff'rent language knows,  
And diff'rent answers he bestows ;  
The humble soul with grace he crowns,  
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father ! let me never be  
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee ;  
I have no merits of my own,  
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

## HYMN 132. (L. M.)

*Holiness and Grace, Titus ii. 10—13.*

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess ;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honours of our Saviour God,  
When the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;  
Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,  
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

## HYMN 133. (C. M.)

*Love and Charity, 1 Cor. xiii. 2—7, 13.*

- 1 **L**ET Pharisees of high esteem  
Their faith and zeal declare,  
All their religion is a dream,  
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,  
Nor is provok'd in haste ;  
She lets the present inj'ry die,  
And long forgets the past.
- 3 [Malice and rage, those fires of hell,  
She quenches with her tongue ;  
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill.  
Though she endure the wrong.]
- 4 [She nor desires nor seeks to know  
The scandals of the time ;  
Nor looks with pride on those below,  
Nor envies those that climb.]
- 5 She lays her own advantage by  
To seek her neighbour's good ;  
So God's own Son came down to die,  
And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r  
In all the realms above ;  
There faith and hope are known no more,  
But saints for ever love.

HYMN 134. (L. M.)

*Religion vain without Love, 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.*

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,  
And nobler speech than angels use,  
If love be absent, I am found  
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell  
All that is done in heav'n and hell,  
Or could my faith the world remove,  
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store  
To feed the bowels of the poor,  
Or give my body to the flame,  
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;
- 4 If love to God and love to men  
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;  
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,  
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN 135. (L. M.)

*The Love of Christ shed abroad in the Heart, Eph. iii. 16, &c.*

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell  
By faith and love in ev'ry breast ;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel  
The joys that cannot be exprest.
- 2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,  
Make our enlarged souls possess,  
And learn the height, and breadth, and  
length  
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do  
More than our thoughts or wishes know,  
Be everlasting honours done  
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

HYMN 136. (C. M.)

*Sincerity and Hypocrisy, John iv. 24. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.*

- 1 **G**OD is a Spirit just and wise,  
He sees our inmost mind ;  
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne  
With honour can appear ;  
The painted hypocrites are known  
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bending knees the ground ;  
But God abhors the sacrifice  
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere ;  
Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

HYMN 137. (L. M.)

*Salvation by Grace in Christ, 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.*

- 1 **N**OW to the pow'r of God supreme,  
Be everlasting honours giv'n,  
He saves from hell, (we bless his name)  
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,  
But of his own abounding grace,  
He works salvation in our hearts,  
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun  
To rescue rebels doom'd to die ;  
He gave us grace in Christ his Son  
Before he spread the starry sky.



- 4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,  
And makes his Father's counsels known ;  
Declares the great transactions past,  
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies, and in that dreadful night  
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy !  
Rising, he brought our heav'n to light,  
And took possession of the joy.

HYMN 138. (C. M.)

*Saints in the Hand of Christ, John x. 28, 20.*

- 1 **F**IRM as the earth thy gospel stands,  
My Lord, my hope, my trust ;  
If I am found in Jesus' hands  
My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honour is engag'd to save  
The meanest of his sheep ;  
All that his heav'nly Father gave  
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove  
His fav'rites from his breast ;  
In the dear bosom of his love  
They must for ever rest.

HYMN 139. (L. M.)

*Hope in the Covenant, Heb. vi. 17—19.*

- 1 **H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove  
To rend my soul from thee, my God !  
But everlasting is thy love,  
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord,  
Join to confirm the wondrous grace ;  
Eternal pow'r performs the word,  
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long  
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;  
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,  
While tempests blow, and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up ;  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation for my hope,  
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

## HYMN 140. (C. M.)

*A living and a dead Faith, collected from several Scriptures.*

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls! that dream of heav'n,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,  
While they are slaves to lust!
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead,  
None but a living pow'r unites  
To Christ the living Head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;  
'Tis faith that works by love ;  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,  
By a celestial pow'r ;  
This is the grace that shall prevail  
In the decisive hour.
- 5 [Faith must obey her Father's will,  
As well as trust his grace ;  
A pard'ning God is jealous still  
For his own holiness.]
- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,  
He makes our natures clean ;  
Nor would he send his Son to be  
The minister of sin.

- 7 His Spirit purifies our frame,  
And seals our peace with God  
Jesus, and his salvation, came  
By water and by blood.]

## HYMN 141. (S. M.)

*The Humiliation and Exaltation, Isa. liii. 1—5, 10—12.*

- 1 **W**HO hath believ'd thy word,  
Or thy salvation known?  
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,  
And glorify thy Son.
- 2 The Jews esteem'd him here  
Too mean for their belief;  
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,  
And his companion, grief.
- 3 They turn'd their eyes away,  
And treated him with scorn;  
But 'twas their grief upon him lay,  
Their sorrows he has borne.
- 4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,  
And Gentiles, then unknown,  
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise  
His best-beloved Son.
- 5 "But I'll prolong his days,  
"And make his kingdom stand;  
"My pleasure," saith the God of grace,  
Shall prosper in his hand.
- 6 " [His joyful soul shall see  
"The purchase of his pain,  
"And by his knowledge justify  
"The guilty sons of men.]
- 7 " [Ten thousand captive slaves,  
"Releas'd from death and sin,  
"Shall quit their prisons and their graves,  
"And own his pow'r divine.]

- 8    “ [Heav’n shall advance my Son  
      “To joys that earth denied ;  
      “ Who saw the follies men had done,  
      “ And bore their sins, and died.” ]

## HYMN 142. (S. M.)

*The same, Isa. liii. 6—12.*

- 1    **L**IKE sheep we went astray,  
      And broke the fold of God,  
Each wand’ring in a diff’rent way,  
      But all the downward road.
- 2    How dreadful was the hour  
      When God our wand’rings laid,  
And did at once his vengeance pour  
      Upon the Shepherd’s head !
- 3    How glorious was the grace  
      When Christ sustain’d the stroke !  
His life and blood the Shepherd pays  
      A ransom for the flock.
- 4    His honour and his breath  
      Were taken both away,  
Join’d with the wicked in his death,  
      And made as vile as they.
- 5    But God shall raise his head  
      O’er all the sons of men,  
And make him see a num’rous seed  
      To recompense his pain.
- 6    “ I’ll give him,” saith the Lord,  
      “ A portion with the strong .  
“ He shall possess a large reward,  
      “ And hold his honours long.”

## HYMN 143. (C. M.)

*Characters of the Children of God, from several Scriptures.*

- 1 **S**O new-born babes desire the breast  
To feed, and grow, and thrive ;  
So saints with joy the gospel taste,  
And by the gospel live.
- 2 [With inward gust their heart approves  
All that the word relates ;  
They love the men their Father loves,  
And hate the works he hates.]
- 3 [Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth  
Can make them slaves to lust ;  
They can't forget their heav'nly birth,  
Nor grovel in the dust.
- 4 Not all the chains that tyrants use  
Shall bind their souls to vice ;  
Faith, like a conq'ror, can produce  
A thousand victories.]
- 5 [Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,  
Abides and reigns within ;  
Immortal principles forbid  
The sons of God to sin.]
- 6 [Not by the terrors of a slave  
Do they perform his will,  
But with the noblest pow'rs they have,  
His sweet commands fulfil.]
- 7 They find access at ev'ry hour  
To God within the veil ;  
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,  
And joys that never fail.
- 8 O happy souls ! O glorious state  
Of overflowing grace !  
To dwell so near their Father's seat,  
And see his lovely face !

- 9 Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne ;  
    Call me a child of thine ;  
    Send down the Spirit of thy Son  
    To form my heart divine.
- 10 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,  
    And make my comforts strong ;  
    Then shall I say, " My Father, God !"  
    With an unwav'ring tongue.

## HYMN 144. (C. M.)

*The witnessing and sealing Spirit, Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.*

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a King  
    Go mourning all their days ?  
    Great Comforter ! descend and bring  
    Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,  
    And seal the heirs of heav'n ?  
    When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
    And show my sins forgiv'n ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part  
    In the Redeemer's blood ;  
    And bear thy witness with my heart,  
    That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
    The pledge of joys to come ;  
    And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
    Will safe convey me home.

## HYMN 145. (C. M.)

*Christ and Aaron, Heb. vii. and ix.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, in thee our eyes behold  
    A thousand glories more  
    Than the rich gems, and polish'd gold,  
    The sons of Aaron wore.

- 2 They first their own burnt-off'rings brought  
To purge themselves from sin ;  
Thy life was pure without a spot,  
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,  
Was on their altar spilt ;  
But thy one off'ring takes away  
For ever all our guilt.]
- 4 [Their priesthood ran through sev'ral hands,  
For mortal was their race ;  
Thy never-changing office stands,  
Eternal as thy days.]
- 5 [Once in the circuit of a year,  
With blood, but not his own,  
Aaron within the veil appears,  
Before the golden throne.
- 6 But Christ, by his own pow'rful blood,  
Ascends above the skies,  
And in the presence of our God  
Shows his own sacrifice.]
- 7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns  
On Sion's heav'nly hill ;  
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,  
And wears his priesthood still.
- 8 He ever lives to intercede  
Before his Father's face,  
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

## HYMN 146. (L. M.)

*Characters of Christ, borrowed from inanimate things in Scripture.*

- 1 **G**O, worship at Immanuel's feet,  
See in his face what wonders meet !  
Earth is too narrow to express  
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

- 2 [The whole creation can afford  
But some faint shadows of my Lord ;  
Nature, to make his beauties known,  
Must mingle colours not her own.]
- 3 [Is he compar'd to wine or bread ?  
Dear Lord ! our souls would thus be fed ;  
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,  
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]
- 4 [Is he a tree ? The world receives  
Salvation from his healing leaves ?  
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,  
Is David's root, and offspring too.]
- 5 [Is he a rose ? Not Sharon yields  
Such fragrancy in all her fields ;  
Or if the lily he assume,  
The valleys bless the rich perfume.]
- 6 [Is he a vine ? His heav'nly root  
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit ;  
O let a lasting union join  
My soul the branch, to Christ the vine.]
- 7 [Is he a head ? Each member lives,  
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives ;  
The saints below and saints above,  
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]
- 8 [Is he a fountain ? There I bathe,  
And heal the plague of sin and death ;  
These waters all my soul renew,  
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]
- 9 [Is he a fire ? He'll purge my dross :  
But the true gold sustains no loss ;  
Like a refiner shall he sit,  
And tread the refuse with his feet.]



- 10 [Is he a rock? How firm he proves!  
The rock of ages never moves;  
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow  
Attend us all the desert through.]
- 11 [Is he a way? He leads to God,  
The path is drawn in lines of blood;  
There would I walk with hope and zeal,  
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.]
- 12 [Is he a door? I'll enter in;  
Behold the pastures large and green;  
A paradise divinely fair,  
None but the sheep have freedom there.]
- 13 [Is he design'd the corner-stone,  
For men to build their heav'n upon?  
I'll make him my foundation too,  
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]
- 14 [Is he a temple? I adore  
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r;  
And still to this most holy place,  
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.]
- 15 [Is he a star? He breaks the night,  
Piercing the shades with dawning light;  
I know his glories from afar,  
I know the bright, the morning star.]
- 16 [Is he a sun? His beams are grace,  
His course is joy and righteousness;  
Nations rejoice when he appears  
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.]
- 17 O let me climb those higher skies,  
Where storms and darkness never rise!  
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,  
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God

- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,  
Nor heav'n, his full resemblance bears ;  
His beauties we can never trace,  
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN 147. (L. M.)

*The Names and Titles of Christ, from several Scriptures.*

- 1 [**T**IS from the treasures of his word  
I borrow titles for my Lord ;  
Nor art nor nature can supply  
Sufficient forms of majesty.
- 2 Bright image of the Father's face,  
Shining with undiminish'd rays ;  
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,  
The heir and partner of his throne.]
- 3 The King of kings, the Lord most high,  
Writes his own name upon his thigh ;  
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,  
And breaks the nations with his rod.
- 4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,  
The Lamb resents his injur'd love  
Awakes his wrath without delay,  
And Judah's lion tears the prey.
- 5 But when for works of peace he comes,  
What winning titles he assumes !  
Light of the world, and Life of men ;  
Nor bears those characters in vain.
- 6 With tender pity in his heart  
He acts the Mediator's part ;  
A friend and brother he appears,  
And well fulfils the names he wears.
- 7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,  
Divides the rebels from his friends,  
And saints in full fruition prove  
His rich variety of love.

## HYMN 148.

As the 148th Psalm. *The same.*

- 1 [WITH cheerful voice I sing  
The titles of my Lord,  
And borrow all the names  
Of honour from his word ;  
Nature and art can ne'er supply  
Sufficient forms of majesty.
- 2 In Jesus we behold  
His Father's glorious face,  
Shining for ever bright,  
With mild and lovely rays ;  
Th' eternal God's eternal Son  
Inherits and partakes the throne.]
- 3 The sov'reign King of kings,  
The Lord of lords most high,  
Writes his own name upon  
His garment and his thigh.  
His name is call'd the Word of God ;  
He rules the earth with iron rod.
- 4 Where promises and grace  
Can neither melt nor move,  
The angry Lamb resents  
The injuries of his love ;  
Awakes his wrath without delay,  
As lions roar, and tear the prey.
- 5 But when for works of peace  
The great Redeemer comes,  
What gentle characters,  
What titles he assumes !  
Light of the world, and Life of men ;  
Nor will he bear those names in vain.

- 6 Immense compassion reigns  
In our Immanuel's heart,  
When he descends to act  
A Mediator's part.  
He is a Friend, and Brother too ;  
Divinely kind, divinely true.
- 7 At length the Lord the Judge  
His awful throne ascends,  
And drives the rebels far  
From favourites and friends ;  
Then shall the saints completely prove  
The heights and depths of all his love.

## HYMN 149. (L. M.)

*The Offices of Christ, from several Scriptures.*

- 1 **J**OIN all the names of love and pow'r  
That ever men or angels bore,  
All are too mean to speak his worth  
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.
- 2 But O what condescending ways  
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace !  
My eyes with joy and wonder see  
What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 [The Angel of the cov'nant stands  
With his commission in his hands,  
Sent from his Father's milder throne,  
To make the great salvation known.]
- 4 [Great Prophet ! let me bless thy name ;  
By thee the joyful tidings came,  
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,  
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.]

- 
- 5 [My bright example, and my guide,  
I would be walking near thy side ;  
O let me never run astray  
Nor follow the forbidden way !]
- 6 [I love my Shepherd, he shall keep  
My wand'ring soul amongst his sheep,  
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,  
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]
- 7 [My Surety undertakes my cause,  
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws ;  
Behold my soul at freedom set,  
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]
- 8 [Jesus, my great High-Priest, has died,  
I seek no sacrifice beside ;  
His blood did once for all atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.]
- 9 [My Advocate appears on high,  
The Father lays his thunder by ;  
Not all that earth or hell can say  
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]
- 10 [My Lord, my Conq'ror, and my King !  
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing ;  
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit  
A joyful subject at thy feet.]
- 11 [Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,  
The Captain of Salvation leads ;  
March on, nor fear to win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.]
- 12 Should death, and hell, and pow'rs unknown,  
Put all their forms of mischief on,  
I shall be safe ; for Christ displays  
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.

## HYMN 150.

As the 148th Psalm. *The Same.*

- 1 **J**OIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore ;  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 But, O what gentle terms,  
What condescending ways,  
Doth our Redeemer use  
To teach his heav'nly grace !  
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see  
What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 [Array'd in mortal flesh,  
He like an angel stands,  
And holds the promises  
And pardons in his hands ;  
Commission'd from his Father's throne  
To make his grace to mortals known.]
- 4 [Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless thy name ;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came ;  
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,  
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n ]
- 5 [Be thou my counsellor,  
My pattern, and my guide ;  
And through this desert land  
Still keep me near thy side ;  
O let my feet ne'er run astray,  
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way!]

- 
- 6 [I love my Shepherd's voice,  
His watchful eyes shall keep  
My wand'ring soul among  
The thousands of his sheep ;  
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,  
His bosom bears the tender lambs.]
- 7 [To this dear Surety's hand  
Will I commit my cause,  
He answers and fulfils  
His Father's broken laws ;  
Behold my soul at freedom set !  
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]
- 8 [Jesus, my great High-Priest,  
Offer'd his blood, and died ;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside.  
His pow'rful blood did once atone ;  
And now it pleads before the throne.]
- 9 [My Advocate appears  
For my defence on high ;  
The Father bows his ear,  
And lays his thunder by.  
Not all that hell or sin can say  
Shall turn his heart, his love away.]
- 10 [My dear Almighty Lord,  
My Conq'ror and my King !  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing ;  
Thine is the pow'r ; behold I sit  
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.]
- 11 [Now let my soul arise,  
And tread the tempter down ;  
My Captain leads me forth  
To conquest and a crown  
A feeble saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.]

- 
- 12    Should all the hosts of death,  
      And pow'rs of hell unknown,  
      Put their most dreadful forms  
      Of rage and mischief on ;  
I shall be safe, for Christ displays  
Superior pow'r, and guardian grace.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



# HYMNS.

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## BOOK II.

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COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

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### HYMN 1. (L. M.)

*A Song in Praise to God from Great Britain.*

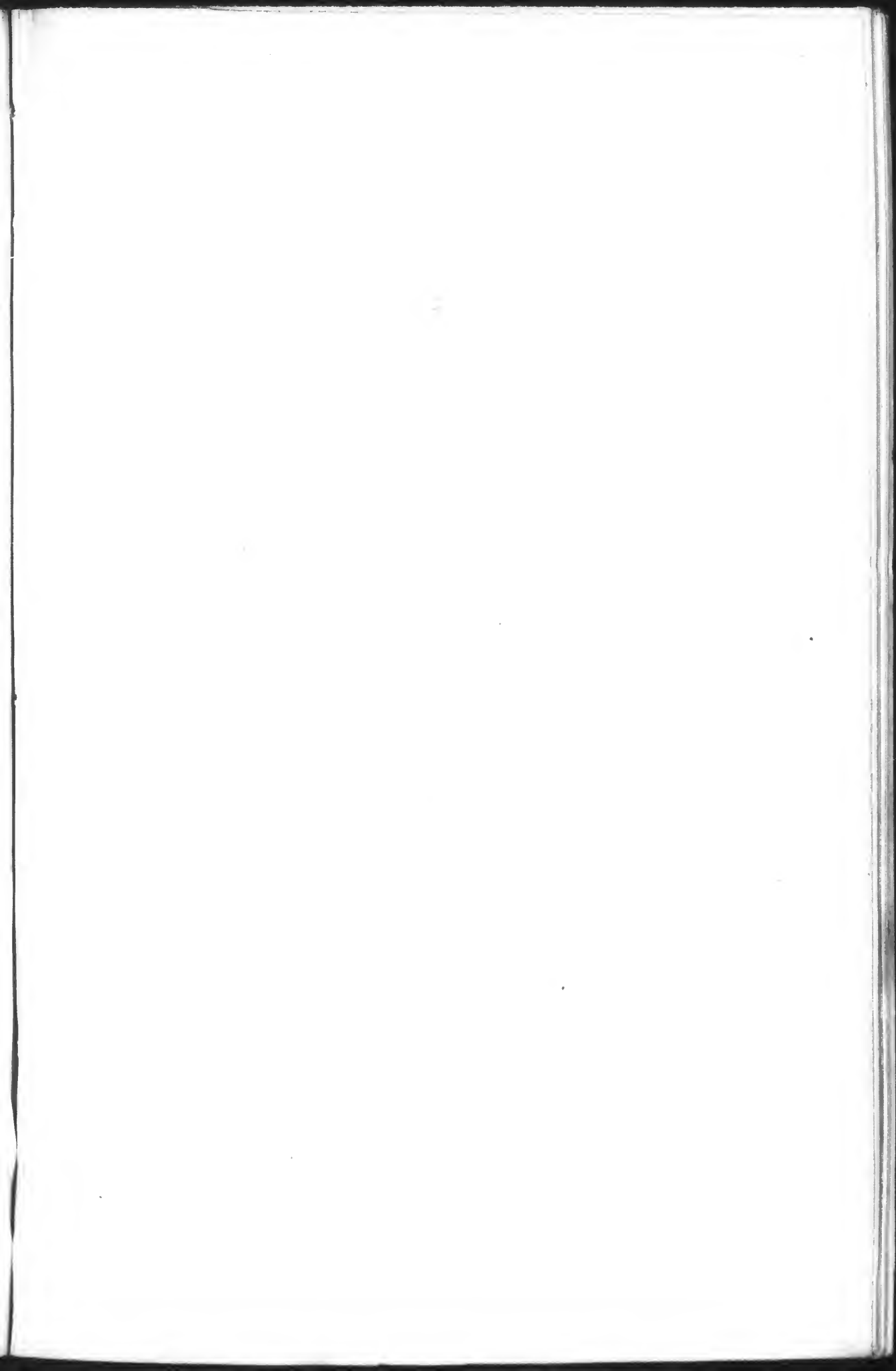
- 1 **N**ATURE with all her pow'rs shall sing  
God the Creator and the King :  
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,  
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 [Begin to make his glories known,  
Ye seraphs that sit near his throne ;  
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound  
To the creation's utmost bound.]
- 3 [All mortal things of meaner frame,  
Exert your force and own his name ;  
Whilst with our souls, and with our voice,  
We sing his honour and our joys.]
- 4 [To him be sacred all we have  
From the young cradle to the grave ;  
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,  
And ev'ry word a miracle.]
- 5 [This northern isle, our native land,  
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand ;  
Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,  
And wear the captivating chain.
- 6 He builds and guards the British throne,  
And makes it gracious like his own,  
Makes our successive princes kind,  
And gives our dangers to the wind.]

- 7 Raise monumental praises high  
To him that thunders through the sky,  
And with an awful nod or frown  
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.
- 8 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim  
The triumphs of th' eternal name ;  
While trembling nations read from far,  
The honours of the God of war.]
- 9 Then let our flaming zeal employ  
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs ;  
Britain, pronounce with warmest joy  
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.
- 10 Yet, mighty God ! our feeble frame  
Attempts in vain to reach thy name ;  
The strongest notes that angels raise,  
Faint in the worship and the praise.

## HYMN 2. (C. M.)

*The Death of a Sinner.*

- 1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll  
Damnation and the dead ;  
What horrors seize the guilty soul  
Upon a dying bed !
- 2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,  
She makes a long delay,  
Till, like a flood with rapid force,  
Death sweeps the wretch away.
- 3 Then swift and dreadful she descends  
Down to the fiery coast,  
Amongst abominable fiends,  
Herself a frightful ghost.
- 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,  
And darkness makes their chains ;  
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,  
Yet wait for fiercer pains.





THE DEATH OF A SAINT.

- 
- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood,  
For their old guilt atones,  
Nor the compassion of a God  
Shall hearken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,  
Nor bid my soul remove,  
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,  
And well insur'd his love!

## HYMN 3. (C. M.)

*The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends?  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor would we wish the hours more slow  
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest,  
And soften'd ev'ry bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And show'd our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,  
At the great rising-day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise;  
Awake ye nations under ground,  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

## HYMN 4. (L. M.)

*Salvation in the Cross.*

- 1 **H**ERE at thy cross, my dying God,  
I lay my soul beneath thy love,  
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,  
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.
- 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,  
With rage and lightning in their eyes,  
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,  
Should hell with all its legions rise.
- 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,  
Moveless and firm this heart should lie ;  
Resolv'd, (for that's my last defence)  
If I must perish, there to die.
- 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear ;  
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?  
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,  
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.
- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,  
And all my foes shall lose their aim ;  
Hosanna to my dying God,  
And my best honours to his name.

## HYMN 5. (L. M.)

*Longing to praise Christ better.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll  
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,  
And read my Maker's broken laws  
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross ;
- 2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,  
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,  
And see the man that groan'd and died  
Sit glorious by his Father's side ;

- 3 My passions rise and soar above,  
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love ;  
Fain would I reach eternal things,  
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.
- 4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,  
For want of their immortal strains ;  
And, in such humble notes as these,  
Must fall below thy victories.
- 5 Well, the kind minute must appear  
When we shall leave these bodies here,  
These clogs of clay, and mount on high  
To join the songs above the sky.

## HYMN 6. (C. M.)

*A Morning Song.*

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes,  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits  
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
My tongue shall speak his praise ;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 [On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,  
And I could ne'er withstand ;  
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,  
But mercy held thine hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled  
Since the last setting sun,  
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,  
And yet my moments run.]

- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,  
    Whilst I enjoy the light,  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
    And bring a pleasant night.

## HYMN 7. (C. M.)

*An Evening Song.*

- 1 **D**READ Sov'reign! let my ev'ning song  
    Like holy incense rise ;  
Assist the off'rings of my tongue  
    To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 [Through all the dangers of the day  
    Thy hand was still my guard,  
And still to drive my wants away  
    Thy mercy stood prepar'd.]
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above  
    Encompass me around,  
But O how few returns of love  
    Hath my Creator found!
- 4 What have I done for him that died  
    To save my wretched soul?  
How are my follies multiplied,  
    Fast as my minutes roll!
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine  
    To thy dear cross I flee,  
And to thy grace my soul resign  
    To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood  
    I lay me down to rest,  
As in th' embraces of my God,  
    Or on my Saviour's breast.



## HYMN 8. (C. M.)

*A Hymn for Morning and Evening.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA, with a cheerful sound,  
To God's upholding hand,  
Ten thousand snares attend us round,  
And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing pow'r  
That rais'd us with a word,  
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,  
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,  
And angels guard the room ;  
We wake, and we admire the bed  
That was not made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morning can't assure  
That we shall end the day ;  
For death stands ready at the door  
To seize our lives away.
- 5 Our breath is forfeited by sin  
To God's avenging law ;  
We own thy grace, immortal King,  
In ev'ry gasp we draw.
- 6 God is our sun, whose daily light  
Our joy and safety brings ;  
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night  
Beneath his shady wings.

## HYMN 9. (C. M.)

*Godly Sorrow arising from the Sufferings of Christ.*

- 1 **A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed  
And did my Sov'reign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

- 
- 2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,  
And bath'd in its own blood,  
While all expos'd to wrath divine  
The glorious Suff'rer stood !
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groan'd upon the tree ?  
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love beyond degree !
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide  
And shut his glories in,  
When God the mighty Maker died,  
For man the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe ;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

## HYMN 10. (C. M.)

*Parting with carnal Joys.*

- 1 **M**Y soul forsakes her vain delight,  
And bids the world farewell,  
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,  
And mischievous as hell.
- 2 No longer will I ask your love,  
Nor seek your friendship more ;  
The happiness that I approve  
Lies not within your pow'r.
- 3 There's nothing round this spacious earth  
That suits my large desire ;  
To boundless joy and solid mirth  
My nobler thoughts aspire

- 4 [Where pleasure rolls its living flood,  
From sin and dross refin'd,  
Still springing from the throne of God,  
And fit to cheer the mind.
- 5 Th' Almighty Ruler of the sphere,  
The glorious and the great,  
Brings his own all-sufficiency there,  
To make our bliss complete.]
- 6 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd climb the heav'nly road ;  
There sits my Saviour dress'd in love,  
And there my smiling God.

## HYMN 11. (L. M.)

*The same.*

- 1 **I** SEND the joys of earth away,  
Away, ye tempters of the mind !  
False as the smooth deceitful sea,  
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along  
Down to the gulf of black despair,  
And whilst I listen'd to your song,  
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,  
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,  
And bid me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above  
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes ;  
O for the pinions of a dove,  
To bear me to the upper skies !
- 5 There from the bosom of my God  
Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;  
There would I fix my last abode,  
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

## HYMN 12. (C. M.)

*Christ is the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.*

- 1 **T**HE true Messiah now appears,  
The types are all withdrawn ;  
So fly the shadows and the stars  
Before the rising dawn.
- 2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,  
No kid nor bullock slain ;  
Incense and spice of costly names  
Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,  
His mitre and his vest,  
When God himself comes down to be  
The off'ring and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh, to show  
The wonders of his love ;  
For us he paid his life below,  
And prays for us above.
- 5 " Father," he cries, " forgive their sins,  
" For I myself have died ;"  
And then he shows his open'd veins,  
And pleads his wounded side.

## HYMN 13. (L. M.)

*The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, and Restoration of this World.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord that built the skies,  
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame ;  
Let half the nations sound his praise,  
And lands unknown repeat his name.
- 2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,  
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry dust,  
Nature and time, with all their wheels,  
And push'd them into motion first.

- 3 Now, from his high imperial throne,  
He looks far down upon the spheres ;  
He bids the shining orbs roll on,  
And round he turns our hasty years.
- 4 Thus shall this moving engine last  
Till all his saints are gather'd in,  
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast  
To shake it all to dust again !
- 5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,  
And lightning burn the globe below,  
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,  
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

## HYMN 14. (S. M.)

*The Lord's Day.*

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise ;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near  
To feast his saints to-day ;  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place  
Where my dear God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

## HYMN 15. (L. M.)

*The Enjoyment of Christ ; or, Delight in Worship.*

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,  
Let my religious hours alone ;  
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,  
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire ;  
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,  
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.
- 3 [The trees of life immortal stand  
In fragrant rows at thy right-hand,  
And in sweet murmurs by their side,  
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,  
And spread the table of thy grace ;  
Bring down a taste of fruit divine,  
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]
- 5 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !  
How sweet thy entertainments are !  
Never did angels taste above  
Redeeming grace, and dying love.
- 6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !  
In thee thy Father's glories shine ;  
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,  
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

## HYMN 16. Second Part. (L. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD, what a heav'n of saving grace  
Shines through the beauties of thy face,  
And lights our passions to a flame !  
Lord, how we love thy charming name !

- 
- 2 When I can say "My God is mine,"  
When I can feel thy glories shine,  
I tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys  
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,  
Here we could sit and gaze away  
A long, an everlasting day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night  
To the fair coasts of perfect light ;  
Then shall our joyful senses rove  
O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,  
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees ;  
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow  
A drop of heav'n on worms below.
- 6 Send comforts down from thy right-hand,  
While we pass through this barren land,  
And in thy temple let us see  
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

## HYMN 17. (C. M.)

*God's Eternity.*

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and leave the ground,  
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,  
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound  
To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,  
Jehovah fill'd his throne ;  
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,  
The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,  
But still maintain their prime ;  
*Eternity's* his dwelling-place,  
And *ever* is his time.

- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,  
The present and the past,  
He fills his own immortal *now*,  
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,  
And vast destruction come ;  
The creatures, look, how old they grow,  
And wait their fiery doom !
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,  
And flame melt down the skies,  
My God shall live an endless day,  
When th' old creation dies.

## HYMN 18. (L. M.)

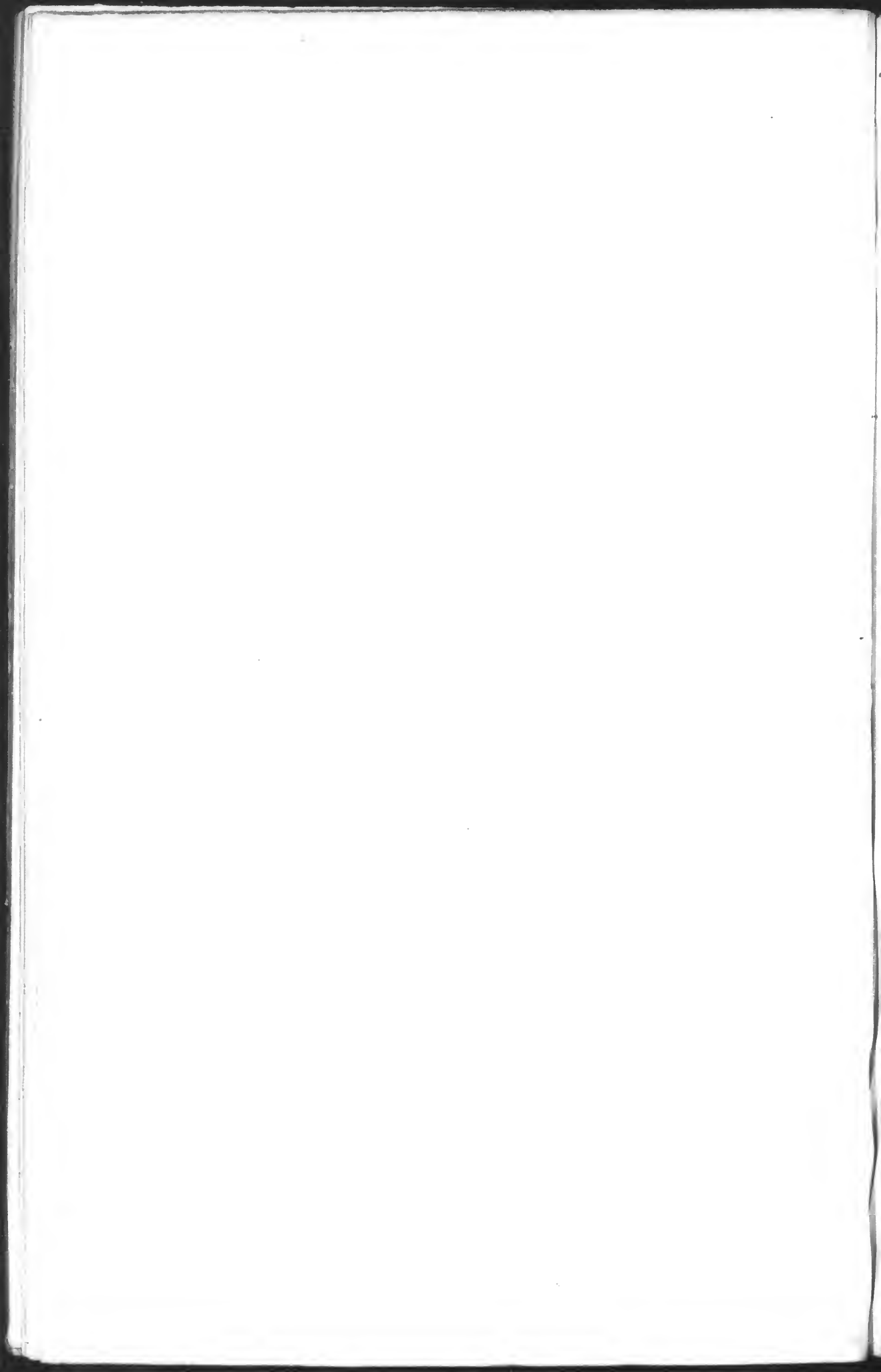
*The Ministry of Angels.*

- 1 **H**IGH on a hill of dazzling light  
The King of Glory spreads his seat,  
And troops of angels, stretch'd for flight,  
Stand waiting round his awful feet.
- 2 "Go," saith the Lord, "my Gabriel, go,  
"Salute the virgin's fruitful womb ;  
"Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,  
"Sing and proclaim the Saviour come."
- 3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,  
And thick around Elisha stands ;  
Anon a heav'nly soldier flies,  
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.
- 4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts !  
Wait on thy wand'ring church below ;  
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,  
Let angels be our convoy too.
- 5 Are they not all thy servants, Lord ?  
At thy command they go and come ;  
With cheerful haste obey thy word,  
And guard thy children to their home.





PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON BY THE ANGEL. P. 446.



## HYMN 19. (C. M.)

*Our frail Bodies, and God our Preserver.*

- 1 **L**ET others boast how strong they be,  
Nor death nor danger fear ;  
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,  
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,  
And flourish bright and gay ;  
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,  
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,  
And dies if one be gone ;  
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,  
The God that built us first ;  
Salvation to th' almighty Name  
That rear'd us from the dust.
- 5 [He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains  
In all their motions rose ;  
"Let blood," said he, "flow round the veins,"  
And round the veins it flows.
- 6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,  
Our Maker we'll adore ;  
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,  
Or they would breathe no more.]

## HYMN 20. (C. M.)

*Backslidings and Returns ; or, the Inconsistency of our Love.*

- 1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee,  
My God, my chief delight ?  
Why are my thoughts no more by day  
With thee, no more by night.

2 [Why should my foolish passions rove?  
Where can such sweetness be  
As I have tasted in thy love,  
As I have found in thee?]

3 When my forgetful soul renews  
The savour of thy grace,  
My heart presumes I cannot lose  
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,  
The flatt'ring world employs  
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,  
And to pollute my joys.

5 [Trifles of nature or of art,  
With fair deceitful charms,  
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,  
And thrust thee from my arms.]

6 Then I repent and vex my soul  
That I should leave thee so;  
Where will those wild affections roll,  
That let a Saviour go?

7 [Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,  
And I am drown'd in grief!  
But my dear Lord returns again,  
He flies to my relief;

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,  
He draws with loving bands;  
Divine compassion in his eyes,  
And pardon in his hands.]

9 [Wretch that I am to wander thus  
In chase of false delight!  
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,  
Rather than lose thy sight.]

- 10 [Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,  
And bring my heart to rest  
On the dear centre of my soul,  
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

## HYMN 21. (L. M.)

*A Song of Praise to God the Redeemer.*

- 1 **L**ET the old heathens tune their song  
Of great Diana, and of Jove ;  
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue  
Is my Redeemer and his love.
- 2 Behold a God descends and dies  
To save my soul from gaping hell !  
How the black gulf where Satan lies  
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell !
- 3 How justice frown'd, and vengeance stood,  
To drive me down to endless pain !  
But the great Son propos'd his blood,  
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.
- 4 Infinite lover, gracious Lord !  
To thee be endless honours giv'n ;  
Thy wondrous name shall be ador'd  
Round the wide earth, and wider heav'n.

## HYMN 22. (L. M.)

*With God is terrible Majesty.*

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE God, that reign'st on high,  
How awful is thy thund'ring hand !  
Thy fiery bolts how fierce they fly !  
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.
- 2 This the old rebel angels knew,  
And Satan fell beneath thy frown ;  
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,  
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.

- 3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,  
And roars beneath th' eternal load ;  
" With endless burnings who can dwell,  
" Or bear the fury of a God ?"
- 4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit,  
Throw down your arms before his throne,  
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,  
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.
- 5 And ye, blest saints, that love him too,  
With rev'rence bow before his name ;  
Thus all his heav'nly servants do ;  
God is a bright and burning flame.

## HYMN 23. (L. M.)

*The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.*

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove !  
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,  
And mount and bear us far above  
The reach of these inferior things ;
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,  
Up where eternal ages roll,  
Where solid pleasures never die,  
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,  
Of our almighty Father's throne !  
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,  
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,  
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall ;  
The God shines gracious through the man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel  
While to their golden harps they sing,  
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,  
And spread the triumphs of their King !

- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
That I shall mount to dwell above,  
And stand and bow amongst them there,  
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

## HYMN 24. (L. M.)

*The evil of Sin visible in the Fall of Angels and Men.*

- 1 **W**HEN the great Builder arch'd the skies,  
And form'd all nature with a word,  
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,  
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.
- 2 High in the midst of all the throng,  
Satan, a tall archangel, sat ;  
Amongst the morning stars he sung,  
Till sin destroy'd his heav'nly state.
- 3 ['Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne ;  
Gro'ling in fire the rebel lies ;  
" How art thou sunk in darkness down,  
" Son of the morning, from the skies !]
- 4 And thus our two first parents stood,  
Till sin defil'd the happy place ;  
They lost their garden and their God,  
And ruin'd all their unborn race.
- 5 [So sprung the plague from Adam's bow'r,  
And spread destruction all abroad ;  
Sin, the curs'd name, that in one hour  
Spoil'd six days' labour of a God !]
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,  
That such a foe should sieze thy breast ;  
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief ;  
Oh ! may he slay this treach'rous guest.
- 7 Then to thy throne, victorious King !  
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise ;  
Thine everlasting arm we sing,  
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

## HYMN 25. (C. M.)

*Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.*

- 1 **M**Y drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so ?  
Awake, my sluggish soul !  
Nothing has half thy work to do,  
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants for one poor grain  
Labour, and tug, and strive ;  
Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain,  
How negligent we live !
- 3 We for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move ;  
We for whose guard the angel-bands  
Come flying from above ;
- 4 We for whom God the Son came down,  
And labour'd for our good,  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchas'd with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts !  
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill  
And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,  
Upward our souls shall rise ;  
With hands of faith and wings of love  
We'll fly and take the prize.

## HYMN 26. (L. M.)

*God invisible.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,  
We can't behold thy bright abode ;  
O, 'tis beyond a creature-mind,  
To glance a thought half-way to God.



- 
- 2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky  
The great Eternal reigns alone,  
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,  
Nor angels climb the topless throne.
- 3 The Lord of glory builds his seat  
Of gems insufferably bright,  
And lays beneath his sacred feet  
Substantial beams of gloomy night.
- 4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes  
Look through, and cheer us from above ;  
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,  
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

## HYMN 27. (L. M.)

*Praise ye him, all his Angels.*

- 1 **G**OD! the eternal awful name!  
That the whole heav'nly army fears,  
That shakes the wide creation's frame,  
And Satan trembles when he hears.
- 2 Like flames of fire his servants are,  
And light surrounds his dwelling-place ;  
But, O ye fiery flames, declare  
The brighter glories of his face.
- 3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we  
To speak so infinite a thing ;  
But your immortal eyes survey  
The beauties of your sov'reign King.
- 4 Tell how he shows his smiling face,  
And clothes all heav'n in bright array ;  
Triumph and joy run through the place,  
And songs eternal as the day.
- 5 Speak (for you feel his burning love)  
What zeal it spreads through all your frame ;  
That sacred fire dwells all above,  
For we on earth have lost the name.

- 6 [Sing of his pow'r and justice too,  
That infinite right-hand of his,  
That vanquish'd Satan and his crew,  
And thunder drove them down from bliss.]
- 7 [What mighty storms of poison'd darts  
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!  
What deadly jav'lins nail'd their hearts  
Fast to the racks of long despair!]
- 8 [Shout to your King, you heav'nly host!  
You that beheld the sinking foe;  
Firmly ye stood when they were lost;  
Praise the rich grace that kept you so.]
- 9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,  
Let ev'ry distant nation hear;  
And while you sound his lofty praise,  
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

## HYMN 28. (C. M.)

*Death and Eternity.*

- 1 **S**TOOP down my thoughts, that use to rise,  
Converse a while with death;  
Think how a gasping mortal lies,  
And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,  
His pulses faint and few;  
Then speechless, with a doleful groan,  
He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But, O the soul that never dies!  
At once it leaves the clay!  
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,  
And track its wondrous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell  
It mounts, triumphing there,  
Or devils plunge it down to hell,  
In infinite despair.

- 5 And must my body faint and die ?  
And must this soul remove ?  
O for some guardian angel nigh,  
To bear it safe above !
- 6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand  
My naked soul I trust ;  
And my flesh waits for thy command,  
To drop into my dust.

## HYMN 29. (C. M.)

*Redemption by Price and Power.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, with all thy saints above  
My tongue would bear her part,  
Would sound aloud thy saving love,  
And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,  
Who bought me with his blood,  
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword  
In his own vital flood.
- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul  
From Satan's heavy chains,  
And sent the lion down to howl  
Where hell and horror reigns.
- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never-ceasing praise,  
While angels live to know his name,  
Or saints to feel his grace.

## HYMN 30. (S. M.)

*Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

- 1 **C**OME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

- 2    [The sorrows of the mind  
      Be banish'd from the place !  
Religion never was design'd  
      To make our pleasures less.]
- 3    Let those refuse to sing  
      That never knew our God,  
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King  
      May speak their joys abroad.
- 4    [The God that rules on high,  
      And thunders when he please,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
      And manages the seas ;]
- 5    This awful God is ours,  
      Our Father and our love ;  
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs  
      To carry us above.
- 6    There shall we see his face,  
      And never, never sin ;  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
      Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7    Yes, and before we rise  
      To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
      Should constant joys create.
- 8    [The men of grace have found  
      Glory begun below,  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
      From faith and hope may grow.]
- 9    [The hill of Zion yields  
      A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
      Or walk the golden streets.

- 10 Then let our songs abound,  
And ev'ry tear be dry ;  
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.]

## HYMN 31. (L. M.)

*Christ's Presence makes Death easy.*

- 1 **W**HY should we start, and fear to die ?  
What tim'rous worms we mortals are !  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away ;  
Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she past.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

## HYMN 32. (C. M.)

*Frailty and Folly.*

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life !  
How vast our soul's affairs !  
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive  
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,  
Without a moment's stay ;  
Just like a story, or a song,  
We pass our lives away.

- 3 God from on high invites us home,  
But we march heedless on,  
And ever hast'ning to the tomb,  
Stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,  
That slight the joys above!  
What chains of vengeance should we feel,  
That break such cords of love!
- 5 Draw us O God, with sov'reign grace,  
And lift our thoughts on high,  
That we may end this mortal race,  
And see salvation nigh.

## HYMN 33. (C. M.)

*The blessed Society in Heaven.*

- 1 **R**AISE thee, my soul, fly up and run  
Through ev'ry heav'nly street,  
And say there's nought below the sun  
That's worthy of thy feet.
- 2 [Thus will we mount on sacred wings,  
And tread the courts above;  
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,  
Shall tempt our meanest love.]
- 3 There on a high majestic throne  
Th' Almighty Father reigns,  
And sheds his glorious goodness down  
On all the blissful plains.
- 4 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,  
And spreads eternal noon,  
No ev'nings there, nor gloomy nights,  
To want the feeble moon.
- 5 Amidst those ever-shining skies  
Behold the sacred Dove,  
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies  
From all the realms of love.

- 6 The glorious tenants of the place  
Stand bending round the throne ;  
And saints and seraphs sing and praise  
The infinite Three-One.
- 7 [But O what beams of heav'nly grace  
Transport them all the while !  
'Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,  
And love in ev'ry smile !]
- 8 Jesus, and when shall that dear day,  
That joyful hour appear,  
When I shall leave this house of clay  
To dwell amongst them there ?

## HYMN 34. (C. M.)

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit ; or, Fervency of Devotion desired.*

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys ;  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise ?  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever lie  
At this poor dying rate ?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

## HYMN 35. (C. M.)

*Praise to God for Creation and Redemption.*

- 1 **L**ET them neglect thy glory, Lord,  
Who never knew thy grace,  
But our loud songs shall still record  
The wonders of thy praise.
- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,  
And send them to thy throne,  
All glory to th' United Three,  
The Undivided One.
- 3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)  
That form'd us by a word,  
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame ;  
Salvation to the Lord!
- 4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies  
Repeat the joyful sound,  
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice,  
In one eternal round.

## HYMN 36. (S. M.)

*Christ's Intercession.*

- 1 **W**ELL, the Redeemer's gone  
T' appear before our God,  
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne  
With his atoning blood.
- 2 No fiery vengeance now,  
No burning wrath comes down ;  
If justice call for sinners' blood,  
The Saviour shews his own.
- 3 Before his Father's eye  
Our humble suit he moves,  
The Father lays his thunder by,  
And looks, and smiles, and loves.



- 4 Now may our joyful tongues  
Our Maker's honour sing,  
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,  
And bears them to the King.
- 5 [We bow before his face,  
And sound his glories high,  
"Hosanna to the God of grace  
"That lays his thunder by.]
- 6 "On earth thy mercy reigns,  
"And triumphs all above;"  
But, Lord, how weak our mortal strains  
To speak immortal love!
- 7 [How jarring and how low  
Are all the notes we sing!  
Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,  
And they shall please the King.]

## HYMN 37. (C. M.)

*The same.*

- 1 **L**IFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly seats,  
Where your Redeemer stays;  
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,  
And loves, and pleads, and prays.
- 2 'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,  
And shed his vital blood,  
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,  
And then arose to God.
- 3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,  
And saints their off'rings bring,  
The Priest, with his own sacrifice,  
Presents them to the King.
- 4 [Let papists trust what names they please,  
Their saints and angels boast;  
We've no such advocates as these,  
Nor pray to th' heav'nly host.]

- 5 Jesus alone shall bear my cries  
Up to his Father's throne ;  
He, dearest Lord ! perfumes my sighs,  
And sweetens ev'ry groan.
- 6 [Ten thousand praises to the King,  
Hosanna in the high'st ;  
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring  
To God and to his Christ.]

## HYMN 38. (C. M.)

*Love to God.*

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast ;  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear,  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move,  
The devils know and tremble too,  
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease,  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away  
To see our smiling God.

## HYMN 39. (C. M.)

*The Shortness and Misery of Life.*

- 1 **O**UR days, alas! our mortal days,  
Are short and wretched too;  
“Evil and few,” the patriarch says,  
And well the patriarch knew.
- 2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound  
That heav'n allows to men,  
And pains and sins run through the round  
Of threescore years and ten.
- 3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,  
Run on, my days, in haste;  
Moments of sin, and months of woe,  
Ye cannot fly too fast.
- 4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,  
And call her to the skies,  
Where years of long salvation roll,  
And glory never dies.

## HYMN 40. (C. M.)

*Comfort in the Covenant made with Christ.*

- 1 **O**UR God, how firm his promise stands,  
Ev'n when he hides his face;  
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands  
His glory and his grace.
- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,  
Since Christ and we are one?  
Thy God is faithful to his saints,  
Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,  
And part of heav'n possess;  
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,  
And trust him for the rest.

## HYMN 41. (L. M.)

*A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.*

- 1 **[U]**P to the fields where angels lie,  
And living waters gently roll,  
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,  
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,  
Can make this load of guilt remove ;  
And thou canst bear me where thou fliest,  
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove !]
- 3 O might I once mount up and see  
The glories of th' eternal skies,  
What little things these worlds would be !  
How despicable to my eyes !
- 4 Had I a glance of thee my God,  
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon,  
Vanish, as though I saw them not,  
As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,  
I should perceive the noise no more  
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,  
While rattling thunders round us roar.
- 6 Great All in All, Eternal King,  
Let me but view thy lovely face,  
And all my pow'rs shall bow and sing  
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

## HYMN 42. (C. M.)

*Delight in God.*

- 1 **M**Y God, what endless pleasures dwell  
Above at thy right-hand !  
The courts below, how amiable,  
Where all thy graces stand !

- 2 The swallow near thy temple lies,  
And chirps a cheerful note ;  
The lark mounts upward to thy skies,  
And tunes her warbling throat ;
- 3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,  
We shout with joyful tongues ;  
Or sitting round our Father's board,  
We crown the feast with songs.
- 4 While Jesus shines with quick'ning grace,  
We sing and mount on high !  
But if a frown becloud his face,  
We faint, and tire, and die.
- 5 [Just as we see the lonesome dove  
Bemoan her widow'd state,  
Wand'ring she flies through all the grove,  
And mourns her loving mate.
- 6 Just so our thoughts from thing to thing  
In restless circles rove ;  
Just so we droop, and hang the wing,  
When Jesus hides his love.]

## HYMN 43. (L. M.)

*Christ's Sufferings and Glory.*

- 1 **N**OW for a tune of lofty praise,  
To great Jehovah's equal Son !  
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,  
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,  
And the bright robes he wore above,  
How swift and joyful was his flight  
On wings of everlasting love.
- 3 [Down to this base, this sinful earth,  
He came to raise our nature high ;  
He came t' atone Almighty wrath ;  
Jesus the God was born to die.]

- 4 [Hell and its lions roar'd around,  
His precious blood the monsters spilt ;  
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,  
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]
- 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death  
Th' Almighty captive Pris'ner lay,  
Th' Almighty captive left the earth,  
And rose to everlasting day.
- 6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,  
Up to his throne of shining grace ;  
See what immortal glories sit  
Round the sweet beauties of his face !
- 7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,  
Jesus the God exalted reigns,  
His sacred name fills all their tongues,  
And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

## HYMN 44. (L. M.)

*Hell ; or, the Vengeance of God.*

- 1 **W**ITH holy fear and humble song,  
The dreadful God our souls adore ;  
Rev'rence and awe becomes the tongue  
That speaks the terrors of his pow'r.
- 2 Far in the deep where darkness dwells,  
The land of horror and despair,  
Justice has built a dismal hell,  
And laid her stores of vengeance there.
- 3 [Eternal plagues and heavy chains,  
Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,  
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,  
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.
- 4 There Satan the first sinner lies,  
And roars, and bites his iron bands ;  
In vain the rebel strives to rise,  
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.]

- 5 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race  
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod ;  
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,  
But they incens'd a dreadful God.
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son ;  
Sinners, obey the Saviour's call ;  
Else your damnation hastens on,  
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall .

## HYMN 45. (L. M.)

*God's Condescension to our Worship.*

- 1 **T**HY favours, Lord, surprise our souls ;  
Will the Eternal dwell with us ?  
What canst thou find beneath the poles  
To tempt thy chariot downward thus ?
- 2 Still might he fill his starry throne,  
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs ;  
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,  
And bows to hearken to our tongues.
- 3 Great God ! what poor returns we pay  
For love so infinite as thine !  
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,  
But thy compassion's all divine.

## HYMN 46. (L. M.)

*God's Condescension to human Affairs.*

- 1 **U**P to the Lord that reigns on high,  
And views the nations from afar,  
Let everlasting praises fly,  
And tell how large his bounties are.
- 2 [He that can shake the worlds he made,  
Or with his word, or with his rod,  
His goodness, how amazing great !  
And what a condescending God !]

- 3 [God that must stoop to view the skies,  
And bow to see what angels do,  
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,  
And bends his footsteps downwards too.]
- 4 He over-rules all mortal things,  
And manages our mean affairs ;  
On humble souls the King of kings  
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour  
Into the bosom of our God ;  
He hears us in the mournful hour,  
And helps us bear the heavy load.
- 6 In vain might lofty princes try  
Such condescension to perform ;  
For worms were never rais'd so high  
Above their meanest fellow-worm.
- 7 O could our thankful hearts devise  
A tribute equal to thy grace,  
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,  
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

## HYMN 47. (L. M.)

*Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.*

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song!  
Awake, my soul, awake my tongue,  
Hosanna to th' eternal name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
The brightest image of his grace ;  
God, in the person of his Son,  
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood  
Proclaim the wise, the pow'rful God ;  
And thy rich glories from afar  
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.



- 
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,  
The noblest labour of thine hands ;  
The pleasing lustre of his eyes  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;  
My thoughts rejoice in Jesus' name ;  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,  
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground !
- 6 O may I live to reach the place  
Where he unveils his lovely face !  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold !

## HYMN 48. (C. M.)

*Love to the Creatures is dangerous.*

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below !  
How false, and yet how fair !  
Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flatt'ring light ;  
We should suspect some danger nigh  
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
And leave but half for God !
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense ;  
Thither the warm affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food ;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

## HYMN 49. (C. M.)

*Moses dying in the Embraces of God.*

- 1 **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,  
If God be with us there ;  
We may walk through her darkest shade,  
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,  
If my Creator bid ;  
And run, if I were call'd to go,  
And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,  
And view the promis'd land,  
My flesh itself should long to drop,  
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms  
I would forget my breath,  
And lose my life among the charms  
Of so divine a death.

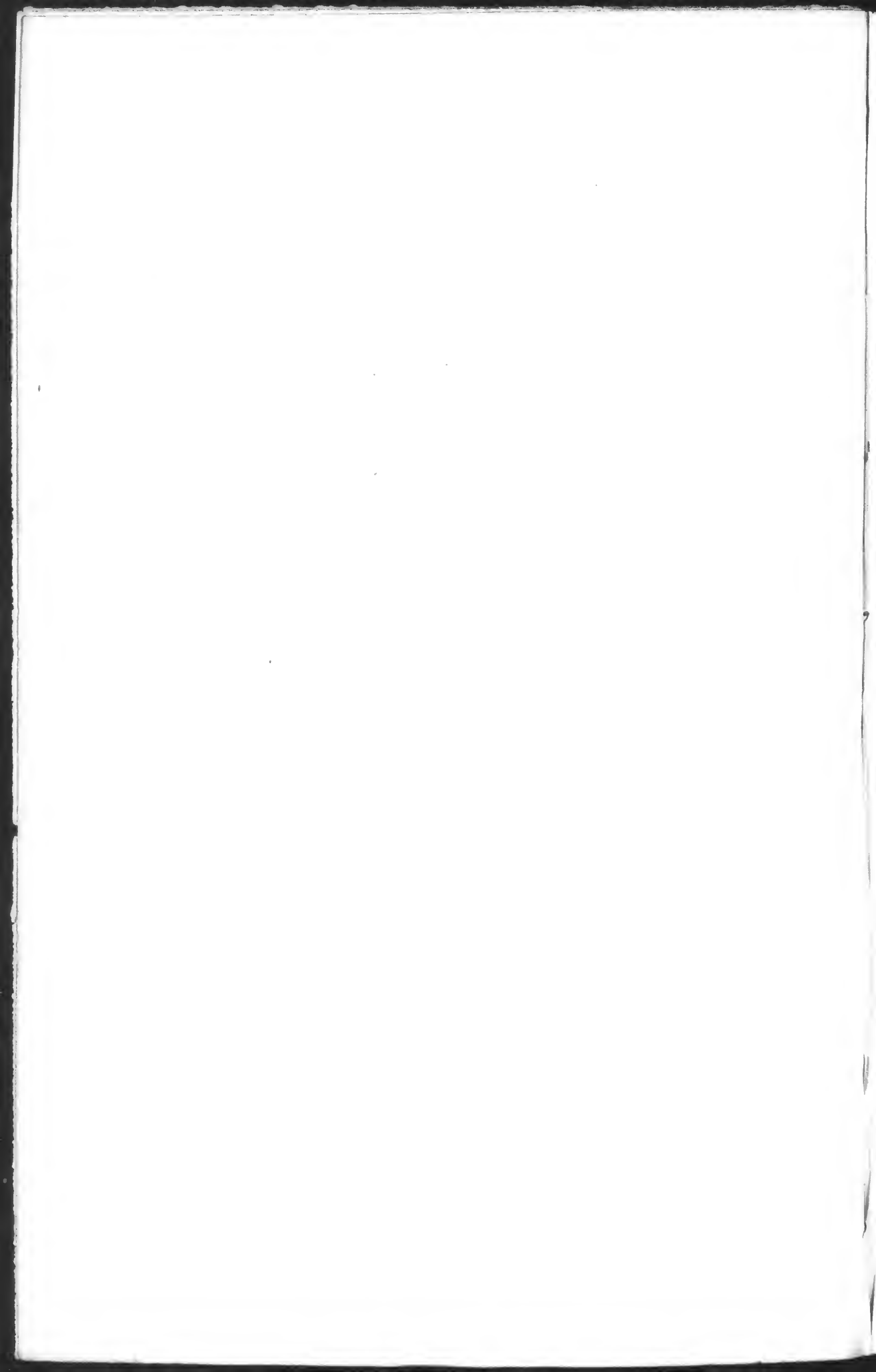
## HYMN 50. (L. M.)

*Comfort under Sorrows and Pains.*

- 1 **N**OW let the Lord my Saviour smile,  
And show my name upon his heart,  
I would forget my pains awhile,  
And in the pleasure lose the smart.
- 2 But oh ! it swells my sorrows high,  
To see my blessed Jesus frown,  
My spirits sink, my comforts die,  
And all the springs of life are down.
- 3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints ?  
Still while he frowns, his bowels move ;  
Still on his heart he bears his saints,  
And feels their sorrows and his love.



DEATH OF MOSES ON MOUNT NEBO.



- 
- 4 My name is printed on his breast ;  
His book of life contains my name ;  
I'd rather have it there impress'd  
Than in the bright records of fame.
- 5 When the last fire burns all things here,  
Those letters shall securely stand,  
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,  
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.
- 6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,  
Whilst here I wait my Father's will ;  
My rising and my setting sun  
Roll gently up and down the hill.

## HYMN 51. (L. M.)

*God the Son equal with the Father.*

- 1 **B**RIGHT King of glory, dreadful God !  
Our spirits bow before thy seat ;  
To thee we lift an humble thought,  
And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 [Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sways  
All nature with a sov'reign word ;  
And the bright world of stars obeys  
The will of their superior Lord.]
- 3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,  
And smiling sit at thy right-hand ;  
Eternal justice guards thy throne,  
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]
- 4 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,  
Stand round the glorious Deity ;  
But who, among the sons of light,  
Pretends comparison with thee ?
- 5 Yet there is one of human frame,  
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,  
Thinks it no robbery to claim  
A full equality with God.

- 6 Their glory shines with equal beams ,  
Their essence is for ever one ;  
Though they are known by diff'rent names,  
The Father God, and God the Son.
- 7 Then let the name of Christ our King  
With equal honours be ador'd ;  
His praise let ev'ry angel sing,  
And all the nations own their Lord.

## HYMN 52. (C. M.)

*Death dreadful, or delightful.*

- 1 **D**EATH ! 'tis a melancholy day  
To those that have no God,  
When the poor soul is forc'd away  
To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes,  
But guilt, a heavy chain,  
Still drags her downward from the skies,  
To darkness, fire, and pain.
- 3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell !  
Let stubborn sinners fear ;  
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell  
A long *for ever* there.
- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,  
And flashes in your face ;  
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,  
And sing recov'ring grace.
- 5 He is a God of sov'reign love  
That promis'd heav'n to me,  
And taught my thoughts to soar above,  
Where happy spirits be.
- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right-hand,  
Then come the joyful day,  
Come, death, and some celestial band,  
To bear my soul away.

## HYMN 53. (C. M.)

*The Pilgrimage of the Saints ; or, Earth and Heaven.*

- 1 **L**ORD! what a wretched land is this,  
That yields us no supply!  
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,  
Nor streams of living joy!
- 2 But pricking thorns through all the ground,  
And mortal poisons grow ;  
And all the rivers that are found  
With dang'rous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode  
Lies through this horrid land ;  
Lord! we would keep the heav'nly road,  
And run at thy command.
- 4 [Our souls shall tread the desert through  
With undiverted feet,  
And faith in flaming zeal subdue  
The terrors that we meet.]
- 5 [A thousand savage beasts of prey  
Around the forest roam ;  
But Judah's Lion guards the way,  
And guides the strangers home.]
- 6 [Long nights and darkness dwell below,  
With scarce a twinkling ray ;  
But the bright world to which we go  
Is everlasting day.]
- 7 [By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,  
We trace the sacred road,  
Thro' dismal deeps, and dang'rous snares  
We make our way to God.]
- 8 Our journey is a thorny maze,  
But we march upward still ;  
Forget these troubles of the ways,  
And reach at Zion's hill.

- 9 [See the kind angels at the gates,  
Inviting us to come ;  
There Jesus the forerunner waits,  
To welcome trav'lers home !]
- 10 There on a green and flow'ry mount  
Our weary souls shall sit,  
And with transporting joys recount  
The labours of our feet.
- 11 [No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,  
Nor trifles vex our ear,  
Infinite grace shall be our song  
And God rejoice to hear.]
- 12 Eternal glories to the King  
That brought us safely through,  
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,  
And endless praise renew.

## HYMN 54. (C. M.)

*God's Presence is Light in Darkness.*

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,  
My dawning is begun ;  
He is my soul's sweet morning-star,  
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
And whispers, *I am his*.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay .  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way  
T' embrace my dearest Lord.



- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death  
I'd break through ev'ry foe ;  
The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
Should bear me conq'ror through.

## HYMN 55. (C. M.)

*Frail Life, and succeeding Eternity.*

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Name,  
And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame !  
What dying worms are we !
- 2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still  
As months and days increase ;  
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell  
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave ;  
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,  
We're trav'ling to the grave.]
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground  
To push us to the tomb ;  
And fierce diseases wait around  
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Good God ! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things !  
Th' eternal states of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy or endless woe  
Attends on ev'ry breath ;  
And yet how unconcern'd we go  
Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dang'rous road ;  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

## HYMN 56. (C. M.)

*The Misery of being without God in this World ; or, Vain Prosperity.*

- 1 **N**O, I shall envy them no more,  
Who grow profanely great,  
Though they increase their golden store,  
And rise to wondrous height.
- 2 They taste of all the joys that grow  
Upon this earthly clod ;  
Well, they may search the creature through,  
For they have ne'er a God.
- 3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,  
And think your life your own ;  
But death comes hast'ning on to you,  
To mow your glory down.
- 4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,  
Away your spirit flies,  
And no kind angel near your bed  
To bear it to the skies.
- 5 Go now, and boast of all your stores,  
And tell how bright you shine ;  
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,  
And my Redeemer's mine.

## HYMN 57. (L. M.)

*The Pleasure of a good Conscience.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure and blest are they  
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin !  
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,  
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.
- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,  
Made up of innocence and love ;  
And soft and silent as the shades  
Their nightly minutes gently move.

- 3 [Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,  
But fly not half so swift away ;  
Their souls are ever bright as noon,  
And calm as summer ev'nings be.
- 4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,  
Where groves of living pleasures grow !  
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,  
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.]
- 5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,  
But spend the day, and share the night,  
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys  
That heav'n prepares for their delight.
- 6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,  
Lie grov'ling in the dust below ;  
Almighty grace renew our souls,  
And we'll aspire to glory too.

## HYMN 58. (C. M.)

*The Shortness of Life and the Goodness of God.*

- 1 **T**IME! what an empty vapour 'tis!  
And days how swift they are ;  
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,  
Or like a shooting star.
- 2 [The present moments just appear,  
Then slide away in haste,  
That we can never say, " They're here,"  
But only say, " They're pass'd."]
- 3 [Our life is ever on the wing,  
And death is ever nigh ;  
The moment when our lives begin  
We all begin to die.]
- 4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days  
Thy lasting favours share,  
Yet with the bounties of thy grace  
Thou load'st the rolling year.

- 5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,  
And we are cloth'd with love ;  
While grace stands pointing out the road  
That leads our souls above.
- 6 His goodness runs an endless round ;  
All glory to the Lord !  
His mercy never knows a bound.  
And be his name ador'd !
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting song ;  
And when we close our eyes,  
Let the next age thy praise prolong,  
Till time and nature dies.

## HYMN 59. (L. M.)

*Paradise on Earth.*

- 1 **G**LORY to God that walks the sky,  
And sends his blessings through,  
That tells his saints of joys on high,  
And gives a taste below.
- 2 [Glory to God that stoops his throne,  
That dust and worms may see't,  
And brings a glimpse of glory down  
Around his sacred feet.
- 3 When Christ, with all his graces crown'd,  
Sheds his kind beams abroad,  
'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,  
And glory in the bud.
- 4 A blooming paradise of joy  
In this wild desert springs ;  
And ev'ry sense I straight employ  
On sweet celestial things.
- 5 White lilies all around appear,  
And each his glory shows ;  
The Rose of Sharon blossoms here,  
The fairest flow'r that blows.

- 6 Cheerful I feast on heav'nly fruit,  
And drink the pleasures down ;  
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot  
Of the eternal throne.]
- 7 But ah ! how soon my joys decay !  
How soon my sins arise,  
And snatch the heav'nly scene away  
From these lamenting eyes !
- 8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when  
The shining day appear,  
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,  
And guilt and darkness here ?
- 9 Up to the fields above the skies  
My hasty feet would go,  
There everlasting flow'rs arise,  
And joys unwith'ring grow.

## HYMN 60. (L. M.)

*The Truth of God the Promiser ; or, the Promises our Security.*

- 1 **P**RAISE, everlasting praise, be paid  
To Him that earth's foundations laid ;  
Praise to the God whose strong decrees  
Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,  
Who rules his people by his word,  
And there, as strong as his decrees,  
He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 [Firm are the words his prophets give,  
Sweet words, on which his children live ;  
Each of them is the voice of God,  
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.
- 4 Each of them pow'rful as that sound  
That bid the new-made world go round ;  
And stronger than the solid poles  
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

- 5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?  
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?  
Slowly, alas! our mind receives  
The comforts that our Maker gives.
- 6 Oh for a strong, a lasting faith,  
To credit what th' Almighty saith!  
T' embrace the message of his Son,  
And call the joys of heav'n our own.
- 7 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break,  
Our steady souls should fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 8 Our everlasting hopes arise  
Above the ruinable skies,  
Where th' eternal Builder reigns,  
And his own courts his pow'r sustains.

## HYMN 61. (C. M.)

*A Thought of Death and Glory.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, come meditate the day,  
And think how near it stands,  
When thou must quit this house of clay,  
And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view  
The hollow gaping tomb;  
This gloomy prison waits for you,  
Whene'er the summons come.]
- 3 Oh! could we die with those that die,  
And place us in their stead,  
Then would our spirits learn to fly,  
And converse with the dead;
- 4 Then should we see the saints above  
In their own glorious forms,  
And wonder why our souls should love  
To dwell with mortal worms.

- 5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,  
 These fetters, and this load!  
 And long for ev'ning to undress,  
 That we may rest with God.]
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay  
 Before the summons come,  
 And pray and wish our souls away  
 To their eternal home.

## HYMN 62. (C. M.)

*God the Thunderer ; or, the Last Judgment, and Hell.*

(Made in a great sudden Storm of Thunder, Aug. 20. 1697.)

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts,  
 And thou, O earth, adore ;  
 Let death and hell, through all their coasts,  
 Stand trembling at his pow'r.
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,  
 He makes the clouds his throne ;  
 There all his stores of lightning lie,  
 Till vengeance dart them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,  
 And from his awful tongue  
 A sov'reign voice divides the flames,  
 And thunder roars along.
- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day  
 When this incensed God  
 Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,  
 And fling his wrath abroad !
- 5 What shall the wretch the sinner do ?  
 He once defied the Lord ;  
 But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,  
 And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll  
 To blast the rebel-worm,  
 And beat upon his naked soul  
 In one eternal storm.

## HYMN 63. (C. M.)

*A Funeral Thought.*

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,  
My ears, attend the cry ;  
“ Ye living men, come view the ground  
“ Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 “ Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
“ In spite of all your tow'rs ;  
“ The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,  
“ Must lie as low as ours !”
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom ?  
And are we still secure ?  
Still walking downward to our tomb,  
And yet prepare no more ?
- 4 Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,  
To fit our souls to fly ;  
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky.

## HYMN 64. (L. M.)

*God the Glory and the Defence of Zion.*

- 1 **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,  
The seat of thy Creator's grace ;  
Thine holy courts are his abode,  
Thou earthly palace of our God ;
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates  
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits ;  
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,  
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,  
Against his throne in vain they rage,  
Like rising waves with angry roar,  
That dash and die upon the shore.



- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,  
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell ;  
His arms embrace this happy ground,  
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun ;  
Swift as the fleeting moments run,  
On us he sheds new beams of grace,  
And we reflect his brightest praise.

## HYMN 65. (C. M.)

*The Hope of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.*

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall ;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heav'n, my all !
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heav'nly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

## HYMN 66. (C. M.)

*A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-with'ring flow'rs ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dress'd in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.]
- 5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unclouded eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

## HYMN 67. (C. M.)

*God's Eternal Dominion.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, how infinite art thou!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made ;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie  
To thine immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky  
To the great burning day.

- 4 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view ;  
To thee there's nothing old appears ;  
Great God ! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,  
And vex'd with trifling cares,  
While thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- 6 Great God, how infinite art thou !  
What worthless worms are we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

## HYMN 68. (C. M.)

*The humble Worship of Heaven.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, I long, I faint to see  
The place of thine abode ;  
I'd leave thy earthly courts and flee  
Up to thy seat, my God !
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,  
And 'tis a pleasing sight ;  
But to abide in thine embrace  
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense  
To gaze upon thy throne ;  
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,  
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 [There all the heav'nly hosts are seen,  
In shining ranks they move,  
And drink immortal vigour in,  
With wonder and with love.
- 5 Then at thy feet with awful fear  
Th' adoring armies fall ;  
With joy they shrink to nothing there,  
Before th' eternal All.

- 6 There would I vie with all the host  
In duty and in bliss ;  
While “ less than nothing ” I could boast,  
And “ vanity ”\* confess.]
- 7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,  
The humbler I shall lie ;  
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise  
Unmeasurably high.

## HYMN 69. (C. M.)

*The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.*

- 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heav’nly theme,  
And speak some boundless thing,  
The mighty works, or mightier name,  
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound his pow’r abroad ;  
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,  
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim “ salvation from the Lord,  
“ For wretched dying men ; ”  
His hand has writ the sacred word  
With an immortal pen.
- 4 [Engrav’d as in eternal brass  
The mighty promise shines ;  
Nor can the pow’rs of darkness rase  
Those everlasting lines.]
- 5 [He that can dash whole worlds to death,  
And make them when he please,  
He speaks, and that almighty breath  
Fulfil his great decrees.
- 6 His very word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies,  
The voice that rolls the stars along  
Speaks all the promises.

\* Isa. xl. 17.

- 7 He said, "Let the wide heav'n be spread,"  
And heav'n was stretch'd abroad ;  
"Abra'm, I'll be thy God," he said,  
And he was Abra'm's God.
- 8 Oh! might I hear thine heav'nly tongue  
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.
- 9 How would my leaping heart rejoice  
And think my heav'n secure!  
I trust the all-creating voice,  
And faith desires no more.]

## HYMN 70. (L. M.)

*God's Dominion over the Sea, Psalm cvii. 23, &c.*

- 1 **G**OD of the seas! thy thund'ring voice  
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice,  
And one soft word at thy command  
Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,  
The sea divides, and owns its God ;  
The stormy floods their Maker knew,  
And let his chosen armies through.
- 3 The scaly flocks amidst the sea  
To thee their Lord a tribute pay ;  
The meanest fish that swims the flood  
Leaps up and means a praise to God.
- 4 [The larger monsters of the deep  
On thy commands attendance keep ;  
By thy permission sport and play,  
And cleave along their foaming way.
- 5 If God his voice of tempest rears,  
Leviathan lies still and fears ;  
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,  
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]

- 6 How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd  
Amidst these wat'ry nations, Lord!  
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,  
Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise.
- 7 [What scenes of miracles they see,  
And never tune a song to thee!  
While on the flood they safely ride,  
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.
- 8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,  
And some drink death among the waves;  
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,  
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.]
- 9 Oh for some signal of thine hand!  
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land;  
Great Judge! descend, lest men deny  
That there's a God that rules the sky.

## HYMN 71. (C. M.)

*Praise to God from all Creatures.*

- 1 **T**HE glories of my Maker, God,  
My joyful voice shall sing,  
And call the nations to adore  
Their Former and their King.
- 2 'Twas his right-hand that shap'd our clay,  
And wrought this human frame;  
But from his own immediate breath  
Our nobler spirits came.
- 3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,  
And worship with our tongues;  
We claim some kindred with the skies,  
And join th' angelic songs.
- 4 Let grov'ling beasts of ev'ry shape,  
And fowls of ev'ry wing,  
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,  
Their various tribute bring.

- 5 Ye planets, to his honour shine,  
And wheels of nature roll ;  
Praise him in your unwearied course  
Around the steady pole.
- 6 The brightness of our Maker's name  
The wide creation fills,  
And his unbounded grandeur flies  
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

## HYMN 72. (C. M.)

*The Lord's Day ; or, The Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **B**LEST morning, whose young dawning  
rays  
Beheld our rising God,  
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,  
And leave his dark abode !
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb  
The dead Redeemer lay,  
Till the revolving skies had brought  
The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force  
To hold our God in vain,  
The sleeping Conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,  
These sacred hours we pay,  
And loud hosannas shall proclaim  
The triumph of the day.
- 5 [Salvation and immortal praise  
To our victorious King ;  
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,  
With glad hosannas ring.]

## HYMN 73. (C. M.)

*Doubts scattered ; or, Spiritual Joy restored.*

- 1 **H**ENCE from my soul, sad thoughts,  
begone,  
And leave me to my joys ;  
My tongue shall triumph in my God,  
And make a joyful noise.
- 2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,  
And drown'd my head in tears,  
Till sov'reign grace with shining rays  
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.
- 3 Oh what immortal joys I felt,  
And raptures all divine,  
When Jesus told me, I was his,  
And my Beloved mine !
- 4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,  
And breaks my peace in vain ;  
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,  
Revives my joys again.

## HYMN 74. (S. M.)

*Repentance from a Sense of Divine Goodness ; or, A Complaint  
of Ingratitude.*

- 1 **I**S this the kind return,  
And these the thanks we owe,  
Thus to abuse eternal love,  
Whence all our blessings flow ?
- 2 To what a stubborn frame  
Has sin reduc'd our mind !  
What strange rebellious wretches we,  
And God as strangely kind !
- 3 [On us he bids the sun  
Shed his reviving rays,  
For us the skies their circles run  
To lengthen out our days.



- 4 The brutes obey their God,  
And bow their necks to men,  
But we more base, more brutish things,  
Reject his easy reign.]
- 5 Turn, turn us, mighty God!  
And mould our souls afresh;  
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,  
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 6 Let old ingratitude  
Provoke our weeping eyes,  
And hourly as new mercies fall,  
Let hourly thanks arise.

## HYMN 75. (C. M.)

*Spiritual and eternal Joy ; or, The Beatific Sight of Christ.*

- 1 **F**ROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,  
And run eternal rounds,  
Beyond the limits of the skies,  
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul  
Shall death itself outbrave,  
Leave dull mortality behind,  
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns  
In heav'n's immeasur'd space,  
I'll spend a long eternity  
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes  
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,  
And endless ages I'll adore  
The glories of thy love.
- 5 [Sweet Jesus! ev'ry smile of thine  
Shall fresh endearments bring,  
A thousand tastes of new delight  
From all thy graces spring.

- 6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul  
Up to thy blest abode ;  
Fly, for my spirit longs to see  
My Saviour and my God.]

## HYMN 76. (C. M.)

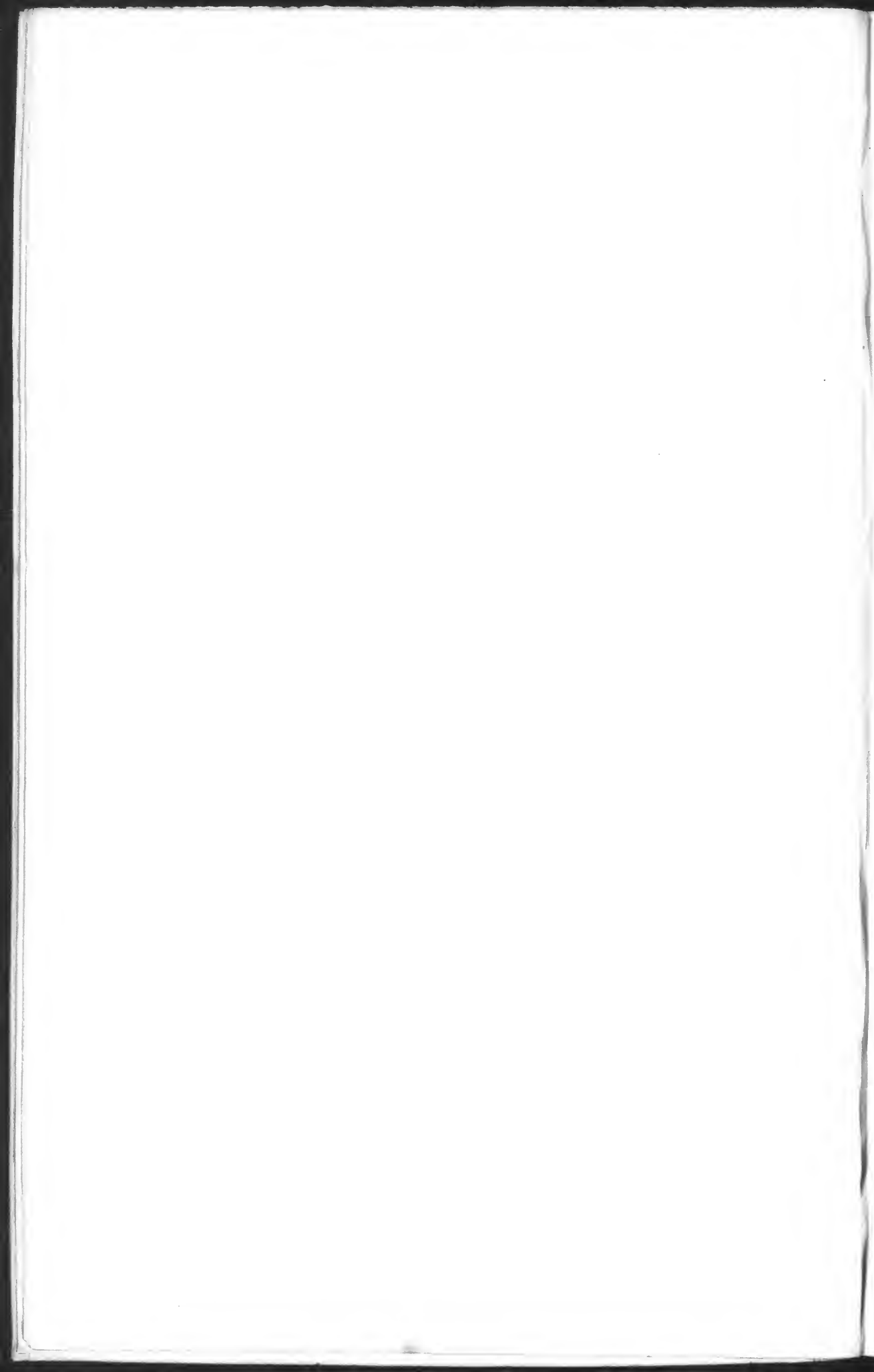
*The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light,  
That cloth'd himself in clay,  
Enter'd the iron gates of death,  
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,  
Since our Immanuel rose ;  
He took the tyrant's sting away,  
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the conq'ror mounts aloft,  
And to his Father flies,  
With scars of honour in his flesh,  
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
And scatters blessings down ;  
Our Jesus fills the middle seat  
Of the celestial throne.
- 5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,  
To reach his blest abode ;  
Sweet be the accents of your songs  
To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,  
Your sweetest voices raise ;  
Let heav'n, and all created things,  
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]



THE ASCENSION.

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HYMN 77. (L. M.)

*The Christian Warfare.*

- 1 **S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel-armour on ;  
March to the gate of endless joy,  
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone,
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,  
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes,  
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.]
- 3 [What though the prince of darkness rage,  
And waste the fury of his spite,  
Eternal chains confine him down  
To fiery deeps and endless night.
- 4 What though thine inward lusts rebel,  
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;  
The weapons of victorious grace  
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]
- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heav'nly gate,  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glitt'ring robes for conq'rors wait.
- 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace,  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN 78. (C. M.)

*Redemption by Christ.*

- 1 **W**HEN the first parents of our race  
Rebell'd, and lost their God,  
And the infection of their sin  
Had tainted all our blood.

- 2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart  
Of the eternal Son,  
Descending from the heav'nly court,  
He left his Father's throne.
- 3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw  
His most divine array,  
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil  
Of our inferior clay.
- 4 His living pow'r and dying love,  
Redeem'd unhappy men,  
And rais'd the ruins of our race  
To life and God again.
- 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul  
We joyfully resign,  
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,  
For we are doubly thine
- 6 Thine honour shall for ever be  
The business of our days,  
For ever shall our thankful tongues  
Speak thy deserved praise.

## HYMN 79. (C. M.)

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace  
Beheld our helpless grief,  
He saw, and (O amazing love!)  
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

- 4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,  
And brake our iron chains ;  
Jesus has freed our captive souls  
From everlasting pains.
- 5 [In vain the baffl'd prince of hell  
His cursed projects tries ;  
We that were doom'd his endless slaves  
Are rais'd above the skies.]
- 6 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 7 [Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,  
Our souls are all on flame ;  
Hosanna round the spacious earth  
To thine adored name.
- 8 Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold ;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.]

## HYMN 80. (S. M.)

*God's awful Power and Goodness.*

- 1 **O** THE almighty Lord!  
How matchless is his pow'r!  
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,  
While all the heav'ns adore:
- 2 Let proud imperious kings  
Bow low before his throne ;  
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,  
Or he shall tread you down.
- 3 Above the skies he reigns,  
And with amazing blows  
He deals unsufferable pains  
On his rebellious foes.

- 4 Yet, everlasting God,  
We love to speak thy praise ;  
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,  
The sceptre of thy grace.
- 5 The arms of mighty love  
Defend our Zion well ;  
And heav'nly mercy walls us round  
From Babylon and hell.
- 6 Salvation to the King  
That sits enthron'd above ;  
Thus we adore the God of might,  
And bless the God of love.

## HYMN 81. (C. M.)

*Our Sin the Cause of Christ's Death.*

- 1 **A**ND now the scales have left mine eyes,  
Now I begin to see ;  
Oh the curs'd deeds my sins have done !  
What murd'rous things they be !
- 2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,  
That thy fair body tore ?  
Monsters, that stain'd those heav'nly limbs,  
With floods of purple gore !
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done  
My dearest Lord was slain,  
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,  
And put his soul to pain ?
- 4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace,  
I'll wound my God no more ;  
Hence from my heart, ye sins, begone,  
For Jesus I adore.
- 5 Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly arms  
From grace's magazine,  
And I'll proclaim eternal war  
With ev'ry darling sin.



HYMN 82. (C. M.)

*Redemption and Protection from spiritual Enemies.*

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,  
And triumph in my God ;  
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim  
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,  
The gates of gaping hell,  
And fix'd my standing more secure  
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love  
Beneath my soul he plac'd,  
And on the Rock of Ages set  
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my blest abode  
Is wall'd around with grace ;  
Salvation for a bulwark stands  
To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,  
And all his legions roar,  
Almighty mercy guards my life,  
And bounds his raging pow'r.
- 6 Arise, my soul, awake my voice,  
And tunes of pleasure sing ;  
Loud hallelujahs shall address  
My Saviour and my King.

HYMN 83. (C. M.)

*The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Ruler of the skies,  
“ Awake, my dreadful sword ;  
“ Awake, my wrath, and smite the man,  
“ My fellow,” saith the Lord.

- 2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,  
And, armed, down she flies ;  
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,  
And bows his head and dies.
- 3 But O! the wisdom and the grace  
That join with vengeance now !  
He dies to save our guilty race,  
And yet he rises too.
- 4 A person so divine was he,  
Who yielded to be slain,  
That he could give his soul away,  
And take his life again.
- 5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high  
Let ev'ry nation sing,  
And angels sound with endless joy,  
The Saviour and the King.

## HYMN 84. (s. m.)

*The same.*

- 1 **C**OME, all harmonious tongues,  
Your noblest music bring,  
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,  
And Christ the man, we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh,  
To take away our guilt ;  
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood  
That hellish monsters spilt.
- 3 [Alas ; the cruel spear  
Went deep into his side,  
And the rich flood of purple gore  
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]
- 4 [The waves of swelling grief  
Did o'er his bosom roll,  
And mountains of almighty wrath  
Lay heavy on his soul.]

- 5 Down to the shades of death  
He bow'd his awful head,  
Yet he arose to live and reign  
When death itself is dead.
- 6 No more the bloody spear,  
The cross and nails no more ;  
For hell itself shakes at his name,  
And all the heav'ns adore.
- 7 There the Redeemer sits  
High on the Father's throne ;  
The Father lays his vengeance by,  
And smiles upon his Son.
- 8 There his full glories shine  
With uncreated rays,  
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes  
To everlasting days.

## HYMN 85. (C. M.)

*Sufficiency of Pardon.*

- 1 **W**HY does your face, ye humble souls,  
Those mournful colours wear ?  
What doubts are these that waste your faith,  
And nourish your despair ?
- 2 What though your num'rous sins exceed  
The stars that fill the skies,  
And aiming at th' eternal throne,  
Like pointed mountains rise ?
- 3 What though your mighty guilt beyond  
The wide creation swell,  
And has its curs'd foundations laid  
Low as the deeps of hell ?
- 4 See here an endless ocean flows  
Of never-failing grace,  
Behold a dying Saviour's veins  
The sacred flood increase ;

- 5 It rises high and drowns the hills,  
Has neither shore nor bound ;  
Nor, if we search to find our sins,  
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace  
That buries all our faults,  
And pard'ning blood, that swells above  
Our follies and our thoughts.

## HYMN 86. (C. M.)

*Freedom from Sin and Misery in Heaven.*

- 1 **O**UR sins, alas, how strong they be !  
And like a violent sea,  
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,  
And hurry us away.
- 2 The waves of trouble how they rise !  
How loud the tempests roar !  
But death shall land our weary souls  
Safe on the heav'nly shore.
- 3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,  
Our speedy feet shall move,  
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,  
Or cool our burning love.
- 4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell  
The wonders of his grace,  
Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,  
And smile on ev'ry face.
- 5 For ever his dear sacred name  
Shall dwell upon our tongue,  
And Jesus and salvation be  
The close of ev'ry song.

HYMN 87. (C. M.)

*The Divine Glories above our Reason.*

- 1 **H**OW wondrous great, how glorious bright,  
Must our Creator be,  
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light  
Of vast infinity!
- 2 Our soaring spirits upwards rise  
Tow'rd the celestial throne,  
Fain would we see the blessed Three,  
And the almighty One.
- 3 Our reason stretches all its wings,  
And climbs above the skies ;  
But still how far beneath thy feet  
Our grov'ling reason lies!
- 4 [Lord, here we bend our humble souls,  
And awfully adore,  
For the weak pinions of our mind  
Can stretch a thought no more.]
- 5 Thy glories infinitely rise  
Above our lab'ring tongue ;  
In vain the highest seraph tries  
To form an equal song.
- 6 [In humble notes our faith adores  
The great mysterious King,  
While angels strain their nobler pow'rs,  
And sweep th' immortal string.]

HYMN 88. (C. M.)

*Salvation.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!  
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;  
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay,  
But we arise by grace divine  
To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

## HYMN 89. (C. M.)

*Christ's Victory over Satan.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to our conq'ring King!  
The prince of darkness flies,  
His troops rush headlong down to hell,  
Like lightning from the skies.
- 2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,  
And fright the rescu'd sheep,  
But heavy bars confine their pow'r  
And malice to the deep.
- 3 Hosanna to our conq'ring King,  
All hail, incarnate love!  
Ten thousand songs and glories wait  
To crown thy head above.
- 4 Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame  
Through the wide world shall run,  
And everlasting ages sing  
The triumphs thou hast won.

## HYMN 90. (C. M.)

*Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification.*

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin how deep it stains!  
And Satan binds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word ;  
" Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,  
" And trust upon the Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,  
And runs to this relief ;  
I would believe thy promise, Lord,  
O help my unbelief !
- 4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,  
Incarnate God ! I fly ;  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From crimes of deepest dye.]
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King !  
My reigning sins subdue,  
Drive the old dragon from his seat,  
With all his hellish crew.
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall ;  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my All.

## HYMN 91. (C. M.)

*The Glory of Christ in Heaven.*

- 1 **O** THE delights, and heav'nly joys,  
The glories of the place,  
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams  
Of his o'erflowing grace !
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love  
Sit smiling on his brow,  
And all the glorious ranks above  
At humble distance bow.
- 3 [Princes to his imperial name  
Bend their bright sceptres down,  
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs, rejoice  
To see him wear the crown.

- 
- 4 Archangels sound his lofty praise  
 Through ev'ry heav'nly street,  
 And lay their highest honours down  
 Submissive at his feet.
- 5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his  
 That once rude iron tore,  
 High on a throne of light they stand,  
 And all the saints adore.
- 6 His head, the dear majestic head,  
 That cruel thorns did wound,  
 See what immortal glories shine,  
 And circle it around !]
- 7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,  
 Whom we unseen adore ;  
 But when our eyes behold his face,  
 Our hearts shall love him more.
- 8 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire  
 To see thy blest abode ;  
 Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise  
 To our incarnate God !
- 9 And whilst our faith enjoys this sight,  
 We long to leave our clay,  
 And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,  
 To fetch our souls away.]

## HYMN 92. (C. M.)

*The Church saved, and her Enemies disappointed.*

(Composed the 5th November, 1694.)

- 1 **S**HOUT to the Lord, and let our joys  
 Through the whole nation run ;  
 Ye British skies resound the noise  
 Beyond the rising sun.
- 2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,  
 Thee our glad voices sing,  
 And join with the celestial choir  
 To praise th' eternal King.



- 
- 3 Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,  
 And on the starry skies  
 Sits smiling at the weak designs  
 Thine envious foes devise.
- 4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,  
 And with an awful frown  
 Flings vast confusion on their plots,  
 And shakes their Babel down.
- 5 [Their secret fires in caverns lay,  
 And we the sacrifice ;  
 But gloomy caverns strove in vain  
 To 'scape all-searching eyes.
- 6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd,  
 Their treasons all betray'd ;  
 Praise to the Lord that broke the snare  
 Their cursed hands had laid.]
- 7 In vain the busy sons of hell  
 Still new rebellions try,  
 Their souls shall pine with envious rage,  
 And vex away and die.
- 8 Almighty grace defends our land  
 From their malicious pow'r ;  
 Let Britain with united songs  
 Almighty grace adore.

## HYMN 93. (S. M.)

*God all in all, Psalm lxxiii. 25.*

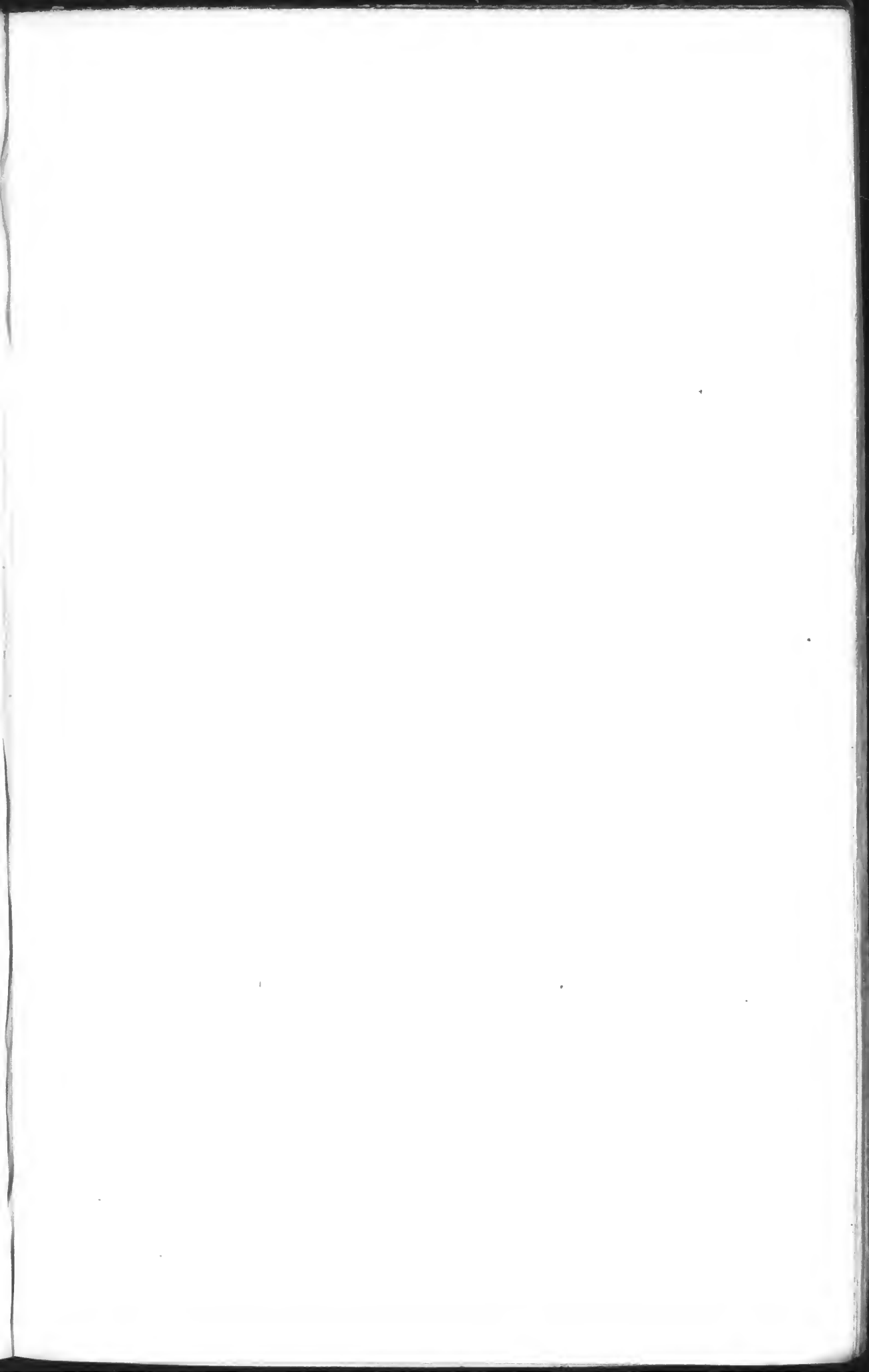
- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love  
 To thee, to thee I call ;  
 I cannot live if thou remove,  
 For thou art all in all.
- 2 [Thy shining grace can cheer  
 This dungeon where I dwell ;  
 'Tis paradise when thou art here,  
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.]

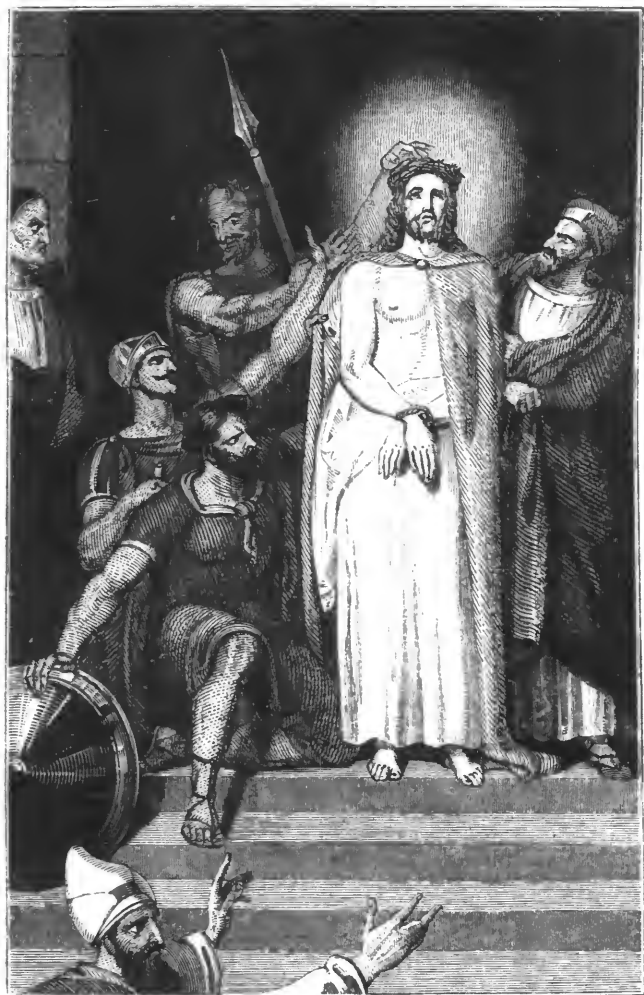
- 3 [The smilings of thy face,  
How amiable they are!  
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,  
And no where else but there.]
- 4 [To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss;  
They sit around thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.]
- 5 [Not all the harps above  
Can make a heav'nly place,  
If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face.]
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
Can one delight afford,  
No, not a drop of real joy,  
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll,  
The circle where my passions move,  
And centre of my soul.
- 8 [To thee my spirits fly  
With infinite desire;  
And yet how far from thee I lie!  
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]

## HYMN 94. (C. M.)

*God my only Happiness, Psalm lxxiii. 25.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love!  
My everlasting All!  
I've none but thee in heav'n above,  
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 [What empty things are all the skies,  
And this inferior clod!  
There's nothing here deserves my joys,  
There's nothing like my God.]





CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.

- 3 [In vain the bright, the burning sun,  
Scatters his feeble light ;  
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon ;  
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed,  
Amongst the shades I roll,  
If my Redeemer show his head,  
'Tis morning with my soul.]
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,  
And health, and safe abode ;  
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,  
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,  
If once compar'd to thee !  
Or what's my safety, or my health,  
Or all my friends to me ?
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,  
And call'd the stars my own,  
Without thy graces and thyself  
I were a wretch undone.
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,  
And grasp in all the shore,  
Grant me the visits of thy face,  
And I desire no more.

## HYMN 95. (C. M.)

*Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.*

- 1 **I**NFINITE grief! amazing woe!  
Behold my bleeding Lord!  
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,  
And us'd the Roman sword.
- 2 O the sharp pangs of smarting pain  
My dear Redeemer bore,  
When knotty whips and ragged thorns  
His sacred body tore!

- 3 But knotty whips and ragged thorns  
In vain do I accuse,  
In vain I blame the Roman bands,  
And the more spiteful Jews ;
- 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,  
His chief tormentors were ;  
Each of my crimes became a nail,  
And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down  
Upon his guiltless head ;  
Break, break, my heart ; O burst, mine eyes,  
And let my sorrows bleed.
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,  
Till melting waters flow,  
And deep repentance drown mine eyes  
In undissembled woe.

## HYMN 96. (C. M.)

*Distinguishing Love ; or, Angels punished, and Man saved.*

- 1 **D**OWN headlong from their native skies,  
The rebel angels fell,  
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath  
Pursu'd them deep to hell.
- 2 Down from the top of earthly bliss  
Rebellious man was hurl'd ;  
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave  
To reach a sinking world.
- 3 O love of infinite degree !  
Unmeasurable grace !  
Must heav'n's eternal darling die,  
To save a trait'rous race ?
- 4 Must angels sink for ever down,  
And burn in quenchless fire,  
While God forsakes his shining throne  
To raise us wretches higher ?

- 5 Oh! for this love let earth and skies  
With hallelujahs ring,  
And the full choir of human tongues  
All hallelujahs sing.

## HYMN 97. (L. M.)

*The same.*

- 1 **F**ROM heav'n the sinning angels fell,  
And wrath and darkness chain'd them  
down ;  
But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,  
And mercy lifts him to a crown.
- 2 Amazing work of sov'reign grace,  
That could distinguish rebels so !  
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud  
For everlasting fetters too.
- 3 To thee, to thee, almighty Love,  
Our souls, ourselves, our all, we pay ;  
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise  
On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

## HYMN 98. (C. M.)

*Hardness of Heart complained of.*

- 1 **M**Y heart, how dreadful hard it is !  
How heavy here it lies !  
Heavy and cold within my breast,  
Just like a rock of ice !
- 2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits  
Upon this flinty throne,  
And ev'ry grace lies buried deep  
Beneath this heart of stone.
- 3 How seldom do I rise to God,  
Or taste the joys above !  
This mountain presses down my faith,  
And chills my flaming love.

- 4 When smiling mercy courts my soul  
With all its heav'nly charms,  
This stubborn, this relentless thing,  
Would thrust it from my arms.
- 5 Against the thunders of thy word,  
Rebellious I have stood,  
My heart it shakes not at the wrath  
And terrors of a God.
- 6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine  
In thine own crimson sea!  
None but a bath of blood divine  
Can melt the flint away.

## HYMN 99. (C. M.)

*The Book of God's Decrees.*

- 1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures lie  
Abas'd before their God;  
Whate'er his sov'reign voice has form'd  
He governs with a nod.
- 2 [Ten thousand ages ere the skies  
Were into motion brought,  
All the long years and worlds to come  
Stood present to his thought.
- 3 There's not a sparrow or a worm  
But's found in his decrees;  
He raises monarchs to their thrones,  
And sinks them as he please.]
- 4 If light attends the course I run,  
'Tis he provides those rays,  
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,  
If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,  
Nor vainly long to see  
The volume of his deep decrees,  
What months are writ for me.



- 6 When he reveals the book of life,  
O may I read my name  
Amongst the chosen of his love,  
The foll'wers of the lamb ;

## HYMN 100. (L. M.)

*The Presence of Christ is the Life of the Soul.*

- 1 **H**OW full of anguish is the thought,  
How it distracts and tears my heart,  
If God at last, my sov'reign Judge,  
Should frown, and bid my soul, *Depart!*
- 2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,  
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?  
For I have sought no other home,  
For I have learn'd no other rest.
- 3 I cannot live contented here,  
Without some glimpses of thy face ;  
And heav'n, without thy presence there,  
Would be a dark and tiresome place.
- 4 When earthly cares engross the day,  
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,  
The shining hours of cheerful light  
Are long and tedious years to me.
- 5 And if no ev'ning visit's paid  
Between my Saviour and my soul,  
How dull the night ! how sad the shade !  
How mournfully the minutes roll !
- 6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon  
To live, yet part with all my blood ;  
To breathe when vital air is gone,  
Or thrive and grow without my food.
- 7 [Christ is my light, my life, my care,  
My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize ;  
Dearer than all my passions are,  
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

- 8 The strings that twine about my heart,  
Tortures and racks may tear them off;  
But they can never, never part  
With their dear hold of Christ my love.]
- 9 [My God! and can a humble child,  
That loves thee with a flame so high,  
Be ever from thy face exil'd,  
Without the pity of thine eye?
- 10 Impossible!---For thine own hands  
Have tied my heart so fast to thee,  
And in thy book the promise stands,  
That where thou art, thy friends must be.]

## HYMN 101. (C. M.)

*The World's three chief Temptations.*

- 1 **W**HEN in the light of faith divine  
We look on things below,  
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,  
How vain and dang'rous too!
- 2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath;  
Yet men expose their blood,  
And venture everlasting death,  
To gain that airy good.
- 3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,  
And feed on shining dust,  
They rob the serpent of his food  
T' indulge a sordid lust.]
- 4 The pleasures that allure our sense  
Are dang'rous snares to souls;  
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,  
And dash'd with bitter bowls.
- 5 God is mine all-sufficient good,  
My portion and my choice;  
In him my vast desires are fill'd  
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

- 6 In vain the world accosts my ear,  
And tempts my heart anew ;  
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,  
Nor part with heav'n for you.

## HYMN 102. (L. M.)

*A happy Resurrection.*

- 1 **N**O, I'll repine at death no more,  
But with a cheerful gasp resign,  
To the cold dungeon of the grave,  
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.
- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,  
And crumble all my bones to dust,  
My God shall raise my frame anew  
At the revival of the just.
- 3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,  
Bring that delightful, dreadful day,  
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,  
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay !]
- 4 [Our weary spirits faint to see  
The light of thy returning face,  
And hear the language of those lips  
Where God has shed his richest grace.]
- 5 [Haste then, upon the wings of love,  
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,  
That we may join in heav'nly joys,  
And sing the triumph of the day.]

## HYMN 103. (C. M.)

*Christ's Commission, John iii. 16, 17.*

- 1 **C**OME, happy soul, approach your God  
With new melodious songs ;  
Come, render to almighty grace  
The tribute of your tongues.

- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love  
That pitied dying men,  
The Father sent his equal Son  
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd  
With a revenging rod,  
No hard commission to perform,  
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,  
And wrath forsook the throne,  
When Christ on the kind errand came,  
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,  
And wipe your sorrows dry ;  
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,  
And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls  
Accept thine offer'd grace ;  
We bless the great Redeemer's love,  
And give the Father praise.

## HYMN 104. (s. m.)

*The same.*

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs  
To an immortal tune,  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love  
Its chief Beloved chose,  
And bid him raise our wretched race  
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,  
Nor terror clothes his brow ;  
No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.

- 
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by,  
When Christ was sent with pardons down  
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,  
Let hopeless sorrows cease ;  
Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call ;  
We lay an humble claim  
To the salvation thou hast brought,  
And love and praise thy name.

## HYMN 105. (C. M.)

*Repentance flowing from the Patience of God.*

- 1 **A**ND are we wretches yet alive ?  
And do we yet rebel ?  
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love  
That bears us up from hell !
- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt  
Would sink us down to flames,  
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,  
To crush our feeble frames.
- 3 Almighty goodness cries, " Forbear !"  
And straight the thunder stays ;  
And dare we now provoke his wrath,  
And weary out his grace ?
- 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,  
Too long indulg'd our sin ;  
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see  
What rebels we have been.
- 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command ;  
No more will we obey ;  
Stretch out, O God, thy conq'ring hand,  
And drive thy foes away.

## HYMN 106. (C. M.)

*Repentance at the Cross.*

- 1 **O**H! if my soul was form'd for woe,  
How would I vent my sighs!  
Repentance should like rivers flow  
From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord  
Hung on the cursed tree,  
And groan'd away a dying life  
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 Oh! how I hate those lusts of mine  
That crucified my God,  
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh  
Fast to the fatal wood!
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,  
My heart has so decreed;  
Nor will I spare the guilty things  
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst with a melting broken heart  
My murder'd Lord I view,  
I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
And slay the murd'ers too.

## HYMN 107. (C. M.)

*The everlasting Absence of God intolerable.*

- 1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come,  
'Th' appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,  
Thou sov'reign of my heart!  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the sound, "Depart?"

- 3 [The thunder of that dismal word  
Would so torment my ear,  
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,  
With most tormenting fear.]
- 4 [What, to be banish'd for my life,  
And yet forbid to die?  
To linger in eternal pain,  
Yet death for ever fly?]
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove;  
And fix my doleful station where  
I must not taste his love!
- 6 Jesus, I throw my arms around,  
And hang upon thy breast;  
Without a gracious smile from thee  
My spirit cannot rest.
- 7 O tell me that my worthless name  
Is graven on thy hands;  
Show me some promise in thy book,  
Where my salvation stands!
- 8 [Give me one kind assuring word,  
To sink my fears again;  
And cheerfully my soul shall wait  
Her threescore years and ten.]

## HYMN 108. (C. M.)

*Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us lift our joyful eyes  
Up to the courts above,  
And smile to see our Father there  
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,  
And shot devouring flame;  
Our God appear'd "consuming fire,"  
And vengeance was his name.

- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood  
That calm'd his frowning face,  
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,  
And turn'd the wrath to grace.
- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,  
And venture near the Lord ;  
No fiery cherub guards his seat,  
Nor double-flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss  
Are open'd by the Son ;  
High let us raise our notes of praise,  
And reach th' almighty throne.
- 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,  
Great Advocate on high ;  
And glory to th' eternal King,  
That lays his fury by.

## HYMN 109. (L. M.)

*The Darkness of Providence.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy vast designs,  
Th' obscure abyss of providence,  
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,  
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Now thou array'st thine awful face  
In angry frowns without a smile ;  
We through the cloud believe thy grace,  
Secure of thy compassion still.
- 3 Through seas and storms of deep distress  
We sail by faith and not by sight ;  
Faith guides us in the wilderness,  
Through all the briers and the night.
- 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod  
Resolve to scourge us here below,  
Still we must lean upon our God,  
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.



## HYMN 110. (S M.)

*Triumph over Death, in Hope of the Resurrection.*

- 1 **A**ND must this body die?  
This mortal frame decay?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,  
Shall but refine this flesh,  
Till my triumphant spirit comes  
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,  
And often from the skies  
Looks down, and watches all my dust,  
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,  
Look heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe  
To Jesus' dying love;  
We would adore his grace below,  
And sing his pow'r above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise  
Of these our humble songs,  
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise  
With our immortal tongues.

## HYMN 111. (C. M.)

*Thanksgiving for Victory; or, God's Dominion and our Deliverance.*

- 1 **Z**ION rejoice, and Judah sing;  
The Lord assumes his throne,  
Let Britain own the heav'nly King,  
And make his glories known.

- 2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,  
From their high seats are hurl'd ;  
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,  
And thunders through the world.
- 3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,  
Distributes mortal crowns,  
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,  
And totter at his frowns.
- 4 Navies that rule the ocean wide  
Are vanquish'd by his breath ;  
And legions arm'd with pow'r and pride  
Descend to wat'ry death.
- 5 Let tyrants make no more pretence  
To vex our happy land ;  
Jehovah's name is our defence,  
Our buckler is his hand.
- 6 [Long may the king, our sov'reign, live,  
To rule us by thy word ;  
And all the honours he can give  
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

## HYMN 112. (L. M.)

*Angels ministering to Christ and Saints.*

- 1 **G**REAT God ! to what a glorious height  
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son ?  
Angels, in all their robes of light,  
Are made the servants of his throne.
- 2 Before his feet thine armies wait,  
And swift as flames of fire they move,  
To manage his affairs of state,  
In works of vengeance or of love.
- 3 His orders run through all their hosts,  
Legions descend at his command,  
To shield and guard the British coasts,  
When foreign rage invades our land.

- 4 Now they are sent to guide our feet  
Up to the gates of thine abode,  
Through all the dangers that we meet  
In travelling the heav'nly road.
- 5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,  
And thou shalt bid me rise and come.  
Send a beloved angel down  
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

## HYMN 113. (C. M.)

*The same.*

- 1 **T**HE majesty of Solomon  
How glorious to behold!  
The servants waiting round his throne,  
The iv'ry and the gold!
- 2 But, mighty God! thy palace shines  
With far superior beams;  
Thine angel-guards are swift as winds,  
Thy ministers are flames.
- 3 [Soon as thine only Son had made  
His entrance on this earth,  
A shining army downward fled  
To celebrate his birth.
- 4 And when, oppress'd with pains and fears,  
On the cold ground he lies,  
Behold a heav'nly form appears  
T' allay his agonies.]
- 5 Now to the hands of Christ our King  
Are all their legions giv'n;  
They wait upon his saints, and bring  
His chosen heirs to heav'n.
- 6 Pleasure and praise run through their host  
To see a sinner turn;  
Then Satan has a captive lost,  
And Christ a subject born.

- 7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,  
When he his angels sends  
Obstinate rebels to destroy,  
And gather in his friends.
- 8 Oh! could I say, without a doubt,  
There shall my soul be found,  
Then let the great archangel shout,  
And the last trumpet sound.

## HYMN 114. (C. M.)

*Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.*

- 1 **I** SING my Saviour's wondrous death;  
He conquer'd when he fell;  
"Tis finish'd!" said his dying breath,  
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 "Tis finished!" our Immanuel cries,  
The dreadful work is done;  
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,  
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid  
For glory and renown,  
When through the regions of the dead  
He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side  
Sits our victorious Lord;  
To heav'n and hell his hands divide  
The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints, from his propitious eye,  
Await their sev'ral crowns,  
And all their sons of darkness fly  
The terror of his frowns.

## HYMN 115. (C. M.)

*God the Avenger of his Saints ; or, His Kingdom supreme.*

- 1 **H**IGH as the heav'ns above the ground,  
Reigns the Creator, God ;  
Wide as the whole creation's bound  
Extends his awful rod.
- 2 Let princes of exalted state  
To him ascribe their crown,  
Render their homage at his feet,  
And cast their glories down.
- 3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,  
Your lofty thoughts are vain ;  
He calls you Gods, that awful name,  
But ye must die like men.
- 4 Then let the sov'reigns of the globe  
Not dare to vex the just ;  
He puts on vengeance like a robe,  
And treads the worms to dust.
- 5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,  
And think of heav'n with fear ;  
The meanest saint that you despise  
Has an avenger there.

## HYMN 116. (C. M.)

*Mercies and Thanks.*

- 1 **H**OW can I sink with such a prop  
As my eternal God,  
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,  
And spreads the heav'ns abroad ?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,  
Who rose and left the dead ?  
Pardon and grace my soul receives  
From mine exalted Head.

- 3 All that I am, and all I have,  
Shall be for ever thine,  
Whate'er my duty bids me give,  
My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yet if I might make some reserve,  
And duty did not call,  
I love my God with zeal so great,  
That I should give him all.

## HYMN 117. (L. M.)

*Living and Dying with God present.*

- 1 **I** CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord,  
My life expires if thou depart ;  
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,  
And thou, my God, be near my heart.
- 2 I was not born for earth and sin,  
Nor can I live on things so vile ;  
Yet I would stay my Father's time,  
And hope and wait for heav'n awhile.
- 3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace,  
Let me resign my fleeting breath,  
And, with a smile upon my face,  
Pass the important hour of death.

## HYMN 118. (L. M.)

*The Priesthood of Christ.*

- 1 **B**LOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,  
"Revenge!" the blood of Abel cries :  
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,  
Speaks peace as loud from ev'ry vein.
- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high,  
Behold, he lays his vengeance by,  
And rebels that deserv'd his sword  
Become the fav'rites of the Lord

- 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,  
Who gave his life a sacrifice ;  
Now he appears before his God,  
And for his pardon pleads his blood.

## HYMN 119. (C. M.)

*The Holy Scriptures.*

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,  
I fly to thee, my Lord,  
And not a glimpse of hope appears,  
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace  
Does all my griefs assuage ;  
Here I behold my Saviour's face  
Almost in ev'ry page.
- 3 [This is the field where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown,  
That merchant is divinely wise,  
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows  
To quench my thirst of sin ;  
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
Nor danger dwells therein.]
- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife,  
Where wit and reason fail ;  
My guide to everlasting life  
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 O may thy counsels, mighty God !  
My roving feet command ;  
Nor I forsake the happy road  
That leads to thy right-hand.

## HYMN 120. (S. M.)

*The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.*

- 1     **T**HE Lord declares his will,  
         And keeps the world in awe ;  
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill  
         Breaks out his fiery law.
- 2     The Lord reveals his face,  
         And, smiling from above,  
Sends down the gospel of his grace,  
         Th' epistles of his love.
- 3     These sacred words impart  
         Our Maker's just commands !  
The pity of his melting heart,  
         And vengeance of his hands
- 4     [Hence we awake our fear,  
         We draw our comfort hence ;  
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,  
         And armour of defence.
- 5     e learn Christ crucified,  
         And here behold his blood ;  
All arts and knowledges beside  
         Will do us little good.]
- 6     We read the heav'nly word,  
         We take the offered grace,  
Obey the statutes of the Lord,  
         And trust his promises.
- 7     In vain shall Satan rage  
         Against a book divine,  
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,  
         Where beams of mercy shine.



## HYMN 121. (L. M.)

*The Law and Gospel distinguished.*

- 1 **T**HE law commands, and makes us know  
What duties to our God we owe ;  
But 'tis the gospel must reveal  
Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,  
And shews how vile our hearts have been ;  
Only the gospel can express  
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce  
Against the man that fails but once !  
But in the gospel Christ appears  
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.
- 4 My soul no more attempt to draw  
Thy life and comfort from the law,  
Fly to the hope the gospel gives ;  
The man that trusts the promise lives.

## HYMN 122. (L. M.)

*Retirement and Meditation.*

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee ;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heav'nly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,  
One sov'reign word can draw me thence ;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn ;  
Let noise and vanity begone ;  
In secret silence of the mind  
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

## HYMN 123. (C. M.)

*The Benefit of public Ordinances.*

- 1 **A**WAY from ev'ry mortal care,  
Away from earth our souls retreat ;  
We leave this worthless world afar,  
And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace  
We see thy feet and we adore ;  
We gaze upon thy lovely face,  
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,  
United groans ascend on high ;  
And pray'r obtains a quick return  
Of blessings in variety.
- 4 [If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,  
Here we receive some cheering word ;  
We gird the gospel-armour on,  
To fight the battles of the Lord.
- 5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,  
(Our conscience gall'd with inward stings)  
Here doth the righteous Sun arise  
With healing beams beneath his wings.]
- 6 Father! my soul would still abide  
Within thy temple, near thy side ;  
But if my feet must hence depart,  
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

## HYMN 124. (C. M.)

*Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.*

- 1 **T**IS not the law of ten commands  
On holy Sinai giv'n,  
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,  
Can bring us safe to heav'n.
- 2 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,  
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,  
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,  
Or save our souls from hell.
- 3 Aaron the priest resigns his breath  
At God's immediate will ;  
And in the desert yields to death  
Upon th' appointed hill.
- 4 And thus on Jordan's yonder side  
The tribes of Isr'el stand,  
While Moses bow'd his head and died,  
Short of the promis'd land.
- 5 Isr'el, rejoice, now Joshua\* leads,  
He'll bring your tribes to rest ;  
So far the Saviour's name exceeds  
The ruler and the priest.

## HYMN 125. (L. M.)

*Faith and Repentance, Unbelief and Impenitence.*

- 1 **L**IFE and immortal joys are giv'n  
To souls that mourn the sins they've done ;  
Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n,  
By faith in God's eternal Son.
- 2 Woe to the wretch that never felt  
The inward pangs of pious grief,  
But adds to all his crying guilt  
The stubborn sin of unbelief.

\* Joshua. the same with Jesus, and signifies a Saviour.

- 3 The law condemns the rebel dead,  
Under the wrath of God he lies ;  
He seals the curse on his own head,  
And with a double vengeance dies.

HYMN CXXVI. (C M.)

*God glorified in the Gospel.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above,  
Invites his children near,  
While pow'r, and truth, and boundless love,  
Display their glories here.
- 2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame,  
Fresh wisdom we pursue ;  
A thousand angels learn thy name  
Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,  
Thy wonders here we trace ;  
Wisdom through all the myst'ry shines,  
And shines in Jesus' face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes  
To our incarnate God ;  
And thy revenging justice shows  
Its honours in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace  
Our warmer thoughts employs,  
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,  
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN 127. (L. M.)

*Circumcision and Baptism.*

(Written only for those who practise the Baptism of Infants.)

- 1 **T**HUS did the sons of Abra'm pass  
Under the bloody seal of grace ;  
The young disciples bore the yoke,  
Till Christ the painful bondage broke

- 2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove  
His Father's cov'nant and his love ;  
He seals to saints his glorious grace,  
And not forbids their infant race.
- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,  
Their children set apart for God ;  
His Spirit on their offspring shed,  
Like water pour'd upon the head.
- 4 Let ev'ry saint with cheerful voice  
In this large covenant rejoice ;  
Young children in their early days  
Shall give the God of Abra'm praise.

## HYMN 128. (C. M.)

*Corrupt Nature from Adam.*

- 1 **B**LEST with the joys of innocence  
Adam our father stood,  
'Till he debas'd his soul to sense.  
And eat th' unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,  
To sinful joys inclin'd ;  
Reason has lost its native place,  
And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh and sense and passion reigns,  
Sin is the sweetest good ;  
We fancy music in our chains,  
And so forget the load.
- 4 Great God ! renew our ruin'd frame,  
Our broken pow'rs restore ;  
Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,  
And flesh shall reign no more.
- 5 Eternal Spirit ! write thy law  
Upon our inward parts,  
And let the second Adam draw  
His image on our hearts.

## HYMN 129. (L. M.)

*We walk by Faith, not by Sight.*

- 1 **T**IS by the faith of joys to come  
We walk through deserts dark as night;  
Till we arrive at heav'n our home,  
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,  
She makes the pearly gates appear;  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray;  
Though lions roar and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abra'm, by divine command,  
Left his own house to walk with God;  
His faith beheld the promis'd land,  
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

## HYMN 130. (C. M.)

*The new Creation.*

- 1 **A**TTEND, while God's exalted Son  
Doth his own glories shew;  
"Behold, I sit upon my throne,  
"Creating all things new.
- 2 "Nature and sin are pass'd away,  
"And the old Adam dies;  
"My hands a new foundation lay,  
"See the new world arise.
- 3 "I'll be a Sun of Righteousness  
"To the new heav'ns I make;  
"None but the new-born heirs of grace  
"My glories shall partake."

- 4 **M**ighty Redeemer! set me free  
From my old state of sin;  
O make my soul alive to thee,  
Create new pow'rs within;
- 5 **R**enew mine eyes, and form mine ears.  
And mould my heart afresh;  
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,  
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 6 **F**ar from the regions of the dead,  
From sin, and earth, and hell.  
In the new world that grace has made,  
I would for ever dwell.

## HYMN 131. (L. M.)

*The Excellency of the Christian Religion.*

- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown  
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;  
Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 [What if we trace the globe around,  
And search from Britain to Japan,  
There shall be no religion found  
So just to God, so safe for man.]
- 3 **I**n vain the trembling conscience seeks  
Some solid ground to rest upon;  
With long despair the spirit breaks,  
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 4 **H**ow well thy blessed truths agree!  
How wise and holy thy commands!  
Thy promises how firm they be!  
How firm our hope and comfort stands!
- 5 [Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss  
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;  
Nor does the Turkish paradise  
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]

- 6 Should all the forms that men devise  
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,  
I'd call them vanity and lies,  
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN 132. (C. M.)

*The Offices of Christ.*

- 1 **W**E bless the Prophet of the Lord,  
That comes with truth and grace :  
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word  
Shall lead us in thy ways.
- 2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,  
Who offer'd up his blood,  
And lives to carry on his love,  
By pleading with our God.
- 3 We honour our exalted King ;  
How sweet are his commands !  
He guards our souls from hell and sin  
By his almighty hands.
- 4 Hosanna to his glorious name,  
Who saves by diff'rent ways ;  
His mercies lay a sov'reign claim  
To our immortal praise.

HYMN 133. (L. M.)

*The Operations of the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit ! we confess,  
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;  
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down  
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray  
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;  
Thine inward teachings make us know  
Our danger and our refuge too.



- 3 Thy pow'r and glory works within,  
And breaks the chains of reigning sin,  
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,  
And forms our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,  
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;  
Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 134. (C. M.)

*Circumcision abolished.*

- 1 **T**HE promise was divinely free,  
Extensive was the grace ;  
“ I will the God of Abra'm be,  
“ And of his num'rous race.”
- 2 He said ; and with a bloody seal  
Confirm'd the words he spoke ;  
Long did the sons of Abra'm feel  
The sharp and painful yoke.
- 3 Till God's own Son, descending low,  
Gave his own flesh to bleed ;  
And Gentiles taste the blessing now,  
From the hard bondage freed.
- 4 The God of Abra'm claims our praise,  
His promises endure,  
And Christ the Lord, in gentler ways,  
Makes the salvation sure.

HYMN 135. (L. M.)

*Types and Prophecies of Christ.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the woman's promis'd Seed !  
Behold the great Messiah come !  
Behold the prophets all agreed  
To give him the superior room !

- 2 Abra'm the saint rejoic'd of old  
When visions of the Lord he saw ;  
Moses, the man of God foretold  
This great fulfiller of his law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his name,  
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd ;  
The incense and the bleeding lamb,  
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions in abundance meet  
To join their blessings on his head ;  
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,  
And nations own the promis'd seed.

## HYMN 136. (L. M.)

*Miracles at the Birth of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HE King of Glory sends his Son  
To make his entrance on this earth ;  
Behold the midnight bright as noon,  
And heav'nly hosts declare his birth !
- 2 About the young Redeemer's head,  
What wonders and what glories meet !  
An unknown star arose and led  
The eastern sages to his feet.
- 3 Simeon and Anna both conspire  
The infant Saviour to proclaim ;  
Inward they felt the sacred fire,  
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name.
- 4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,  
And treat the holy Child with scorn ;  
Our souls adore th' eternal God,  
Who condescended to be born

HYMN 137. (L. M.)

*Miracles in the Life, Death, and Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the blind their sight receive!  
Behold the dead awake and live!  
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame  
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own  
And seal the mission of the Son;  
The Father vindicates his cause,  
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies; the heav'ns in mourning stood;  
He rises, and appears a God;  
Behold the Lord ascending high,  
No more to bleed, no more to die!
- 4 Hence and for ever from my heart  
I bid my doubts and fears depart;  
And to those hands my soul resign  
Which bear credentials so divine.

HYMN 138. (L. M.)

*The Power of the Gospel.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,  
Sent to the nations from above;  
Jehovah here resolves to shew  
What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find  
To heal diseases of the mind;  
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can  
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive!  
Sinners obey the voice, and live;  
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh,  
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

- 4 [Where Satan reign'd in shades of night  
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light ;  
Our lusts its wondrous pow'r controuls,  
And calms the rage of angry souls.]
- 5 [Lions and beasts of savage name  
Put on the nature of the lamb ;  
While the wild world esteems it strange,  
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,  
Let sinners gaze and hate me too ;  
The word that saves me does engage  
A sure defence from all their rage.

## HYMN 139. (L. M.)

*The Example of Christ.*

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word ;  
But in thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r ;  
The desert thy temptations knew  
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here ;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Amongst the foll'wers of the Lamb.

## HYMN 140. (C. M.)

*The Examples of Christ and the Saints.*

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears ;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears ;
- 3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came,  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark the footsteps that he trod,  
(His zeal inspir'd their breast ;)  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious leader claims our praise  
For his own pattern giv'n,  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heav'n.

## HYMN 141. (C. M.)

*Faith assisted by Sense ; or, Preaching, Baptism, and the  
Lord's Supper.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour-God, my Sov'reign Prince,  
Reigns far above the skies ;  
But brings his graces down to sense,  
And helps my faith to rise.
- 2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,  
They read and hear his word ;  
My touch and taste shall do the same,  
When they receive the Lord.

- 3 Baptismal water is design'd  
To seal his cleansing grace,  
While at his feast of bread and wine  
He gives his saints a place.
- 4 But not the waters of a flood  
Can make my flesh so clean,  
As by his Spirit and his blood  
He'll wash my soul from sin.
- 5 Not choicest meats, or noblest wines  
So much my heart refresh,  
As when my faith goes through the signs,  
And feeds upon his flesh.
- 6 I love the Lord that stoops so low  
To give his word a seal ;  
But the rich grace his hands bestow  
Exceeds the figures still.

## HYMN 142. (S. M.)

*Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.*

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

## HYMN 143. (C. M.)

*Flesh and Spirit.*

- 1 **W**HAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and sin  
Attend our mortal state !  
I hate the thoughts that work within,  
And do the works I hate.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,  
While sin and Satan reign ;  
Now raise my songs of triumph high,  
For grace prevails again.
- 3 So darkness struggles with the light,  
Till perfect day arise ;  
Water and fire maintain the fight,  
Until the weaker dies.
- 4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,  
And vex and break my peace ;  
But I shall quit this mortal life,  
And sin for ever cease.

## HYMN 144. (L. M.)

*The Effusion of the Spirit ; or, The Success of the Gospel.*

- 1 **G**REAT was the day, the joy was great,  
When the divine disciples met ;  
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,  
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave !  
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save !  
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,  
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

- 3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth  
From east to west, from south to north ;  
“ Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,  
“ Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross.”
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,  
Of what almighty force they are  
To make our stubborn passions bow,  
And lay the proudest rebel low !
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,  
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd ;  
While Satan rages at his loss,  
And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 6 Great King of grace ! my heart subdue,  
I would be led in triumph too,  
A willing captive to my Lord,  
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

## HYMN 145. (C. M.)

*Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face.*

- 1 **I** LOVE the windows of thy grace,  
Through which my Lord is seen,  
And long to meet my Saviour's face  
Without a glass between.
- 2 Oh ! that the happy hour were come  
To change my faith to sight !  
I shall behold my Lord at home  
In a diviner light.
- 3 Haste, my Beloved, and remove  
These interposing days ;  
Then shall my passions all be love,  
And all my pow'rs be praise.







THE CREATION.

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HYMN 146. (L. M.)

*The Vanity of Creatures ; or, No Rest on Earth.*

- 1 **M**AN has a soul of vast desires,  
He burns within with restless fires ;  
Toss'd to and fro, his passions fly  
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find  
Some solid good to fill the mind ;  
We try new pleasures, but we feel  
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So, when a raging fever burns,  
We shift from side to side by turns ;  
And 'tis a poor relief we gain  
To change the place, but keep the pain
- 4 Great God ! subdue this vicious thirst,  
This love to vanity and dust ;  
Cure the vile fever of the mind,  
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

HYMN 147. (C. M.)

*The Creation of the World, Gen. i.*

- 1 “ **N**OW let a spacious world arise,”  
Said the Creator-Lord.  
At once th' obedient earth and skies  
Rose at his sov'reign word.
- 2 [Dark was the deep ; the waters lay  
Confus'd, and drown'd the land ;  
He call'd the light ; the new-born day  
Attends on his command.
- 3 He bid the clouds ascend on high ;  
The clouds ascend and bear  
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,  
And float on softer air.

- 4 The liquid element below  
Was gather'd by his hand ;  
The rolling seas together flow,  
And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs and plants a flow'ry birth,  
The naked globe he crown'd,  
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,  
Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies ;  
Behold, the sun appears,  
The moon and stars in order rise,  
To mark out months and years.
- 7 Out of the deep th' Almighty King  
Did vital beings frame,  
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,  
And fish of ev'ry name.]
- 8 He gave the lion and the worm  
At once their wondrous birth,  
And grazing beasts of various form  
Rose from the teeming earth.
- 9 Adam was fram'd of equal clay,  
Though sov'reign of the rest,  
Design'd for nobler ends than they,  
With God's own image blest.
- 10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye  
The young creation stood ;  
He saw the building from on high,  
His word pronounc'd it good.
- 11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,  
Thy praise shall fill my tongue ;  
But the new world of grace demands  
A more exalted song.

HYMN 148. (C. M.)

*God reconciled in Christ.*

- 1 **D**EAREST of all the names above,  
My Jesus, and my God,  
Who can resist thy heav'nly love.  
Or trifle with thy blood ?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death  
The Father smiles again ;  
'Tis by thine interceding breath  
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,  
My thoughts no comfort find ;  
The holy, just, and sacred Three  
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,  
My hope, my joy begins ;  
His name forbids my slavish fear,  
His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,  
And Greeks of wisdom boast,  
I love th' incarnate mystery,  
And there I fix my trust.

HYMN 149. (C. M.)

*Honour to Magistrates ; or, Government from God.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Sov'reign of the sky.  
And Lord of all below,  
We mortals to thy Majesty  
Our first obedience owe.
- 2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,  
And bless thy providence  
For magistrates of meaner name ;  
Our glory and defence.

- 3 [The crowns of British princes shine  
With rays above the rest,  
Where laws and liberties combine  
To make the nation blest.]
- 4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,  
While virtue finds reward ;  
And sinners perish from the land  
By justice and the sword.
- 5 Let Cesar's due be ever paid  
To Cesar and his throne ;  
But consciences and souls were made  
To be the Lord's alone.

## HYMN 150. (C. M.)

*The Deceitfulness of Sin.*

- 1 **S**IN has a thousand treach'rous arts  
To practise on the mind ;  
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,  
But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives  
The aged and the young ;  
And while the heedless wretch believes,  
She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,  
And gives a fair pretence ;  
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,  
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So, on a tree divinely fair,  
Grew the forbidden food ;  
Our mother took the poison there,  
And tainted all her blood

## HYMN 151. (L. M.)

*Prophecy and Inspiration.*

- 1 **T**WAS by an order from the Lord  
The ancient prophets spoke his word ;  
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought  
Confirm'd the messages they brought ;  
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath  
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God ! mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of thy book ;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name who died for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost, and vanish in the wind ;  
Here I can fix my hopes secure,  
This is thy word, and must endure.

## HYMN 152. (C. M.)

*Sinai and Zion, Heb. xii. 18, &c.*

- 1 **N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;  
Not to the thunder of that word  
Which God on Sinai spoke ;
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,  
The city of our God,  
Where milder words declare his will,  
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host  
Of angels cloth'd in light !  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turn'd to sight !

- 4 Behold the blest assembly there,  
Whose names are writ in heav'n ;  
And God, the Judge of all, declares  
Their vilest sins for forgiv'n.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,  
But one communion make ;  
All join in Christ, their living Head,  
And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this  
My weary soul would rest ;  
The man that dwells where Jesus is,  
Must be for ever blest.

## HYMN 153. (C. M.)

*The Distemper, Folly, and Madness of Sin.*

- 1 **S**IN, like a venomous disease,  
Infects our vital blood ;  
The only balm is sov'reign grace,  
And the physician, God.
- 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,  
And we draw near to death ;  
But Christ the Lord recalls the dead  
With his almighty breath.
- 3 Madness by nature reigns within,  
The passions burn and rage,  
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,  
The inward fire assuage.
- 4 [We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,  
And solid good despise ;  
Such is the folly of the mind,  
Till Jesus makes us wise.
- 5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,  
We drink the pois'nous gall,  
And rush with fury down to hell ;  
But heav'n prevents the fall.]



- 6 [The man possest, amongst the tombs  
Cuts his own flesh, and cries :  
He foams and raves, till Jesus comes,  
And the foul spirit flies.]

## HYMN 154. (L. M.)

*Self-Righteousness insufficient.*

- 1 “ **W**HERE are the mourners,”\* saith the  
Lord,  
“ That wait and tremble at my word,  
“ That walk in darkness all the day?  
“ Come, make my name your trust and stay.
- 2 “ [No works nor duties of your own  
“ Can for the smallest sin atone ;  
“ The robes† that nature may provide  
“ Will not your least pollutions hide.
- 3 “ The softest couch that nature knows  
“ Can give the conscience no repose ;  
“ Look to my righteousness, and live ;  
“ Comfort and peace are mine to give.]
- 4 “ Ye sons of pride, that kindle coals  
“ With your own hands, to warm your souls,  
“ Walk in the light of your own fire,  
“ Enjoy the sparks that ye desire ;
- 5 “ This is your portion at my hands,  
“ Hell waits you with her iron bands ;  
“ Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,  
“ In death, in darkness, and despair.”

## HYMN 155. (C. M.)

*Christ our Passover.*

- 1 **L**O! the destroying angel flies  
To Pharaoh's stubborn land ;  
The pride and flow'r of Egypt dies  
By his vindictive hand.

\* Isaiah l. 10, 11.

† Isaiah xxviii. 20.

- 2 He passed the tents of Jacob o'er,  
Nor pour'd the wrath divine ;  
He saw the blood on ev'ry door,  
And blest the peaceful sign.
- 3 Thus th' appointed Lamb must bleed  
To break th' Egyptian yoke ;  
Thus Isr'el is from bondage freed,  
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.
- 4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too  
With blood so rich as thine,  
Justice no longer would pursue  
This guilty soul of mine.
- 5 Jesus our passover was slain,  
And has at once procur'd  
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,  
And God's avenging sword.

## HYMN 156. (C. M.)

*Presumption and Despair.*

- 1 **I** HATE the tempter and his charms,  
I hate his flatt'ring breath ;  
The serpent takes a thousand forms  
To cheat our souls to death.
- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,  
Or kills with slavish fear ;  
And holds us still in wide extremes,  
Presumption or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, " How easy 'tis  
" To walk the road to heav'n ;"  
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,  
" They cannot be forgiv'n."
- 4 [He bids young sinners, " Yet forbear  
" To think of God or death ;  
" For prayer and devotion are  
" But melancholy breath."

- 5 He tells the aged, "They must die,  
    "And 'tis too late to pray ;  
    " In vain for mercy now they cry,  
    " For they have lost their day." ]
- 6 Thus he supports his cruel throne  
    By mischief and deceit,  
And drags the sons of Adam down  
    To darkness and the pit.
- 7 Almighty God, cut short his pow'r,  
    Let him in darkness dwell ;  
And that he vex the earth no more,  
    Confine him down to hell.

## HYMN 157. (C. M.)

*The same.*

- 1 **N**OW Satan comes with dreadful roar,  
    And threatens to destroy ;  
He worries whom he can't devour  
    With a malicious joy.
- 2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage,  
    Resist, and he'll begone ;  
Thus did our dearest Lord engage  
    And vanquish him alone.
- 3 Now he appears almost divine,  
    Like innocence and love,  
But the old serpent lurks within  
    When he assumes the dove.
- 4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,  
    Ye sons of Adam, fly ;  
Our parents found the snare too strong,  
    Nor should the children try.

## HYMN 158. (L. M.)

*Few saved ; or, The Almost Christian, the Hypocrite, and Apostate.*

- 1 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there ;  
But wisdom shows a narr'wer path,  
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"  
Is the Redeemer's great command ;  
Nature must count her gold but dross  
If she would gain this heav'nly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;  
Create my heart entirely new ;  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false apostates never knew.

## HYMN 159. (C. M.)

*An unconverted State ; or, Converting Grace.*

- 1 [**G**REAT King of glory and of grace,  
We own, with humble shame,  
How vile is our degen'rate race,  
And our first father's name.]
- 2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,  
The poison reigns within,  
Makes us averse to all that's good,  
And willing slaves to sin.
- 3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,  
And then reject thy grace ;  
Engag'd in the old serpent's cause,  
Against our Maker's face.]

- 4 We live estrang'd afar from God,  
And love the distance well ;  
With haste we run the dang'rous road  
That leads to death and hell.
- 5 And can such rebels be restor'd !  
Such natures made divine !  
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,  
And feel this pow'r of thine.
- 6 We raise our Father's name on high,  
Who his own Spirit sends  
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,  
And turn his foes to friends.

## HYMN 160. (L. M.)

*Custom in Sin.*

- 1 **L**ET the wild leopards of the wood  
Put off the spots that nature gives,  
Then may the wicked turn to God,  
And change their tempers and their lives.
- 2 As well might Ethiopian slaves  
Wash out the darkness of their skin ;  
The dead as well may leave their graves  
As old transgressors cease to sin.
- 3 Where vice has held its empire long,  
'Twill not endure the least controul ;  
None but a pow'r divinely strong  
Can turn the current of the soul.
- 4 Great God ! I own thy pow'r divine,  
That works to change this heart of mine ;  
I would be form'd anew, and bless  
The wonders of creating grace.

## HYMN 161. (C. M.)

*Christian Virtues ; or, The Difficulty of Conversion.*

- 1 **S**TRAIT is the way, the door is strait  
That leads to joys on high ;  
'Tis but a few that find the gate,  
While crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be denied,  
The mind and will renew'd,  
Passion suppress'd, and patience tried,  
And vain desires subdu'd.
- 3 [Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,  
Where it prevails and rules ;  
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,  
Lest they destroy our souls.
- 4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,  
(That vile idolatry)  
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense,  
In sweet subjection lie.
- 5 The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,  
Requires a strong restraint ;  
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,  
And pray, but never faint.]
- 6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm  
Fulfil a task so hard ?  
Thy grace must all my work perform,  
And give the free reward.

## HYMN 162. (C. M.)

*Meditation of Heaven ; or, The Joy of Faith.*

- 1 **M**Y thoughts surmount these lower skies,  
And look within the veil ;  
There springs of endless pleasure rise,  
The waters never fail.

- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,  
The blessed Three in One ;  
And strong affections fix my sight  
On God's incarnate Son.
- 3 His promise stands for ever firm,  
His grace shall ne'er depart ;  
He binds my name upon his arm,  
And seals it on his heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings ;  
How short our sorrows are,  
When with eternal, future things,  
The present we compare !
- 5 I would not be a stranger still  
To that celestial place,  
Where I for ever hope to dwell  
Near my Redeemer's face.

## HYMN 163. (C. M.)

*Complaint of Desertion and Temptations.*

- 1 **D**EAR Lord ! behold our sore distress,  
Our sins attempt to reign ;  
Stretch out thine arm of conqu'ring grace,  
And let thy foes be slain.
- 2 [The lion, with his dreadful roar,  
Affrights thy feeble sheep ;  
Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,  
And chain him to the deep.
- 3 Must we indulge a long despair ?  
Shall our petitions die ?  
Our mournings never reach thine ear,  
Nor tears affect thine eye ?]
- 4 If thou despise a mortal groan,  
Yet hear a Saviour's blood ;  
An advocate so near the throne  
Pleads and prevails with God.

- 5 He brought the Spirit's pow'rful sword  
To slay our deadly foes ;  
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,  
And hell in vain oppose.
- 6 How boundless is our Father's grace,  
In height, and depth, and length !  
He makes his Son our righteousness,  
His Spirit is our strength.

## HYMN 164. (C. M.)

*The End of the World.*

- 1 **W**HY should this earth delight us so ?  
Why should we fix our eyes  
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,  
And ev'ry pleasure dies ?
- 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares  
Our comforts to devour,  
There is a land above the stars,  
And joys above his pow'r.
- 3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,  
The sun must end his race,  
The earth and sea for ever fly  
Before my Saviour's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise ?  
When the last trumpet sound,  
And call the nations to the skies,  
From underneath the ground ?

## HYMN 165. (C. M.)

*Unfruitfulness, Ignorance, and un sanctified Affections.*

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord ;  
But still how weak my faith is found,  
And knowledge of thy word !



- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,  
And hear almost in vain ;  
How small a portion of thy grace  
My mem'ry can retain !
- 3 [My dear Almighty and my God,  
How little art thou known  
By all the judgments of thy rod,  
And blessings of thy throne !]
- 4 How cold and feeble is my love !  
How negligent my fear !  
How low my hopes of joys above !  
How few affections there !
- 5 Great God, thy sov'reign pow'r impart,  
To give thy word success ;  
Write thy salvation in my heart,  
And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 [Show my forgetful feet the way  
That leads to joys on high ;  
There knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.]

## HYMN 166. (C. M.)

*The Divine Perfections.*

- 1 **H**OW shall I praise th' eternal God,  
That infinite Unknown ?  
Who can ascend his high abode,  
Or venture near his throne ?
- 2 [The great Invisible ! He dwells  
Conceal'd in dazzling light ;  
But his all-searching eye reveals  
The secrets of the night.
- 3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,  
Survey the world around ;  
His wisdom is a boundless deep  
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

- 4 [Speak we of strength ? His arm is strong  
To save, or to destroy ;  
Infinite years his life prolong,  
And endless is his joy.]
- 5 [He knows no shadow of a change,  
Nor alters his decrees ;  
Firm as a rock his truth remains  
To guard his promises.]
- 6 [Sinners before his presence die ;  
How holy is his name !  
His anger and his jealousy  
Burn like devouring flame.]
- 7 Justice upon a dreadful throne  
Maintains the rights of God ;  
While mercy sends her pardons down,  
Bought with a Saviour's blood.
- 8 Now to my soul, immortal King,  
Speak some forgiving word ;  
Then 'twill be double joy to sing  
The glories of my Lord.

## HYMN 167. (L. M.)

*The same.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, thy glories shall employ  
My holy fear, my humble joy ;  
My lips in songs of honour bring  
Their tribute to th' eternal King.
- 2 [Earth, and the stars, and worlds unknown,  
Depend precarious on his throne ;  
All nature hangs upon his word,  
And grace and glory own their Lord.]
- 3 [His sov'reign pow'r, what mortal knows ?  
If he command, who dares oppose ?  
With strength he girds himself around,  
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

- 4 [Who shall pretend to teach him skill,  
Or guide the counsels of his will?  
His wisdom, like a sea divine,  
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]
- 5 [His name is holy, and his eye  
Burns with immortal jealousy;  
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds  
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]
- 6 [The beamings of his piercing sight  
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;  
Death and destruction naked lie,  
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]
- 7 [Th' eternal law before him stands;  
His justice, with impartial hands,  
Divides to all their due reward,  
Or by the sceptre or the sword.]
- 8 [His mercy, like a boundless sea,  
Washes our load of guilt away;  
While his own Son came down and died  
T' engage his justice on our side.]
- 9 [Each of his words demands my faith,  
My soul can rest on all he saith;  
His truth inviolably keeps  
The largest promise of his lips.]
- 10 Oh, tell me, with a gentle voice  
Thou art my God, and I'll rejoice!  
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim  
The brightest honours of thy name.

## HYMN 168. (L. M.)

*The same.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,  
His robes are light and majesty;  
His glory shines with beams so bright,  
No mortal can sustain the sight.

- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe,  
His justice guards his holy law,  
His love reveals a smiling face,  
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,  
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;  
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil  
The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend  
To be my Father and my Friend ?  
Then let my songs with angels join ;  
Heav'n is secure if God be mine.

## HYMN 169. (S. M.)

*The same as the 148th Psalm.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
His throne is built on high ;  
The garments he assumes  
Are light and majesty ;  
His glories shine  
With beams so bright  
No mortal eye  
Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand  
Keep the wide world in awe ;  
His wrath and justice stand  
To guard his holy law ;  
And where his love  
Resolves to bless,  
His truth confirms  
And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works  
Surprising wisdom shines  
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,  
And breaks their curst designs ;  
Strong is his arm,  
And shall fulfil  
His great decrees,  
His sov'reign will.

4 And can this mighty King  
Of glory condescend ?  
And will he write his name,  
" My Father and my Friend ?"  
I love his name,  
I love his word ;  
Join all my pow'rs  
And praise the Lord.

## HYMN 170. (L. M.)

*God Incomprehensible and Sovereign.*

- 1 [CAN\* creatures to perfection find  
Th' eternal, uncreated Mind ?  
Or can the largest stretch of thought  
Measure and search his nature out ?
- 2 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell ;  
And what can mortals know or tell ?  
His glory spreads beyond the sky,  
And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise,  
Born like a wild young colt he flies  
Through all the follies of his mind,  
And swells, and snuffs the empty wind.]

Job xi. 7, &c.

- 4 God is a King of pow'r unknown,  
Firm are the orders of his throne ;  
If he resolve, who dare oppose,  
Or ask him why, or what he does ?
- 5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole ;  
He calms the tempest of the soul ;  
When he shuts up in long despair,  
Who can remove the heavy bar ?
- 6 He frowns,\* and darkness veils the moon,  
The fainting sun grows dim at noon ;  
The pillars † of heav'n's starry roof  
Tremble and start at his reproof.
- 7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,  
The crooked serpent and the worm ;  
He breaks the billows with his breath,  
And smites the sons of pride to death.
- 8 These are a portion of his ways ;  
But who shall dare describe his face ?  
Who can endure his light ? or stand  
To hear the thunders of his hand ?

\* Job xxv. 5.

† Job xxvi. 11, &amp;c.

# HYMNS.

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## BOOK III.

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*PREPARED FOR THE HOLY ORDINANCE OF THE  
LORD'S SUPPER.*



### HYMN 1. (L. M.)

*The Lord's Supper instituted, 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.*

- 1 **T**WAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose.  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betray'd him to his foes ;
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blest, and brake ;  
What love through all his actions ran !  
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 " This is my body, broke for sin,  
" Receive and eat the living food ;"  
Then took the cup, and blest the wine ;  
" 'Tis the new cov nant in my blood."
- 4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn,  
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn ;  
And justice pour'd upon his head  
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.
- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,  
To buy the pardon of our guilt,  
When, for black crimes of biggest size,  
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

- 6 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,  
"In mem'ry of your dying Friend ;  
"Meet at my table, and record  
"The love of your departed Lord."
- 7 [Jesus! thy feast we celebrate,  
We show thy death, we sing thy name,  
Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.]

## HYMN 2. (S. M.)

*Communion with Christ, and with Saints, 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.*

- 1 [JESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board ;  
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold  
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh,  
He bids us drink his blood ;  
Amazing favour! matchless grace  
Of our descending God!]
- 3 This holy bread and wine  
Maintains our fainting breath,  
By union with our living Lord,  
And int'rest in his death.
- 4 Our heav'nly Father calls  
Christ and his members one ;  
We the young children of his love,  
And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but sev'ral parts  
Of the same broken bread ;  
One body hath its sev'ral limbs,  
But Jesus is the Head.
- 6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,  
His glorious name to raise ;  
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,  
And ev'ry voice be praise.



## HYMN 3. (C. M.)

*The New Testament in the Blood of Christ.*

- 1 “**T**HE promise of my Father’s love  
“ Shall stand for ever good ;”  
He said, and gave his soul to death,  
And seal’d the grace with blood.
- 2 To this dear cov’nant of thy word  
I set my worthless name ;  
I seal th’ engagement to my Lord,  
And make my humble claim.
- 3 The light and strength, and pard’ning grace,  
And glory shall be mine ;  
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,  
And all my pow’rs are thine.
- 4 I call that legacy my own  
Which Jesus did bequeath ;  
’Twas purchas’d with a dying groan,  
And ratified in death.
- 5 Sweet is the mem’ry of his name  
Who blest us in his will,  
And to his testament of love  
Made his own life the seal.

## HYMN 4. (C. M.)

*Christ’s dying Love ; or, Our Pardon bought at a dear Price.*

- 1 **H**OW condescending and how kind  
Was God’s eternal Son !  
Our mis’ry reach’d his heav’nly mind,  
And pity brought him down.
- 2 [When justice, by our sins provok’d,  
Drew forth its dreadful sword,  
He gave his soul up to the stroke  
Without a murm’ring word.]

- 3 [He sunk beneath our heavy woes,  
To raise us to his throne ;  
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,  
But cost his heart a groan.]
- 4 This was compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was his blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,  
His love is still as great ;  
Well he remembers Calvary,  
Nor lets his saints forget.
- 6 [Here we behold his bowels roll,  
As kind as when he died ;  
And see the sorrows of his soul  
Bleed through his wounded side.]
- 7 [Here we receive repeated seals  
Of Jesus' dying love ;  
Hard is the wretch that never feels  
One soft affection move.]
- 8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
While we his death record,  
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt  
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

## HYMN 5. (C. M.)

*Christ the Bread of Life, John vi. 31, 35, 39.*

- 1 **L**ET us adore th' eternal Word,  
'Tis he our souls hath fed ;  
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,  
And thou th' immortal bread.
- 2 [The manna came from lower skies,  
But Jesus from above,  
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,  
And rivers flow with love.

- 3 The Jews, the fathers, died at last,  
Who eat that heav'nly bread ;  
But these provisions which we taste  
Can raise us from the dead.]
- 4 Blest be the Lord, that gives his flesh  
To nourish dying men ;  
And often spreads his table fresh  
Lest we should faint again.
- 5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath  
Whilst Jesus finds supplies ;  
Nor shall our graces sink to death,  
For Jesus never dies.
- 6 [Daily our mortal flesh decays,  
But Christ our life shall come ;  
His unresisted pow'r shall raise  
Our bodies from the tomb.]

## HYMN 6. (L. M.)

*The Memorial of our absent Lord, John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19.  
John xiv. 3.*

- 1 **J**ESUS is gone above the skies,  
Where our weak senses reach him not ;  
And carnal objects court our eyes  
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,  
Apt to forget his lovely face ;  
And, to refresh our minds, he gave  
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of life this table spread  
With his own flesh and dying blood,  
We on the rich provision feed,  
And taste the wine, and bless the God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
And earth grow less in our esteem ;  
Christ and his love fill every thought,  
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

- 5 While he is absent from our sight,  
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,  
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,  
And live for ever near his face.
- 6 [Our eyes look upwards to the hills  
Whence our returning Lord shall come ;  
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,  
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

## HYMN 7. (L. M.)

*Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ, Gal. vi. 14.*

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God !  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.]
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## HYMN 8. (C. M.)

*The Tree of Life.*

- 1 [COME let us join a joyful tune  
To our exalted Lord ;  
Ye saints on high around his throne,  
And we around his board.
- 2 While once upon this lower ground  
Weary and faint ye stood,  
What dear refreshments here ye found  
From this immortal food !]
- 3 The tree of life, that near the throne  
In heav'n's high garden grows,  
Laden with grace, bends gently down  
Its ever-smiling boughs.
- 4 [Hov'ring amongst the leaves there stands  
The sweet celestial Dove ;  
And Jesus on the branches hangs  
The banner of his love.]
- 5 'Tis a young heav'n of strange delight,  
While in his shade we sit ;  
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,  
And to the taste as sweet.
- 5 New life it spreads through dying hearts,  
And cheers the drooping mind ;  
Vigour and joy the juice imparts  
Without a sting behind.]
- 7 Now let the flaming weapon stand,  
And guard all Eden's trees ;  
There's ne'er a plant in all that land  
That bears such fruit as these.
- 8 Infinite grace our souls adore,  
Whose wondrous hand has made  
This living branch of sov'reign pow'r  
To raise and heal the dead.

## HYMN 9. (S. M.)

*The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood, 1 John v. 6.*

- 1 [LET all our tongues be one  
To praise our God on high,  
Who from his bosom sent his Son  
To fetch us strangers nigh.
- 2 Nor let our voices cease  
To sing the Saviour's name ;  
Jesus, th' ambassador of peace,  
How cheerfully he came !
- 3 It cost him cries and tears  
To bring us near to God ;  
Great was our debt, and he appears  
To make the payment good.]
- 4 [My Saviour's pierced side  
Pour'd out a double flood ;  
By water we are purified,  
And pardon'd by the blood.
- 5 Infinite was our guilt,  
But he our Priest atones ;  
On the cold ground his life was spilt,  
And offer'd with his groans.]
- 6 Look up, my soul, to him  
Whose death was thy desert,  
And humbly view the living stream  
Flow from his breaking heart.
- 7 There, on the cursed tree,  
In dying pangs he lies,  
Fulfil his Father's great decree,  
And all our wants supplies.
- 8 Thus the Redeemer came,  
By water and by blood ;  
And when the Spirit speaks the same,  
We feel his witness good.

- 9 While the Eternal Three  
Bear their record above,  
Here I believe he died for me,  
And seal my Saviour's love.
- 10 [Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,  
Nor let thy grace depart ;  
Great Comforter, abide within,  
And witness to my heart.]

## HYMN 10. (L. M.)

*Christ crucified ; or, The Wisdom and Power of God.*

- 1 **N**ATURE with open volume stands  
To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;  
And ev'ry labour of his hands  
Shows something worthy of a God ;
- 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man  
His brightest form of glory shines ;  
Here on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn  
In precious blood and crimson lines.
- 3 [Here his whole name appears complete ;  
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,  
Which of the letters best is writ,  
The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.]
- 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,  
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,  
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,  
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.
- 5 O the sweet wonders of that cross  
Where God the Saviour lov'd and died !  
Her noblest life my spirit draws  
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 6 I would for ever speak his name  
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at his Father's throne.

## HYMN 11. (C. M.)

*Pardon brought to our Senses.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how divine thy comforts are!  
How heav'nly is the place  
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast  
Of his redeeming grace!
- 2 There the rich bounties of our God  
And sweetest glories shine;  
There Jesus says, that "I am his,  
"And my Beloved's mine."
- 3 "Here," says the kind redeeming Lord,  
And shows his wounded side,  
"See here the spring of all your joys,  
"That open'd when I died."
- 4 [He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,  
And tells of all his pain;  
"All this," says he, "I bore for thee,"  
And then he smiles again.]
- 5 What shall we pay our heav'nly King  
For grace so vast as this?  
He brings our pardon to our eyes,  
And seals it with a kiss.
- 6 [Let such amazing loves as these  
Be sounded all abroad;  
Such favours are beyond degrees,  
And worthy of a God.]
- 7 [To him that wash'd us in his blood  
Be everlasting praise,  
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,  
Eternal as his days.]



## HYMN 12. (L. M.)

*The Gospel Feast, Luke xiv. 16, &c.*

- 1 [**H**OW rich are thy provisions, Lord!  
Thy table furnish'd from above!  
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,  
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.
- 2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,  
Were first invited to the feast;  
We humbly take what they refuse,  
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,  
And help was far, and death was nigh;  
But at the gospel-call we came,  
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the highway that leads to hell,  
From paths of darkness and despair,  
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,  
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]
- 5 [What shall we pay th' eternal Son  
That left the heav'n of his abode,  
And to this wretched earth came down,  
To bring us wand'ers back to God!
- 6 It cost him death to save our lives,  
To buy our souls it cost his own;  
And all the unknown joys he gives  
Were bought with agonies unknown.
- 7 Our everlasting love is due  
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;  
And pitied rebels when he knew  
The vast expense his love would cost.]

## HYMN 13. (C. M.)

*Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the Guests.*  
Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place  
With Christ within the doors,  
While everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores!
- 2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God  
With soft compassion rolls;  
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,  
Is food for dying souls.
- 3 [While all our hearts and all our songs  
Join to admire the feast,  
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,  
"Lord, why was I a guest?"
- 4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
"And enter while there's room;  
'When thousands make a wretched choice,  
"And rather starve than come?"]
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
That sweetly forc'd us in!  
Else we had'st ill refus'd to taste,  
And perish'd in our sin.
- 6 [Pity the nations, O our God!  
Constrain the earth to come;  
Send thy victorious word abroad,  
And bring the strangers home.
- 7 We long to see thy churches full,  
That all the chosen race  
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,  
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

## HYMN 14. (L. M.)

*The Song of Simeon, Luke. ii. 28; or, A Sight of Christ makes  
Death easy.*

- 1 **N**OW have our hearts embrac'd our God,  
We would forget all earthly charms,  
And wish to die, as Simeon would,  
With his young Saviour in his arms.
- 2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,  
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his;  
Our souls still willing to be gone,  
And, at thy word, depart in peace.
- 3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord  
And view'd salvation with our eyes,  
Tasted and felt the living word,  
The bread descending from the skies.
- 4 Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,  
Hast set his blood before our face,  
To teach the terrors of thy name,  
And show the wonders of thy grace.
- 5 He is our light; our morning star  
Shall shine on nations yet unknown,  
The glory of thine Israel here,  
And joy of spirits near the throne.

## HYMN 15. (C. M.)

*Our Lord Jesus at his own Table.*

- 1 [**T**HE mem'ry of our dying Lord  
Awakes a thankful tongue;  
How rich he spreads his royal board,  
And blest the food, and sung.
- 2 Happy the men that eat his bread,  
But doubly blest was he  
That gently bow'd his loving head,  
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

- 3 By faith the same delights we taste  
As that great fav'rite did,  
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,  
And take the heav'nly bread.]
- 4 Down from the palace of the skies  
Hither the King descends ;  
" Come, my beloved, eat (he cries)  
" And drink salvation, friends.
- 5 " [My flesh is food and physic too,  
" A balm for all your pains ;  
" And the red streams of pardon flow  
" From these my pierced veins."]
- 6 Hosanna to his bounteous love,  
For such a feast below !  
And yet he feeds his saints above  
With nobler blessings too.
- 7 [Come the dear day, the glorious hour,  
That brings our souls to rest !  
Then we shall need these types no more,  
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.]

## HYMN 16. (C. M.)

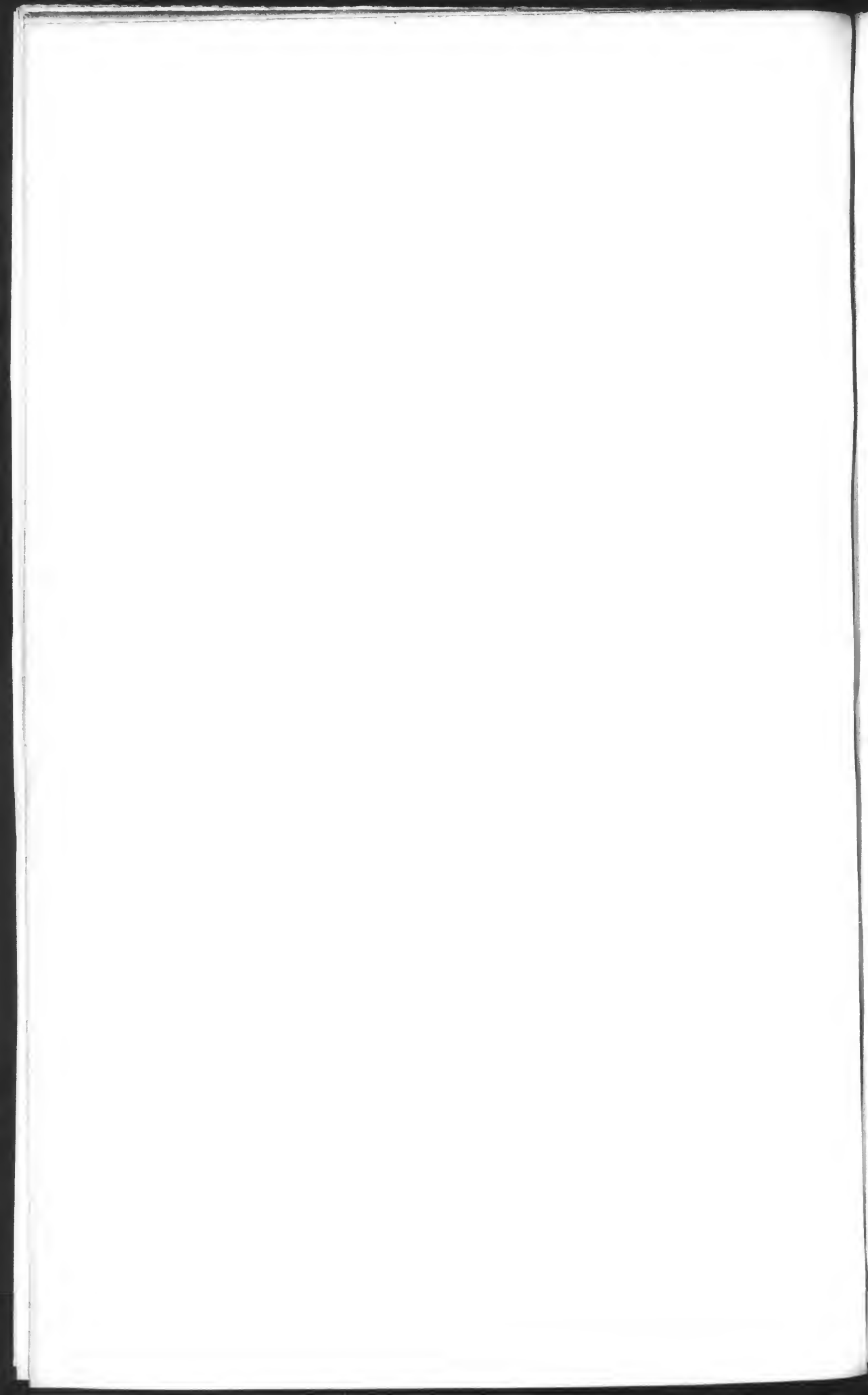
*The Agonies of Christ.*

- 1 **N**OW let our pains be all forgot,  
Our hearts no more repine,  
Our sufferings are not worth a thought,  
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.
- 2 In lively figures here we see  
The bleeding Prince of love ;  
Each of us hope, he died for me,  
And then our griefs remove.
- 3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise  
While sitting round his board ;  
And back to Calvary she flies  
To view her groaning Lord.



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- 4 His soul, what agonies it felt  
When his own God withdrew!  
And the large load of all our guilt  
Lay heavy on him too.
- 5 But the divinity within  
Supported him to bear;  
Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,  
And made his triumph there.]
- 6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought  
The wonders of that day;  
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,  
Can equal thanks repay.
- 7 Our hymns should sound like those above,  
Could we our voices raise;  
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,  
And all our lives be praise.

## HMYN 17. (S. M.)

*Incomparable Food; or, The Flesh and Blood of Christ.*

- 1 [WE sing th' amazing deeds  
That grace divine performs;  
Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds  
To nourish dying worms.
- 2 This soul reviving-wine,  
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood;  
We thank that sacred flesh of thine  
For this immortal food.]
- 3 The banquet that we eat  
Is made of heav'nly things,  
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet  
As our Redeemer brings.
- 4 In vain had Adam sought  
And search'd his garden round,  
For there was no such blessed fruit  
In all that happy ground.

- 5 Th' angelic host above  
Can never taste this food ;  
They feast upon their Maker's love,  
But not a Saviour's blood.
- 6 On us th' Almighty Lord  
Bestows this matchless grace ;  
And meets us with some cheering word,  
With pleasure in his face.
- 7 Come all ye drooping saints,  
And banquet with the King,  
This wine will drown your sad complaints,  
And tune your voice to sing.
- 8 Salvation to the name  
Of our adored Christ ;  
Through the wide earth his grace proclaim,  
His glory is the highest.

## HYMN 18. (L. M.)

*The same.*

- 1 **J**ESUS! we bow before thy feet,  
Thy table is divinely stor'd ;  
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,  
'Tis living bread ; we thank thee, Lord ;
- 2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood ;  
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis gen'rous wine ;  
Mingled with love, the fountain flow'd  
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.
- 3 On earth is no such sweetness found,  
For the Lamb's flesh is heav'nly food ;  
In vain we search the globe around  
For bread so fine, or wine so good.
- 4 Carnal provisions can at best  
But cheer the heart or warm the head,  
But the rich cordial that we taste  
Gives life eternal to the dead.



- 5 Joy to the Master of the feast,  
His name our souls for ever bless !  
To God the King, and God the Priest,  
A loud hosanna round the place.

## HYMN 19. (L. M.)

*Glory in the Cross ; or, Not ashamed of Christ crucified.*

- 1 **A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,  
Here we attend thy dying feast ;  
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,  
And thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
And trusts for life in one that died ;  
We hope for heav'nly crowns above  
From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,  
And fling their scandals on the cause ;  
We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,  
He that was dead has left his tomb,  
He lives above their utmost rage,  
And we are waiting till he come.

## HYMN 20. (C. M.)

*The Provisions for the Table of our Lord ; or, The Tree of Life,  
and River of Love.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,  
And sing the solemn feast,  
Where sweet celestial dainties stand  
For ev'ry willing guest.
- 2 [The tree of life adorns the board  
With rich immortal fruit,  
And ne'er an angry flaming sword  
To guard the passage to't.

- 3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice,  
The fountain flows above,  
And runs down streaming for our use  
In rivulets of love.
- 4 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,  
The pleasures well refin'd,  
They spread new life through ev'ry heart,  
And cheer the drooping mind.
- 5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,  
Ye saints that taste his wine,  
Join with your kindred saints above,  
In loud hosannas join.
- 6 A thousand glories to the God  
That gives such joy as this ;  
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,  
And reach where Jesus is.

## HYMN 21. (C. M.)

*The Triumphal Feast for Christ's Victory over Sin, and Death,  
and Hell.*

- 1 [COME, let us lift our voices high,  
High as our joys arise,  
And join the songs above the sky,  
Where pleasure never dies.
- 2 Jesus, the God, that fought and bled,  
And conquer'd when he fell,  
That rose, and at his chariot wheels  
Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.]
- 3 [Jesus, the God, invites us here  
To his triumphal feast,  
And brings immortal blessings down  
For each redeemed guest.]
- 4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!  
How kind his smiles appear!  
And O, what melting words he says  
To ev'ry humble ear!

- 
- 5 “ For you, the children of my love,  
    “ It was for you I died ;  
    “ Behold my hands, behold my feet,  
    “ And look into my side.
- 6 “ These are the wounds for you I bore,  
    “ The tokens of my pains.  
    “ When I came down to free your souls  
    “ From misery and chains.
- 7 [“ Justice unsheath’d its fiery sword,  
    “ And plung’d it in my heart ;  
    “ Infinite pangs for you I bore,  
    “ And most tormenting smart.
- 8 “ When hell and all its spiteful pow’rs  
    “ Stood dreadful in my way,  
    “ To rescue those dear lives of yours,  
    “ I gave my own away.
- 9 “ But while I bled, and groan’d, and died,  
    “ I ruin’d Satan’s throne,  
    “ High on my cross I hung, and spied,  
    “ The monster tumbling down.
- 10 “ Now you must triumph at my feast,  
    “ And taste my flesh and blood ;  
    “ And live eternal ages blest,  
    “ For ’tis immortal food.”
- 11 Victorious God ! what can we pay  
    For favours so divine ?  
    We would devote our hearts away  
    To be for ever thine.]
- 12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,  
    The tribute of our tongues ;  
    But themes so infinite as these  
    Exceed our noblest songs

## HYMN 22. (L. M.)

*The Compassion of a dying Christ.*

- 1 **O**UR spirits join t' adore the Lamb ;  
Oh that our feeble lips could move  
In strains immortal as his name,  
And melting as his dying love !
- 2 Was ever equal pity found ?  
The Prince of heav'n resigns his breath,  
And pours his life out on the ground,  
To ransom guilty worms from death.
- 3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws ;  
He from the threat'nings sets us free,  
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,  
And nail'd the curses to the tree.]
- 4 [The law proclaims no terror now,  
And Sinai's thunder roars no more ;  
From all his wounds new blessings flow,  
A sea of joy without a shore.
- 5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,  
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood ;  
Blest fountain ! springing from the veins  
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.]
- 6 In vain our mortal voices strive  
To speak compassion so divine ;  
Had we a thousand lives to give,  
A thousand lives should all be thine.

## HYMN 23. (C. M.)

*Grace and Glory by the Death of Christ.*

- 1 [**S**ITTING around our Father's board,  
We raise our tuneful breath ;  
Our faith beholds her dying Lord,  
And dooms our sins to death.]

- 
- 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed  
    Whence all our pardons rise ;  
The sinner views th' atonement made,  
    And loves the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,  
    Procure us heav'nly crowns ;  
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,  
    Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 Oh ! 'tis impossible that we  
    Who dwell in feeble clay,  
Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,  
    Or equal thanks repay.

## HYMN 24. (C. M.)

*Pardon and Strength from Christ.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,  
    To see thy glories shine ;  
The Lord will his own table bless,  
    And make the feast divine.
- 2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread,  
    We drink the sacred cup ;  
With outward forms our sense is fed,  
    Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the throne  
    Of our forgiving God,  
Drest in the garments of his Son,  
    And sprinkled with his blood.
- 4 We shall be strong to run the race,  
    And climb the upper sky,  
Christ will provide our souls with grace,  
    He bought a large supply.

- 5 [Let us indulge a cheerful frame,  
For joy becomes a feast ;  
We love the mem'ry of his name  
More than the wine we taste.]

HYMN 25. (C. M.)

*Divine Glories, and our Graces.*

- 1 **H**OW are thy glories here display'd !  
Great God ! how bright they shine !  
While at thy word we break the bread,  
And pour the flowing wine.
- 2 Here thy revenging justice stands,  
And pleads its dreadful cause ;  
Here saving mercy spreads her hands  
Like Jesus on the cross.
- 3 Thy saints attend with ev'ry grace  
On this great sacrifice ;  
And love appears with cheerful face,  
And faith with fixed eyes
- 4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,  
To heav'n directs her sight ;  
Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,  
And warmer pow'rs unite.
- 5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,  
And rising sin destroy ;  
Repentance comes with aching heart,  
Yet not forbids the joy.
- 6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,  
Let sin for ever die ;  
Then shall our souls be all delight,  
And ev'ry tear be dry.
-

I cannot persuade myself to put a full period to these Divine Hymns, till I have addressed a special Song of Glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in our nation from the Roman Church ; and though there may be some excesses of superstitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature, that our Lord Jesus Christ has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of heavenly worship. I have cast the song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it by a plain version, or a larger paraphrase, to be sung either alone, or at the conclusion of another Hymn. I have added also a few *Hosannas*, or Ascriptions of Salvation to Christ in the same manner, and for the same end.

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### DOXOLOGIES.

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#### HYMN 26. First (L. M.)

*A Song of Praise to the Ever-blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son and Spirit.*

- 1 BLEST be the Father and his love ;  
To whose celestial source we owe  
Rivers of endless joy above,  
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God !  
From whose dear wounded body rolls  
A precious stream of vital blood,  
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,  
Who in our hearts of sin and woe  
Makes living springs of grace arise,  
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit we adore,  
That sea of life and love unknown,  
Without a bottom or a shore.

**HYMN 27.    First (C. M.)**

- 1 **GLORY** to God the Father's name,  
     Who from our sinful race  
     Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim  
     The honours of his grace.
- 2 **Glory** to God the Son be paid,  
     Who dwelt in humble clay,  
     And, to redeem us from the dead,  
     Gave his own life away.
- 3 **Glory** to God the Spirit give  
     From whose almighty pow'r  
     Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,  
     And bless the happy hour.
- 4 **Glory** to God that reigns above,  
     Th' eternal Three in One,  
     Who by the wonders of his love  
     Has made his nature known.

**HYMN 28.    First (S. M.)**

- 1    **LET** God the Father live  
     For ever on our tongues ;  
     Sinners from his first love derive  
     The ground of all their songs.
- 2    Ye saints employ your breath  
     In honour to the Son,  
     Who bought your souls from hell and death  
     By offering up his own.
- 3    Give to the Spirit praise  
     Of an immortal strain,  
     Whose light, and pow'r, and grace conveys  
     Salvation down to men.
- 4    While God the Comforter  
     Reveals our pardon'd sin,  
     O may the blood and water bear  
     The same record within !



- 5 To the great One in Three  
That seal this grace in heav'n,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
Eternal glory giv'n.

HYMN 29. Second (L. M.)

- 1 GLORY to God the Trinity,  
Whose name has mysteries unknown ;  
In essence One, in persons Three ;  
A social nature, yet alone.
- 2 When all our noblest pow'rs are join'd  
The honours of thy name to raise ;  
Thy glories over-match our mind,  
And angels faint beneath the praise.

HYMN 30. Second (C. M.)

- 1 THE God of mercy be ador'd,  
Who calls our souls from death,  
Who saves by his redeeming word,  
And new-creating breath.
- 2 To praise the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit, all divine,  
The One in Three, and Three in One,  
Let saints and angels join.

HYMN 31. Second (S. M.)

- 1 LET God the Maker's name  
Have honour, love, and fear ;  
To God the Saviour pay the same,  
And God the Comforter.
- 2 Father of lights above,  
Thy mercy we adore,  
The Son of thy eternal love,  
And Spirit of thy pow'r.

**HYMN 32. Third (L. M.)**

**TO** God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n  
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

**HYMN 33.**

*Or thus :*

**ALL** glory to thy wondrous name,  
Father of mercy, God of love ;  
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,  
And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

**HYMN 34. Third (C. M.)**

**NOW** let the Father and the Son,  
And Spirit, be ador'd,  
Where there are works to make him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

**HYMN 35.**

*Or thus :*

**HONOUR** to thee, Almighty Three,  
And everlasting One ;  
All glory to the Father be,  
The Spirit, and the Son.

**HYMN 36. Third (S. M.)**

**YE** angels round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, love the Son,  
And bless the Spirit too.

**HYMN 37.**

*Or thus :*

**GIVE** to the Father praise,  
Give glory to the Son,  
And to the Spirit of his grace  
Be equal honour done.

## HYMN 38.

*A Song of Praise to the Blessed Trinity.**The first as the 148th Psalm.*

- 1 I GIVE immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all my comforts here,  
And better hopes above :  
He sent his own  
Eternal Son  
To die for sins  
That man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who bought us with his blood  
From everlasting woe.  
And now he lives,  
And now he reigns,  
And sees the fruit  
Of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit's name  
Immortal worship give,  
Whose new-creating pow'r  
Makes the dead sinner live ;  
His work completes  
The great design,  
And fills the soul  
With joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to Thee,  
Be endless honours done,  
The undivided Three,  
And the mysterious One ;  
Where reason fails  
With all her pow'rs,  
There faith prevails,  
And love adores.

## HYMN 39.

*The Second as the 148th Psalm.*

- 1 TO Him that chose us first  
Before the world began,  
To Him that bore the curse,  
To save rebellious man ;  
To Him that form'd  
Our hearts anew,  
Is endless praise  
And glory due.
- 2 The Father's love shall run  
Through our immortal songs,  
We bring to God the Son  
Hosannas on our tongues ;  
Our lips address  
The Spirit's name  
With equal praise,  
And zeal the same.
- 3 Let ev'ry saint above,  
And angel round the throne,  
For ever bless and love  
The sacred Three in One ;  
Thus heav'n shall raise  
His honours high,  
When earth and time  
Grow old and die.

## HYMN 40.

*The Third as the 148th Psalm.*

TO God the Father's throne  
Perpetual honours raise ;  
Glory to God the Son,  
To God the Spirit praise ;  
And while our lips  
Their tribute bring,  
Our faith adores  
The name we sing.

## HYMN 41.

*Or thus :*

TO our eternal God,  
The Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit all divine,  
Three mysteries in One,  
Salvation, pow'r,  
And praise be giv'n,  
By all on earth,  
And all in heav'n.

## HYMN 42. (L. M.)

*Salvation ascribed to Christ.*

- 1 HOSANNA to King David's Son,  
Who reigns on a superior throne ;  
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth  
Who brings salvation down to earth.
- 2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,  
In this delightful work engage ;  
Old men and babes in Zion sing  
The growing glories of her King.

## HYMN 43. (C. M.)

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Grace,  
Zion, behold thy King ;  
Proclaim the Son of David's race,  
And teach the babes to sing.
- 2 Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word,  
Who from the Father came ;  
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,  
With blessings on his name.

## HYMN 44. (S. M.)

- 1 HOSANNA to the Son  
Of David and of God,  
Who brought the news of pardon down,  
And bought it with his blood.

- 2 To Christ th' anointed King  
Be endless blessings giv'n,  
Let the whole earth his glory sing,  
Who made our peace with heav'n.

**HYMN 45.**

*As the 148th Psalm.*

- 1 **HOSANNA** to the King  
Of David's ancient blood ;  
Behold he comes to bring  
Forgiving grace from God ;  
Let old and young  
Attend his way,  
And at his feet  
Their honours lay.
- 2 Glory to God on high,  
Salvation to the Lamb ;  
Let earth, and sea, and sky,  
His wondrous love proclaim ;  
Upon his head  
Shall honours rest,  
And ev'ry age  
Pronounce him blest

## ADDITIONAL HYMNS

SELECTED

FROM THE DOCTOR'S WORKS.



### HYMN 1. (C. M.)

*Worshipping with Fear.*

- 1 **W**HO dares attempt th' eternal Name  
With notes of mortal sound?  
Dangers and glories guard the theme,  
And spread despair around.
- 2 Destruction waits t' obey his frown,  
And heav'n attends his smile;  
A wreath of lightning guards his crown,  
But love adorns it still.
- 3 Celestial King, our spirits lie,  
Trembling beneath thy feet,  
And wish, and cast a longing eye,  
To reach thy lofty seat.
- 4 When shall we see the Great Unknown,  
And in thy presence stand?  
Reveal the splendours of thy throne,  
But shield us with thy hand.
- 5 In thee what endless wonders meet!  
What various glory shines!  
The crossing rays too fiercely beat  
Upon our fainting minds.
- 6 Angels are lost in sweet surprise  
If thou unveil thy grace;  
And humble awe runs through the skies,  
When wrath arrays thy face.

- 7 When mercy joins with majesty  
To spread their beams abroad,  
Not all their fairest minds on high  
Are shadows of a God.
- 8 Thy works the strongest seraph sings  
In a too feeble strain,  
And labours hard on all his strings  
To reach thy thoughts in vain.
- 9 Created pow'rs, how weak they be!  
How short our praises fall!  
So much akin to nothing we,  
And thou th' eternal All.

## HYMN 2. (L. M.)

*The Creator and Creatures.*

- 1 **G**OD is a name my soul adores,  
Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One;  
Nature and grace, with all their pow'rs,  
Confess the infinite Unknown.
- 2 From thy great self thy being springs;  
Thou art thy own original,  
Made up of uncreated things,  
And self-sufficiency bears them all.
- 3 Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,  
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;  
But nothing like thyself appears,  
Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 4 Still restless nature dies and grows;  
From change to change the creatures run;  
Thy being no succession knows,  
And all thy vast designs are one.
- 5 A glance of thine runs through the globes,  
Rules the bright world, and moves their frame;  
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes;  
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.



- 
- 6 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,  
And worship in submissive forms ;  
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,  
This little dwelling-place of worms.
- 7 How shall affrighted mortals dare  
To sing thy glory or thy grace,  
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,  
And see but shadows of thy face ?
- 8 Who can behold the blazing light ?  
Who can approach consuming flame ?  
None but thy wisdom knows thy might ;  
None but thy word can speak thy name.

HYMN 3. (C. M.)

*The Nativity of Christ.*

- 1 “ **S**HEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,  
“ And send your fears away ;  
“ News from the region of the skies,  
“ Salvation’s horn to-day.
- 2 “ Jesus, the God whom angels fear,  
“ Comes down to dwell with you ;  
“ To-day he makes his entrance here,  
“ But not as monarchs do.
- 3 “ No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,  
“ Nor royal shining things ;  
“ A manger for his cradle stands  
“ And holds the King of kings.
- 4 “ Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,  
“ And see his humble throne ;  
“ With tears of joy in all your eyes,  
“ Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.”
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around  
The heav’nly armies throng ;  
They tune their harps to lofty sound,  
And thus conclude the song :

- 
- 6 “ Glory to God that reigns above,  
     “ Let peace surround the earth ;  
     “ Mortals shall know their Maker’s love,  
     “ At their Redeemer’s birth.”
- 7 Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,  
     And men no tunes to raise ?  
     O may we lose these useless tongues  
     When they forget to praise !
- 8 Glory to God that reigns above,  
     That pitied us forlorn,  
     We join to sing our Maker’s love,  
     For there’s a Saviour born.

## HYMN 4. (C. M.)

*God glorious, and Sinners saved.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines !  
     How high thy wonders rise !  
     Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
     By thousand through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow’r,  
     Their motions speak thy skill ;  
     And on the wings of ev’ry hour,  
     We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands  
     On all thy creatures writ,  
     They shew the labour of thine hands,  
     Or impress of thy feet.
- 4 But when we view thy strange design  
     To save rebellious worms,  
     Where vengeance and compassion join  
     In their divinest forms ;
- 5 Our thoughts are lost in rev’rend awe ;  
     We love and we adore ;  
     The first archangel never saw  
     So much of God before.

- 
- 6 Here the whole Deity is known,  
 Nor dares a creature guess  
 Which of the glories brightest shone,  
 The justice or the grace.
- 7 When sinner's broke the Father's laws,  
 The dying Son atones ;  
 Oh the dear myst'ries of his cross !  
 The triumph of his groans !
- 8 Now the full glories of the Lamb  
 Adorn the heav'nly plains ;  
 Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,  
 And try their choicest strains.
- 9 O may I bear some humble part  
 In that immortal song !  
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
 And love command my tongue.

HYMN 5. (L. M.)

*God only known to himself.*

- 1 **S**TAND and adore ! how glorious he  
 That dwells in bright eternity !  
 We gaze, and we confound our sight,  
 Plung'd in th' abyss of dazzling light.
- 2 Thus, sacred One, almighty Three,  
 Great everlasting mystery,  
 What lofty numbers shall we frame  
 Equal to thy tremendous name ?
- 3 Seraphs the nearest to the throne,  
 Begin, and speak the great Unknown ;  
 Attempt the song, wind up your strings,  
 To notes untry'd, and boundless things.
- 4 You, whose capacious pow'rs survey  
 Largely beyond our eyes of clay ;  
 Yet what a narrow portion too  
 Is seen, or known, or thought by you ?

- 5 How flat your highest praises fall  
Below th' immense original ;  
Weak creatures we, we strive in vain  
To reach an uncreated strain !
- 6 Great God, forgive our feeble lays,  
Sound out thine own eternal praise ;  
A song so vast, a theme so high,  
Calls for the voice that tun'd the sky.

## HYMN 6. (C. M.)

*Sovereignty and Grace.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord ! how fearful is his name !  
How wide is his command !  
Nature, with all her moving frame,  
Rests on his mighty hand.
- 2 Immortal glory forms his throne,  
And light his awful robe ;  
Whilst with a smile, or with a frown,  
He manages the globe.
- 3 A word of his almighty breath  
Can swell or sink the seas ;  
Build the vast empires of the earth,  
Or break them, as he please.
- 4 Adoring angels round him fall  
In all their shining forms,  
His sov'reign eye looks through them all,  
And pities mortal worms.
- 5 His bowels, to our worthless race,  
In sweet compassion move ;  
He clothes his looks with softest grace,  
And takes his title, Love.
- 6 Now let the Lord for ever reign,  
And sway us as he will,  
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,  
We are his fav'rites still.

- 7 No more shall peevish passion rise,  
The tongue no more complain ;  
"Tis sov'reign love that lends our joys,  
And love resumes again.

HYMN 7. (L. M.)

*Love on a Cross, and a Throne.*

- 1 **N**OW let my faith grow strong and rise  
And view my Lord in all his love ;  
Look back to hear his dying cries,  
Then mount and see his throne above.
- 2 See where he languish'd on the cross ;  
Beneath my sins he groan'd and dy'd ;  
See where he sits to plead my cause  
By his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 If I behold his bleeding heart,  
There love in floods of sorrow reigns,  
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,  
And buys my pleasure with his pains.
- 4 Or if I climb th' eternal hills  
Where the dear Conq'ror sits enthron'd ;  
Still on his heart compassion dwells,  
Near the memorials of his wound.
- 5 How shall a pardon'd rebel show  
How much I love my dying God ?  
Lord, here I banish ev'ry foe,  
I hate the sins that cost thy blood.
- 6 I hold no more commerce with hell,  
My dearest lusts shall all depart ;  
But let thine image ever dwell  
Stamp'd as a seal upon my heart.

## HYMN 8. (L. M.)

*Christ the Eternal Life, Rom. ix. 5.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Saviour and our God,  
Array'd in majesty and blood,  
Thou art our life ; our souls in thee  
Possess a full felicity.
- 2 All our immortal hopes are laid  
In thee our Surety and our Head ;  
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,  
Are big with glories yet unknown.
- 3 Let Atheists scoff and Jews blaspheme  
Th' eternal life, and Jesus' name ;  
A word of thy almighty breath  
Dooms the rebellious world to death.
- 4 But let my soul for ever lie  
Beneath the blessings of thine eye ;  
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,  
To see thy face and taste thy love.

## HYMN 9. (L. M.)

*Absent from the Body, and present with the Lord, 2 Cor. v. 8.*

- 1 **A**BSENT from flesh ! O blissful thought !  
What unknown joys this moment brings ?  
Freed from the mischiefs sin has brought,  
From pains and fears and all their springs.
- 2 Absent from flesh ! illustrious day,  
Surprising scene ! triumphant stroke  
That rends the prison of my clay,  
And I can feel my fetters broke.
- 3 Absent from flesh ! then rise, my soul,  
Where feet nor wings could never climb,  
Beyond the heav'ns where planets roll  
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

- 4 I go where God and glory shine,  
His presence makes eternal day,  
My all that's mortal I resign,  
For angels wait and point my way.

HYMN 10. (C. M.)

*Condescending Grace, Psalm cxxxviii. 6.*

- 1 **W**HEN the Eternal bows the skies  
To visit earthly things,  
With scorn divine he turns his eyes  
From tow'rs of haughty kings.
- 2 He bids his awful chariot roll  
Far downward from the skies,  
To visit ev'ry humble soul  
With pleasure in his eyes.
- 3 Why should the Lord that reigns above  
Disdain so lofty kings?  
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love  
Upon such worthless things?
- 4 Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares  
Dispute his awful will?  
Ask no account of his affairs,  
But tremble and be still.
- 5 Just like his nature is his grace,  
All sov'reign and all free;  
Great God, how searchless are thy ways,  
How deep thy judgments be!

HYMN 11. (C. M.)

- 1 **S**HALL atheists dare insult the cross  
Of our Redeemer, God?  
Shall infidels reproach his laws,  
Or trample on his blood.

- 2 What if he choose mysterious ways  
To cleanse us from our faults?  
May not the works of Sov'reign grace  
Transcend our feeble thoughts?
- 3 What if his gospel bids us fight  
With flesh, and self, and sin?  
The prize is most divinely bright  
That we are call'd to win?
- 4 What if the foolish and the poor  
His glorious race partake?  
This but confirms his truth the more,  
For so the prophets spake.
- 5 Do some that own his sacred name  
Indulge their souls in sin?  
Jesus should never bear the blame,  
His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong,  
Our lips profess his word;  
Nor blush nor fear to walk among  
The men that love the Lord.

## HYMN 12. (L. M.)

*Faith the Way to Salvation, Rom. i. 16. Eph. ii. 8, 9.*

- 1 **N**OT by the laws of innocence  
Can Adam's sons arrive at heav'n;  
New works can give us no pretence  
To have our ancient sins forgiv'n.
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done  
Can make a wounded conscience whole;  
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,  
That flies to Christ and saves the soul.
- 3 Lord, I believe thy heav'nly word,  
Fain would I have my soul renew'd;  
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord  
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.



- 4 O may thy grace its pow'r display,  
Let guilt and death no longer reign ;  
Save me in thine appointed way,  
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

HYMN 13. (L. M.)

*Christ's Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumph*, Phil. ii. 8, 9.  
Mark xv. 20, 24, 29. Col. ii. 15.

- 1 **T**HE mighty frame of glorious grace,  
That brightest monument of praise,  
That e'er the God of love design'd,  
Employs and fills my lab'ring mind.
- 2 Begin, my soul, the heav'nly song,  
A burden for an angel's tongue.  
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,  
He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love ;  
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,  
Puts off the beams of bright array,  
And veils the God in mortal clay !
- 4 What black reproach defil'd his name  
When with our sins he took our shame !  
He whom adoring angels blest,  
Is made the impious rebel's jest.
- 5 He that distributes crowns and thrones  
Hangs on a tree and bleeds and groans !  
The Prince of life resigns his breath,  
The King of glory bows to death !
- 6 But see the wonders of his pow'r,  
He triumphs in his dying hour ;  
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,  
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
- 7 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,  
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood ;  
Thus he arose, and reigns above,  
And conquers sinners by his love.

- 8 Who shall fulfil this boundless song?  
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue;  
How low, how vain, are mortal airs,  
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

HYMN 14. (C. M.)

*The Atonement of Christ, Rom iii. 25.*

- 1 **H**OW is our nature spoil'd by sin!  
Yet nature ne'er hath found  
The way to make the conscience clean,  
Or heal the painful wound.
- 2 In vain we seek for peace with God  
By methods of our own;  
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood  
Can bring us near the throne.
- 3 The threat'nings of thy broken law  
Impress our souls with dread;  
If God his sword of vengeance draw,  
It strikes our spirits dead.
- 4 But thine illustr'ous Sacrifice  
Hath answer'd these demands;  
And peace and pardon from the skies  
Come down by Jesus' hands.
- 5 Here all the ancient types agree,  
The altar and the Lamb;  
And prophets in their visions see  
Salvation through his name.
- 6 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;  
'Tis on thy cross we rest;  
For ever be thy love ador'd,  
Thy name for ever blest.

HYMN 15. (L. M.)

*Jesus our Surety and Saviour, 1 Peter i. 18. Gal. iii. 13.  
Rom. iv. 25.*

- 1 **A** DAM, our father and our head,  
Trangress'd, and justice doom'd us dead,  
The fiery law speaks all despair ;  
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.
- 2 But, O unutterable grace !  
The Son of God takes Adam's place,  
Down to our world the Saviour flies,  
Stretches his arms, and bleeds and dies.
- 3 Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,  
And pay its wrongs with heav'nly blood ;  
What unknown racks and pangs he bore !  
Then rose ; the law could ask no more.
- 4 Amazing work ! look down, ye skies,  
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes ;  
Ye heav'nly thrones, stoop from above,  
And bow to this mysterious love.
- 5 Lo ! they adore th' incarnate Son,  
And sing the glories he hath won,  
Sing how he broke our iron chains,  
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.
- 6 Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,  
By all the flaming hosts ador'd ;  
And say, dear Conq'ror, say how long,  
Ere we shall rise to join their song.
- 7 Send down a chariot from above,  
With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love  
Raise us beyond th' ethereal blue,  
To sing and love as angels do.

## HYMN 16. (L. M.)

*Christ's dying, rising, and reigning, Luke xxiii. 27, 29, 44—46.  
Matt. xxvii. 50, 57. xxviii. 6, &c.*

- 1 **H**E dies! the Friend of sinners dies!  
Lo Salem's daughters weep around,  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,  
For him who groan'd beneath your load;  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for men!  
But lo! what sudden joys we see,  
Jesus the dead revives again!
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!  
The tomb in vain forbids his rise;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your fears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;  
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster Death in chains.
- 6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!  
"Born to redeem, and strong to save;"  
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting;"  
And, "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

## HYMN 17. (C. M.)

*The Doctrine of the Trinity, and the Use of it; or, Access to the  
Father, through Christ, by the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of glory, to thy name,  
Immortal praise we give,  
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,  
And bid us rebels live.

- 
- 2 Immortal honour to thy Son,  
Who makes thy anger cease ;  
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,  
And died to buy our peace.
  - 3 To thy almighty Spirit be  
Immortal glory giv'n,  
Whose influence brings us near to thee,  
And trains us up for heav'n.
  - 4 Let men, with their united voice,  
Adore th' eternal God,  
And spread his honours, and their joys,  
Through nations far abroad.
  - 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,  
One gen'ral song to raise,  
And saints in earth and heav'n combine,  
In harmony and praise.

HYMN 18. (L. M.)

*The Soul drawing near to God in Prayer.*

- 1 **M**Y God, I bow before thy feet,  
When shall my soul get near thy seat  
When shall I see thy glorious face,  
With mingled majesty and grace ?
- 2 How shall I love thee and adore,  
With hopes and joys unknown before !  
And bid this trifling world begone,  
Nor tease my heart so near thy throne !
- 3 Creatures with all their charms should fly,  
The presence of a God so nigh ;  
My darling sins should lose their name,  
And grow my hatred and my shame.
- 4 My soul shall pour out all her cares,  
In flowing words, or flowing tears !  
Thy smiles would ease my sharpest pain  
Nor should I seek my God in vain.

## HYMN 19. (C. M.)

*Sins and Sorrows spread before God.*

- 1 **O** THAT I knew the secret place,  
Where I might find my God!  
I'd spread my wants before his face,  
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,  
What sorrows I sustain ;  
How grace decays and comfort dies,  
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 I'd say, " How flesh and sense rebel !  
" What inward foes combine  
" With the vain world, and pow'rs of hell,  
" To vex this soul of mine !"
- 4 He knows what arguments I'd take,  
To wrestle with my God ;  
I'll plead for his own mercy's sake,  
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 5 My God will pity my complaints,  
And heal my broken bones ;  
He takes the meaning of his saints,  
The language of their groans.
- 6 Arise my soul, from deep distress,  
And banish ev'ry fear ;  
He calls thee to his throne of grace,  
To spread thy sorrows there.

## HYMN 20. (L. M.)

*Nearness to God, the Felicity of Creatures.*

- 1 **A**RE those the happy persons here,  
Who dwell the nearest to their God,  
Has God invited sinners near ?  
And Jesus bought his grace with blood ?

- 2 Go then, my soul, address the Son,  
To lead thee near the Father's face ;  
Gaze on his glories yet unknown,  
And taste the blessings of his grace.
- 3 Vain vexing world, and flesh, and sense,  
Retire while I approach my God ;  
Nor let my sins divide me thence,  
Nor creatures tempt my thoughts abroad.
- 4 While to thine arms, my God, I press,  
No mortal hope, nor joy, nor fear,  
Shall call my soul from thine embrace ;  
'Tis heav'n to dwell for ever there.

HYMN 21. (C. M.)

*The Scale of Blessedness ; or, Blessed Saints, Blessed Saviour,  
And Blessed Trinity.*

- 1 **A**SCEND, my soul, by just degrees,  
Let contemplation rove  
O'er all the rising ranks of bliss,  
Here, and in worlds above.
- 2 Blest is the nation near to God,  
Where he makes known his ways ;  
Blest are the men whose feet have trod  
His lower courts of grace.
- 3 Blest were the levite and the priest,  
Who near his altar stood ;  
Blest are the saints from sin releas'd,  
And reconcil'd with blood.
- 4 Blest are the souls dismiss'd from clay,  
Before his face they stand ;  
Blest angels in their bright array,  
Attend his great command.
- 5 Jesus is more divinely blest,  
Where man to Godhead join'd.  
Hath joys transcending all the rest,  
More noble and refin'd.

- 
- 6 But, O what words or thoughts can trace  
 The blessed Three in One!  
 Here rest my spirit, and confess  
 The infinite Unknown.

## HYMN 22. (L. M.)

*Christian Morality, viz. Things of Good Report.*

- 1 **I**S it a thing of good report,  
 To squander life and time away?  
 To cut the hours of duty short,  
 While toys and follies waste the day?
- 2 To ask and prattle all affairs,  
 And mind all bus'ness but our own?  
 To live at random void of cares,  
 While all things to confusion run?
- 3 Doth this become the Christian name,  
 To venture near the tempter's door?  
 To sort with men of evil fame,  
 And yet presume to stand secure?
- 4 Am I my own sufficient guard,  
 While I expose my soul to shame?  
 Can the short joys of sin reward  
 The lasting blemish of my name?
- 5 O may it be my constant choice  
 To walk with men of grace below,  
 Till I arrive where heav'nly joys  
 And never-fading honours grow?

## HYMN 23. (C. M.)

*Holy Fortitude ; or, Remedies against Fear.*

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,  
 A foll'wer of the Lamb ;  
 And shall I fear to own his cause,  
 Or blush to speak his name?



- 
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,  
On flow'ry beds of ease ;  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sail'd through bloody seas ?
  - 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?  
Must I not stem the flood ?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God ?
  - 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;  
Increase my courage, Lord !  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
  - 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die ;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
  - 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 24. (L. M.)

*The same.*

- 1 **W**HEN tumults of unruly fear  
Rise in my heart and riot there,  
What shall I do to calm my breast,  
And get the vexing foe suppress ?
- 2 What pow'r can these wild thoughts control,  
This ruffling tempest of the soul ?  
Where shall I fly in this distress,  
But to the throne of glorious grace ?
- 3 My faith would seize some promise, Lord ;  
There's pow'r and safety in thy word :  
Not all that earth or hell can say,  
Shall tempt or drive my soul away.

- 4 I call the days of old to mind,  
When I have found my God was kind :  
My heav'nly Friend is still the same ;  
Salvation to his holy name.
- 5 Great God, preserve my conscience clean ;  
Wash me from guilt, forgive my sin ;  
Thy love shall guard me from surprise,  
Though threat'ning dangers round me rise.
- 6 When fear like a wild ocean raves,  
Let Jesus walk upon the waves,  
And say, " 'Tis I ;" that heav'nly voice  
Shall sink the storm, and raise my joys.

## HYMN 25. (L. M.)

*Christ's Propitiation improved.*

- 1 **L**ORD, didst thou send thy Son to die  
For such a guilty wretch as I ?  
And shall thy mercy not impart,  
Thy Spirit to renew my heart ?
- 2 Lord, hast thou wash'd my garments clean  
In Jesus' blood from shame and sin ?  
Shall I not strive with all my pow'r  
That sin pollute my soul no more ?
- 3 Shall I not bear my Father's rod,  
The kind correction of my God,  
When Christ upon the cursed tree  
Sustain'd a heavier load for me ?
- 4 Why should I dread my dying day,  
Since Christ hath took the curse away,  
And taught me with my latest breath  
To triumph o'er thy terrors, death ?
- 5 O rather let me wish and cry,  
" When shall my soul get loose and fly  
" To upper worlds ? When shall I see  
" The God, the man, that died for me ?"

- 6 I shall behold his glories there,  
And pay him my eternal share  
Of praise, and gratitude, and love,  
Among ten thousand saints above.

HYMN 26. (L. M.)

*All things working together for Good.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, survey thy happiness,  
If thou art found a child of grace ;  
How richly is the gospel stor'd !  
What joy the promises afford !
- 2 " All things are ours ;" the gift of God,  
And purchas'd with our Saviour's blood ;  
While the good Spirit shews us how  
To use and to enjoy them too.
- 3 If peace and plenty crown my days,  
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise ;  
If bread of sorrows be my food,  
These sorrows work my real good.
- 4 I would not change my blest estate  
With all that flesh calls rich or great ;  
And while my faith can keep her hold,  
I envy not the sinner's gold.
- 5 Father, I wait thy daily will,  
Thou shalt divide my portion still,  
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,  
Till death and heav'n reveal the rest.

HYMN 27. (L. M.)

*Death of Mankind, Saints and Sinners, improved.*

- 1 **H**AS death such vast destruction made ?  
Does ev'ry hour increase the dead ?  
Here I behold the guilt of sin,  
That brought this spreading mischief in.

- 
- 2 Great God! how awful and how just,  
Thy law, that turns our flesh to dust!  
O let me learn how frail am I,  
And all my life prepare to die.
- 3 When impious wretches yield their breath,  
And go unpardon'd down to death,  
Awake my soul, adore the grace,  
That gave thee a repenting space.
- 4 But when a saint with cheerful air  
Meets his last foe, and feels no fear,  
Our faith, our hope, and courage grow,  
We learn to face the tyrant too.
- 5 We could renounce our all things here,  
And wish that moment would appear,  
When we shall leave this world, and rise  
To meet the joys above the skies.

## HYMN 28. (L. M.)

*Death a Blessing to the Saints.*

- 1 **D**O flesh and nature dread to die?  
And tim'rous thoughts our minds enslave?  
But grace can raise our hopes on high,  
And quell the terrors of the grave.
- 2 What! shall we run to gain the crown,  
Yet grieve to think the goal so near?  
Afraid to have our labours done,  
And finish this important war?
- 3 Do we not dwell in clouds below,  
And little know the God we love?  
Why should we like this twilight so?  
When 'tis all noon in worlds above?
- 4 There shall we see him face to face,  
There shall we know the Great Unknown,  
And Jesus, with his glorious grace,  
Shines in full light amidst the throne.

- 
- 5 When we put off this fleshly load,  
 We're from a thousand mischiefs free,  
 For ever present with our God,  
 Where we have long'd and wish'd to be.
- 6 No more shall pride or passion rise,  
 Or envy fret, or malice roar,  
 Or sorrow mourn with downcast eyes,  
 And sin defile our souls no more.
- 7 'Tis best, 'tis infinitely best,  
 To go where tempters cannot come ;  
 Where saints and angels ever blest  
 Dwell, and enjoy their heav'nly home.
- 8 O for a visit from my God,  
 To drive my fears of death away,  
 And help me through this darksome road  
 To realms of everlasting day !

HYMN 29. (L. M.)

*The Penitent pardoned.*

- 1 **H**ENCE from my soul, my sins, depart,  
 Your fatal friendship now I see ;  
 Long have you dwelt too near my heart,  
 Hence, to eternal distance flee.
- 2 Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,  
 Yet I caress'd your vip'rous brood,  
 And in my heart-strings lapp'd you round,  
 You, the vile murd'ers of my God.
- 3 [Black heavy thoughts, like mountains, roll  
 O'er my poor breast with boding fears,  
 And crushing hard my tortur'd soul,  
 Wring through my eyes the briny tears.]
- 4 Forgive my treasons, Prince of grace ;  
 The bloody Jews were traitors too,  
 Yet thou hast pray'd for that curst race.  
 " Father, they know not what they do "

- 
- 5 Great Advocate, look down and see  
 A wretch, whose smarting sorrows bleed ;  
 O plead the same excuse for me !  
 For, Lord, I knew not what I did.
- 6 Peace, my complaints ! let ev'ry groan  
 Be still, and silence wait his love ;  
 Compassions dwell amidst his throne,  
 And through his inmost bowels move.
- 7 [Lo, from the everlasting skies,  
 Gently as morning dews distil,  
 The Dove immortal downward flies,  
 With peaceful olive on his bill.]
- 8 How sweet the voice of pardon sounds !  
 Sweet the relief to deep distress ;  
 I feel the balm that heals my wounds  
 And all my pow'rs adore the grace.

## HYMN 30. (C. M.)

*The Comparison and Complaint.*

- 1 **I**NFINITE Pow'r, eternal Lord,  
 How sov'reign is thy hand !  
 All nature rose t' obey thy word,  
 And moves at thy command.
- 2 With steady course thy shining sun  
 Keeps his appointed way,  
 And all the hours obedient run  
 The circle of the day.
- 3 But ah ! how wide my spirit flies,  
 And wanders from her God !  
 My soul forgets the heav'nly prize,  
 And treads the downward road.
- 4 The raging fire, and stormy sea,  
 Perform thine awful will ;  
 And ev'ry beast and ev'ry tree,  
 Thy great designs fulfil.

- 
- 5 While my wild passions rage within,  
 Nor thy commands obey ;  
 And flesh and sense, enslav'd to sin,  
 Draw my best thoughts away.
- 6 Shall creatures of a meaner frame  
 Pay all their dues to thee ;  
 Creatures, that never knew thy name,  
 That never lov'd like me ?
- 7 Great God, create my soul anew,  
 Conform my heart to thine ;  
 Melt down my will, and let it flow,  
 And take the mould divine.
- 8 [Seize my whole frame into thy hand ;  
 Here all my pow'rs I bring ;  
 Manage the wheels by thy command,  
 And govern ev'ry spring.
- 9 Then shall my feet no more depart,  
 Nor wand'ring senses rove ;  
 Devotion shall be all my heart,  
 And all my passions love.
- 10 Then not the sun shall more than I  
 His Maker's law perform,  
 Nor travel swifter through the sky  
 Nor with a zeal so warm.]

HYMN 31. (L. M.)

*God Supreme and Self-sufficient.*

- 1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,  
 Nor men can learn, nor angels teach ;  
 He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,  
 Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heav'nly light,  
 Compar'd with him, how short they fall !  
 They are too dark, and he too bright ;  
 Nothing are they, and God is all.

- 
- 3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo  
Creation rose at his command ;  
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,  
Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,  
There nature learns, and feels her prop ;  
But his own self-sufficiency bears  
The weight of his own glories up.
- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,  
Measuring their changes by the moon ;  
No ebb his sea of glory knows,  
His age is one eternal noon.
- 6 Then fly, my song, an endless round ;  
The lofty tune let Michael raise ;  
All nature, dwell upon the sound ;  
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

## HYMN 32.

*The God of Thunder.*

- 1 **O** THE immense, th' amazing height,  
The boundless grandeur of our God,  
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,  
And sways the nations with his nod !
- 2 He speaks ; and, lo, all nature shakes,  
Heav'n's everlasting pillars bow ;  
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,  
And shoots his fiery arrows through.
- 3 Well, let the nations start and fly  
At the blue lightning's horrid glare,  
Atheists and emp'ors shrink and die,  
When flame and noise torment the air :
- 4 Let noise and flame confound the skies,  
And drown the spacious realms below,  
Yet will we sing the Thund'rer's praise,  
And send our loud hosannas through



- 
- 5 Celestial King! thy blazing pow'r  
 Kindles our hearts to flaming joys ;  
 We shout to hear thy thunders roar,  
 And echo to our Father's voice.
- 6 Thus shall the God our Saviour come,  
 And lightnings round his chariot play :  
 Ye lightnings, fly to make him room ;  
 Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.

HYMN 33. (L. M.)

*The Law and Gospel.*

- 1 “ **C**URST be the man, for ever curst,  
 “ That doth one wilful sin commit :  
 “ Death and damnation for the first,  
 “ Without relief, and infinite.”
- 2 Thus Sinai roars ; and round the earth  
 Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings :  
 But Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,  
 And Calvary, say gentler things.
- 3 Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,  
 Streaming along a Saviour's blood ;  
 And life, and joys, and crowns above,  
 Dear-purchas'd by a bleeding God.
- 4 Hark, how he prays, (the charming sound  
 Dwells on his dying lips,) “ Forgive ;”  
 And ev'ry groan, and gaping wound,  
 Cries, “ Father, let the rebels live.”
- 5 Go, you that rest upon the law,  
 And toil, and seek salvation there,  
 Look to the flames that Moses saw,  
 And shrink, and tremble, and despair.
- 6 But I'll retire beneath the cross ;  
 Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie ;  
 And the keen sword that justice draws,  
 Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

## HYMN 34. (L. M.)

*A Preparatory Thought for the Lord's Supper.**In Imitation of Isaiah lxiii. 1, 2, 3.*

- 1 **W**HAT heav'nly Man, or lovely God,  
Comes marching downward from the  
skies,  
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,  
With joy and pity in his eyes?
- 2 The Lord! the Saviour! yes, tis he,  
I know him by the smiles he wears;  
Dear glorious man that died for me,  
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!
- 3 Lo, he reveals his shining breast;  
I own those wounds, and I adore;  
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,  
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore!
- 4 Whence flow these favours so divine?  
Lord, why so lavish of thy blood?  
Why, for such earthly souls as mine,  
This heav'nly flesh, this sacred food?
- 5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,  
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;  
'Twas his own love this table spread  
For such unworthy worms as we.
- 6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love;  
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord;  
With glad consent our lips shall move,  
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

## HYMN 35. (C. M.)

*The Presence of God worth dying for; or, The Death of Moses.*

- 1 [**L**ORD, 'tis an infinite delight  
To see thy lovely face,  
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,  
And feel thy vital rays.

- 
- 2 This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name  
 With rapture on his tongue ;  
 Moses the saint enjoys the same,  
 And heav'n repeats the song.
- 3 While the bright nation sounds thy praise  
 From each eternal hill,  
 Sweet odours of exhaling grace  
 The happy region fill.
- 4 Thy love, a sea without a shore,  
 Spreads life and joy abroad ;  
 O 'tis a heav'n worth dying for  
 To see a smiling God !]
- 5 Shew me thy face, and I'll away  
 From all inferior things ;  
 Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,  
 And stretch my airy wings.
- 6 Sweet was the journey to the sky  
 The wondrous prophet try'd ;  
 "Climb up the mount," says God, "and die,"  
 The prophet climb'd, and died.
- 7 Softly his fainting head he lay  
 Upon his Maker's breast ;  
 His Maker kiss'd his soul away,  
 And laid his flesh to rest.
- 8 In God's own arms he left the breath  
 That God's own Spirit gave ;  
 His was the noblest road to death,  
 And his the sweetest grave.

HYMN 36. (L. M.)

*Come, Lord Jesus.*

- 1 **W**HEN shall thy lovely face be seen ?  
 When shall our eyes behold our God ?  
 What lengths of distance lie between !  
 And hills of guilt, a heavy load !

- 2 Our months are ages of delay,  
And slowly ev'ry minute wears ;  
Fly, winged time, and roll away  
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.
- 3 Ye heav'nly gates, loose all your chains,  
Let the eternal pillars bow ;  
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,  
And make the crystal mountains flow.
- 4 Hark, how their saints unite their cries,  
And pray and wait the gen'ral doom ;  
Come, thou, the soul of all our joys,  
Thou, the Desire of nations, come.
- 5 Put thy bright robes of triumph on,  
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears ;  
Thou absent Love, thou dear Unknown,  
Thou fairest of ten thousand fairs.
- 6 Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint ;  
Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee ;  
And ev'ry limb and ev'ry joint,  
Stretches for immortality.

## HYMN 37. (L. M.)

*God exalted above all Praise.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Pow'r! whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;  
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step above thy seat  
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet ;  
In vain the tall archangel tries  
To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.
- 3 Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings,  
He hides his face behind his wings ;  
And ranks of shining thrones around  
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

- 
- 4 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?  
 We should adore our Maker too ;  
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,  
 “ The great, the holy, and the high !”
- 5 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,  
 And worms have learnt to lisp thy name ;  
 But O, the glories of thy mind  
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 6 God is in heav’n, and men below ;  
 Be short our tunes, our words be few ;  
 A sacred rev’rence checks our songs,  
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN 38. (C. M.)

*The Spirit's Farewell to the Body, after long Sickness.*

- 1 **H**OW am I held a pris’ner now,  
 Far from my God ! This mortal chain  
 Binds me to sorrow : all below  
 Is short-liv’d ease or tiresome pain.
- 2 When shall that wondrous hour appear,  
 Which frees me from this dark abode,  
 To live at large in regions where  
 Nor cloud nor veil shall hide my God !
- 3 Farewell this flesh, these ears, these eyes,  
 These snares and fetters of the mind ;  
 My God, nor let this frame arise  
 Till ev’ry dust be well refin’d.
- 4 Jesus, who mak’st our natures whole,  
 Mould me a body like thy own ;  
 Then shall it better serve my soul  
 In works of praise, and worlds unknown

## HYMN 39. (C. M.)

*A Funeral Ode at the Interment of the Body.*

- 1 **U**NVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
And give these sacred relics room  
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
Invade thy bounds : no mortal woes  
Can reach the lovely sleeper here ;  
And angels watch her soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept : God's dying Son  
Past through the grave, and blest the bed.  
Rest here fair saint ; till from his throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;  
Attend, O earth, his sov'reign word ;  
Restore thy trust, a glorious form ;  
She must ascend to meet her Lord.

## HYMN 40. (C. M.)

*God's Dominion and Decrees.*

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things,  
And wait your Maker's nod ;  
The muse stands trembling while she sings  
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,  
Hang on his firm decree ;  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Now wisdom with superior sway  
Guides the vast moving frame,  
Whilst all the ranks of beings pay  
Deep rev'rence to his name.

- 4 He spake : The sun obedient stood,  
And held the falling day.  
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,  
And disappoints the sea.
- 5 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,  
With all the fates of men,  
With ev'ry angel's form and size  
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 6 His providence unfolds the book,  
And makes his counsels shine ;  
Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke,  
Fulfil some deep design.
- 7 Here he exalts neglected worms  
To sceptres and a crown ;  
Anon the foll'wing page he turns,  
And treads the monarch down.
- 8 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,  
Nor God the reason gives ;  
Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry  
Between the folded leaves.
- 9 My God, I never long'd to see  
My fate with curious eyes,  
What gloomy lines are writ for me,  
Or what bright scenes shall rise.
- 10 In thy fair book of life and grace,  
May I but find my name  
Recorded in some humble place  
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

HYMN 41. (L. M.)

*Sun, Moon, and Stars, praise ye the Lord.*

- 1 **F**AIREST of all the lights above,  
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,  
And with unwearied swiftness move,  
To form the circles of our years.

- 
- 2 Praise the Creator of the skies,  
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays ;  
Or may the sun forget to rise,  
If he forget his Maker's praise.
- 3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,  
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,  
Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light,  
Are softer rivals of the noon ;
- 4 Arise, and to that sov'reign pow'r  
Waxing and waning honours pay  
Who bid thee rule the dusky hour,  
And half supply the absent day.
- 5 Ye twinkling stars, who gild the skies  
When darkness has its curtains drawn,  
Who keep your watch, with wakeful eyes,  
When business, cares, and day are gone ;
- 6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,  
Dispers'd through all the heav'nly street,  
Whose boundless treasures can afford  
So rich a pavement for his feet.
- 7 O God of glory, God of love,  
Thou art the Sun that makes our days ;  
With all thy shining works above,  
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

## HYMN 42. (C. M.)

*Remember your Creator, &c. Eccl. xii.*

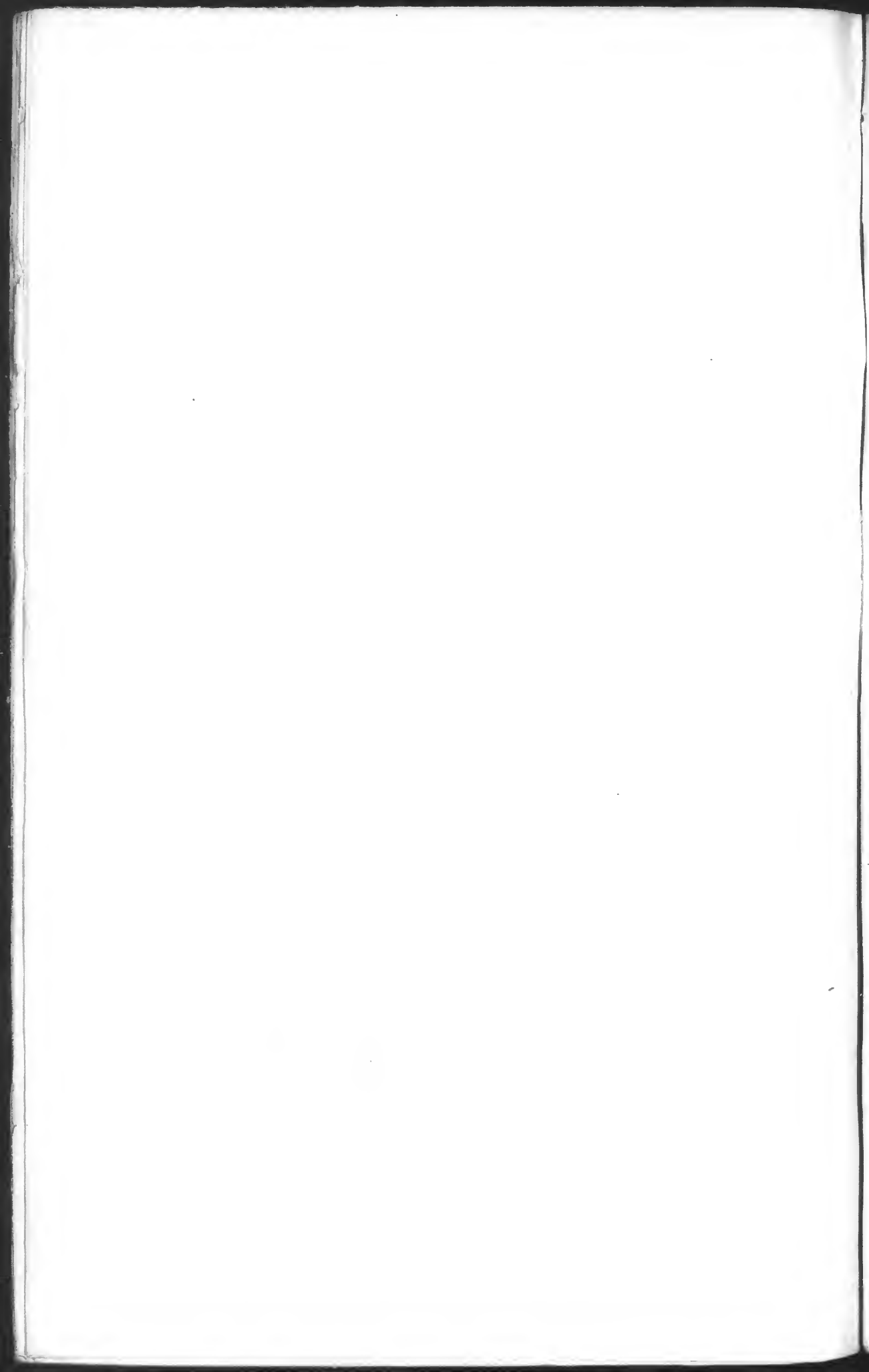
- 1 **C**HILDREN, to your Creator, God,  
Your early honours pay,  
While vanity and youthful blood  
Would tempt your thoughts astray.
- 2 Be wise, and make his favour sure,  
Before the mournful days,  
When youth and mirth are known no more,  
And life and strength decays.





REMEMBER YOUR CREATOR .

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- 
- 3 No more the blessings of a feast  
Shall relish on the tongue,  
The heavy ear forgets the taste  
And pleasure of a song.
- 4 Old age, with all her dismal train,  
Invades your golden years  
With sighs and groans, and raging pain  
And death that never spares.
- 5 What will you do when light departs,  
And leaves your with'ring eyes,  
Without one beam to cheer your hearts  
From the superior skies?
- 6 How will you meet God's frowning brow  
Or stand before his seat,  
While nature's old supporters bow,  
Nor bear their tott'ring weight?
- 7 The mem'ry of his mighty name,  
Demands your first regard;  
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,  
'Till you have lov'd the Lord.

HYMN 43. (C. M.)

*Felicity Above.*

- 1 **N**O, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss;  
For bliss can ne'er be found  
Till we arrive where Jesus is,  
And tread on heav'nly ground
- 2 There's nothing round these painted skies;  
Or round this dusty clod;  
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,  
Or lovely as thy God.
- 3 'Tis heav'n on earth to taste his love,  
To feel his quick'ning grace;  
And all the heav'n I hope above  
Is but to see his face.

- 4 Why move my years in slow delay?  
O God of ages! why?  
Let the spheres cleave, and make my way  
To the superior sky.
- 5 Dear Sov'reign, break these vital strings  
That bind me to my clay;  
Take me, angels, on your wings,  
And stretch and soar away.

## HYMN 44. (L. M.)

*The Sight of God in heaven.*

- 1 **C**REATOR-GOD, eternal light,  
Fountain of good, tremendous pow'r,  
Ocean of wonders, blissful sight!  
Beauty and love unknown before!
- 2 Thy grace, thy nature, all unknown  
In yon dark region whence I came;  
Where languid glimpses from thy throne  
And feeble whispers teach thy name.
- 3 I'm in a world where all is new;  
Myself, my God; O blest amaze!  
Not my best hopes or wishes knew  
To form a shadow of this grace.
- 4 Fix'd on my God, my heart, adore:  
My restless thoughts, forbear to rove:  
Ye meaner passions, stir no more;  
But all my powers be joy and love.

## HYMN 45. (L. M.)

*Forsaken, yet hoping.*

- 1 **H**APPY the hours, the golden days,  
When I could call my Jesus mine  
And sit and view his smiling face,  
And melt in pleasures all divine.

- 
- 2 Near to my heart, within my arms  
He lay, till sin defil'd my breast ;  
Till broken vows, and earthly charms,  
Tir'd and provok'd my heav'nly guest.
- 3 And now he's gone, O mighty woe !  
Gone from my soul, and hides his love !  
Curse on you, sins, that griev'd him so,  
Ye sins, that forc'd him to remove.
- 4 Break, break, my heart ; complain my tongue ;  
Hither, my friends, your sorrows bring :  
Angels assist my doleful song,  
If you have e'er a mourning string.
- 5 But ah ! your joys are ever high,  
Ever his lovely face you see ;  
While my poor spirits pant and die,  
And groan, for thee, my God, for thee.
- 6 Yet let my hope look through my tears,  
And spy afar his rolling throne ;  
His chariot through the cleaving spheres  
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.
- 7 Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,  
My soul springs out to meet him high,  
Then the fair Conq'ror turns his wheels,  
And climbs the mansions of the sky.
- 8 There smiling joy for ever reigns,  
No more the turtle leaves the dove :  
Farewell to jealousies, and pains  
And all the ills of absent love.

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